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AND POPULAR LITERATURE
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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SONGS AND CAROLS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

EDITED BY T. WRIGHT, ESQ.

FESTIVE SONGS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

EDITED BY W. SANDYS, ESQ. F.S.A.

POPULAR ENGLISH HISTORIES.

EDITED BY J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ.

SONGS AND CAROLS,

NOW FIRST PRINTED,

From a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century.

EDITED BY

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., ETC.

Corresponding Member of the Institute of France (Academie des
Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.)

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXLI^{II}.

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PREFACE.

THE following very curious collection of old English Songs and Carols is printed verbatim from a manuscript at present in the possession of the Editor. It appears by the writing and language to have been written in the latter half of the fifteenth century, probably during the period intervening between the latter end of the reign of Henry VI, and the beginning of that of Henry VII; a date which is confirmed by the fact that the few other copies of songs in this collection that occur elsewhere, are invariably found in manuscripts of the reign of Henry VI or of the age immediately following.

This manuscript has in all probability belonged to a professed minstrel, who sang at festivals and merry makings, and it has therefore been thought to merit publication entire, as giving a general view of the classes of poetry then popular. A

rather large proportion of its contents consists of carols and religious songs, such as were sung at Christmas, and perhaps at some other of the great festivals of the church; and these are interesting illustrations of the manners and customs of the age. Another class of productions, in which this manuscript is for its date peculiarly rich, consists of drinking songs, some of which are singular in their form and not wanting in spirit. The collection also contains a number of those satirical songs against the fair sex, which were so common in the middle ages, and which have a certain degree of importance as showing the condition of private society among our forefathers. In addition to these three classes, the manuscript contains a few short moral poems, which also are not without their peculiar interest.

Manuscript collections of songs like the present, of so early a date, are of great rarity. The only one with which I am acquainted, which may be considered of exactly the same character, is the MS. Sloane, No. 2593, in the British Museum, which has generally been ascribed to the reign of Henry VI. On a comparison of the contents of the two manuscripts, it has been found that a few of the pieces printed in the present volume are found in the Sloane MS., and they have been indicated in the notes; one or two are also found

separately in other manuscripts; and a diligent search would probably bring to light others: but by much the larger number of the songs contained in our manuscript, including some of the most interesting and curious, appear to be unique, and the others are in general much better and more complete copies than those previously known. The great variations in the different copies of the same song, shew that they were taken down from oral recitation, and had been often preserved by memory among minstrels who were not unskilful at composing, and who were not only in the habit of voluntarily or involuntarily modifying the songs as they passed through their hands, and adding or omitting stanzas, but of making up new songs by stringing together phrases and lines, and even whole stanzas, from the different compositions which were imprinted on their memories,—imitating in this the practice of the more ancient bards of the Anglo-Saxons.

It remains only to add that the present volume is, as nearly as is consistent with the right duties of an editor in presenting his original in an intelligible form, a literal fac-simile of the original manuscript.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

24, *Sydney Street, Brompton.*

Oct. 12, 1847.

SONGS AND CAROLS.

1.

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Myssus est ad virginem angelus Gabriell.

ANGELUM misit suum Deus omnipotens,
Ut unicum per filium ejus salvetur gens.
Virgo, ave, clamat ille, O Maria clemens,
Conceipies et paries, virgo semper manens.

Virgo clam tremessit, nam mira valde audit,
Eam cui est ille missus comfortavit.
Altissimi Patris tui virtus obumbravit,
Cui per flamen sacrum gramen in te seminavit.

Virgo clemens semper tremens ad verba angeli,
Cui flamen consolamen dat responsum illi,
Miti voceiciens, Ecee ancilla Domini,
Et secundum tuum verbum ita fiat mihi.

Virgo Deum genuit verbum, quem alit cum cura,
Mirus pater, mira mater, mira genitura ;
Parit virgo solo verbo contra carnis jura,
Perseverante post et ante virgine pura.

Omnia jam sunt nova per ipsam virginem ;
 Humanitas et deitas per humilitatem :
 In virgine sunt conjuncte sacraque per aurem,
 Jam concepit et peperit Deum et hominem.

Nobis natus, nobis datus, quem virgo lactavit,
 Atque grege sic sub lege cuntauque creavit,
 Miti corde nos a sorde moriendo lavavit :
 Miserere plebi tue, Jhesu fili Davit.

Virgo pia, O Maria, pura ut lilia,
 Sponsa Dei, soror ei, mater et filia,
 Tu hunc ores viatores ut fugant vilia,
 Et non trahent huc quo gaudent sanctorum milia.

O pater qui genuisti hunc ab initio,
 Et dedisti gentes sibi pregandes pretio,
 Hic cum venit quos redemit sanguinis precio
 Judicare, fac vivere nos a supplicio.

II.

Semper vivit misere, qui non habet solvere.

BONUM vinum cum sapore
 Bybit abbas cum priore ;
 Sed conventus de pejore
 Semper solet bibere.
 Bonum vinum in taberna,
 Ubi vina sunt valarna,

Ubi nummus est pincerna,
Ibi prodest bibere.
Dum vadis ad bibendum,
Te festina ad videndum
Quantum habes ad solvendum,
Antequam vis bibere.
Sis amicus mulieris,
Et amorem ejus queris,
Stabis foras, misereris,
Dum non habes solvere.
Dum burse sunt implete,
Sicut hospes hic manete,
Panem, potum hic habete,
Et omnia pacifice.
Dum burse sunt inanes,
Latrat hospes velut canes,
Dicet hospes, Cur hic manes,
Dum non habes solvere?
Dum cares querens victum,
Tunc tuum scies delictum ;
Quis tibi dabit vestitum ?
Nullus vult te tegere.
Et tunc dicet totus mundus,
Tu fuisti vacabundus,
Inonestusque jocundus,
Bonis volens credere.
Ergo Deum deprecare,
Ut te possis sperare,
Et secum celo regnare,
Ibi non debes luere.

III.

Have in mynd, in mynd, in mynd, secuters be oft onekynd.

MAN, be war, the way ys sleder,
 Thy sowle sall go thou wottes not weder,
 Body and sowle and al togeder,
 Lytyll joye ys son done.

Have thi sowle in thi mynd,
 The secators be ryght onkynd ;
 Man, be thi own freynd,
 Lytyll joye ys son done.

In holy bok yt ys wreten,
 That sely soule ys son forgeten,
 And treu yt ys for to seken ;
 Lytyll joye ys son done.

Her ys a song for me :
 Syng another for the ;
 God send us love and charité !
 Lytyll joye ys son done.

IV.

HERFOR, and therfor, and therfor I came,
 And for to preysse this praty woman.
 Ther wer iij wyly, 3^{te} wyly ther wer ;
 A fox, a fryyr, and a woman.

Ther wer 3 angry, 3 angry ther wer :
 A wasp, a wesyll, and a woman.
 Ther wer 3 cheteryng, iij. cheteryng ther wer :
 A peye, a jaye, and a woman.
 Ther wer 3 wold be betyn, 3 wold be betyn ther wer :
 A myll, a stoke fysche, and a woman.

V.

Et virgine natus, Christe, es sine macula ;
 Mortis pomo cepit homo quam rumpens jacula,
 Nos gaudere et habere fac habitacula,
 Ubi manes cuncta regens unicus per secula.

Spiritus sancte, Deus, fer nobis iuvamen,
 Cui fuisti matri Christi sacrum consolamen,
 Da cum iudex advenit rex ad nostrum examen,
 Nos unitas in qua extas Deus servet. Amen.

VI.

For pencynesse and grett distresse I am full woo ;
 Destitute frome al refute, alone I goo.

WHYLOME I present was with my soffreyne,
 Ignorawnt I was of dolowr and payne ;
 For than I lyved
 Fro sorow deprived ;

Of plesure havynge habundawnee and delice.

But now forsothe

Sore hytt me ruthe,

Fortune contrarythe to my device.

For pencynesse, etc.

Whane fortune flattery ay deseveabyll,

My hert enycyed by prosyrs delectabyll,

I thowgt in mynd

I schuld ay fynd

The whele of fortunat fyxyd fast ;

Nott for no chawnee

To mak delyawnee,

Whyle my terme of lyff had past.

For pencynesse, etc.

Butt now prosyrs glorius be myxyd with gall,

Wyche bytter ys and tediys over all ;

Venimus as poysen,

To me full naysom.

And from her palyse ryall,

Ful cruelly

And onavysedly

Sche hath soferyd me to fall.

For pencynesse, etc.

And into gret dole and mysery,

Devoyd of all felyce,

With her owtrage,

Me puttyng to damnag.

With hert contrystant thyse wordes I sey :

For pencynesse

And hyre distresse

Fad doth my yoye and wannych away.

For pencynesse, etc.

For by her rygurus and crabyd violence,

Preventyd me sche hath of my pretence,

Constreynyng me to fulfyll

That repugnant is to my wyll ;

For ther as I never entendyd to be abcent,

Distawnce of place,

Hyherd myschawnce and case,

Utterly hath alteryd my purpose and entent.

For pencynesse, etc.

Schuld I not morne and in hert be sad,

Whan slydery cyn, wych never abydyng had,

Schuld do me payn

By fortunes dissayn,

And al memory on me tak away.

That the dyseys

The hert on thynkys,

Wher syght ys nout, farwel thow3t, and have gud

For pencynesse, etc. [day.

Thus my enmye mortale doyth determyne,

With dystawnce of place and current tyme

Me wyl confownd,

And never to redwnd,

But me consume and utterly wast;
 And of al resort
 Of joy and comfort,
 Desolate me make and in penurye me cast.
 For peneynesse, etc.

Whome nature excellently hath avawncyd,
 And hevynly grace gyftes most and syngularly
 hath enhawncyd,
 In bewte, in sagacite,
 In facund spech and in benyngnyte,
 In behavyowr gudly, me umbyll in spyryt,
 And sondry wertuse,
 Wych canot discuse,
 Frome hym am I sewrd be fortunes despit.
 For peneynesse, etc.

VII.

Now ys wele and all thyng aryȝt,
 And Cryst ys come as a trew knyght;
 For owr broder ys kyng of myȝt,
 The fend to fleme and all hys;
 Thus the feend ys put to flyȝt,
 And all his boost abatyd ys.

Sythyn yt is we wele we do,
 For ther ys non but one of two,
 Hevyn to gete or hevyn for-go,

Oder men non ther ys;
I counsayll ȝow, syn yt ys so,
That ȝe wyll do to wyn ȝow blys.

Now ys well and all ys wele,
And ryȝt wele so have I blys;
And sythyn all thyng ys so well,
I red we do no more amys.

VIII.

WOLD God that men myȝt sene
Hertys whan thei bene,
For thynges that bene untrew.
If yt be as I wene,
Thyng that semyth grene,
Ys ofte fadyd of hew.

Wyll ys tak for reson,
Trew love is full geson,
No man sett be shame;
Trost ys full of treson,
Echy man oderys cheson,
No man hym seylfe wyll blame.

Thys warlde ys varyabyll,
Nothyng therin ys stable,
Asay now ho so wyll.

Syn yt is so mutable,
How shuld me be stable,
Yt may not be thorow skyll.

Whan brome wyll appelles bere,
And humloke hony in feere,
Than sek rest in lond.
With men is no pees,
Ne rest in hart is no lese,
With few be see and sond.

Sythyn ther is no rest,
I hold it for the best
God to owr frend;
He that ys owr Lord,
Delyver us ouȝt with hys word,
And graunt us a good ende.

IX.

In a blyssefull tyme that mane ys borne,
That may fynd frend to trust upon.
EVERY mane in hys degré
Cane say, yf he avysyd be,
Ther was more trust in sum thre,
Than ys now in many on.
This warld ys now all changed new,
So many mene ben found ontrew,
That in trewth lyven but few
Feythfull to tryst upon.

Sum tym a man myȝt tryst another
Better than now hys owne broder ;
For thei ben fekyll as well as other ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

And if thou tell a man thi hart,
To kepe it clos as ys hys part,
Vij. ȝere after it may the smart ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

A mans feyth ys now sett at nouȝt ;
Sum tym therby men sold and bouȝt :
Therfor I say thus in my thouȝt,

That few be trew to tryst upon.

Yf thou do by my counsayll,
Thynke well on the after tayll ;
I warent the it wyll the awayll ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

So many men have bene begylyd,
The fader manot tryst hys oune chyld.
I am aferd trost ys exylyd ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

Yf thou doo for a comonte,
All that now lyyth in the,
Skarsly shalt thou thankyd be ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

Now no man kan know hys frend,
For doubelnese is so mekyll in mynd ;
Thus in fayth at the last ȝend

Few be trew to tryst upon.

Whatsoever thou thynk to do,
Be ware to whom thou spekes unto ;

For I trow, whan al is do,
 Few be trew to tryst upon.
 Now Jhesu that art heyvyn kyng,
 Thowrow thi moders prayyng,
 Thou send us all a good endyn ;
 For thou art trew to tryst upon.

X.

THYS endris nyȝth
 I saw a syȝth,
 A stare as bryȝt as day ;
 And ever among
 A mayden song
 Lullay, by by, lullay.

This lovely lady sat and song, and to hyr chyld sayd,
 My sone, my broder, my fader der, why lvest thou thus
 in hayd.

My swete byrd,
 Thus it ys betyde,
 Thow thou be kyng veray ;
 But nevertheles
 I wyl not ses
 To syng, by by, lullay.

The chyld than spak in hystalkyng, and to hysmoder sayd,
 I bekydde am kyng in crybbe thar I be layd.

For aungeiles bryȝt
 Done to me lyȝt,
 Thou knowest it ys no nay ;
 And of that syȝt
 Thou mayst be lyȝt
 To syng, by by, lullay.

Now, swet son, syn thou art kyng, why art thou layd
 in stall ?
 Why ne thou ordende thi beddyng in sum gret kynges
 hall ?

Me thynkyth it is ryȝt,
 That kyng or knyght
 Shuld ly in good aray ;
 And than among
 It wer no wrong
 To syng, by by, lullay.

Mary moder, I am thi chyld, thow I be layd in stall,
 Lordes and dukes shal worsshyp me and so shall kynges all.

ȝe shall well se
 That kynges thre
 Shal come the xij. day,
 For this behest
 ȝefe me thi brest,
 And syng, by by, lullay.

Now tell me, swet son, I the pray, thou art me leve
 and dere,
 How shuld I kepe the to thy pay and mak the glad of
 chere.

For all thi wyll
I wold fullfyll,
 Thou wetyste full well in fay,
And for all thys,
I wyll the kys,
 And syng, by by, lullay.

My der moder, whan tyme it be, thou take me up on loft,
And set me upon thi kne, and handyll me full soft.
 And in thi arme
 Thou hyl me warme,
 And kepe nyȝt and day;
If I wepe,
And may not slepe,
 Thou syng, by by, lullay.

Now, swet son, syn it is so, that all thyng is at thi wyll,
I pray the graunte me a bone, yf it be both ryȝt and skylle.
 That chyld or man
 That wyl or kan
 Be mery upon my day,
To blyse hem bryng,
And I shal syng,
 Lullay, by by, lullay.

XI.

Aye, aye, this is the day, that we shal worshep ever and aye.

A FERLY thyng it is to mene,
That a mayd a chyld have borne,
And syth was a mayden clene,
As prophetes sayden herbeforne.
I-wys it was a wonder thyng,
That, thowrow an aungelles gretynge,
God wold lyzt in a mayden yng,
With aye,
Aye, aye, I dar well say,
Her maydenhed yede no away.

Hys moder was a mayden myld,
As holy kyrke wytnese and we ;
Withouten weme sche bar a chyld,
And so ded never non but she.
A farly thyng it schuld befall,
But God hath all women thrall
In peynes to ber her chylderne all,
With aye,
Aye, aye, I dar well say,
She felt non of that aray.

Hys byrth was know that ylk nyȝth
In all the lond thorow and thorow ;
Thedyr thei yodyn to se that syȝth,
To Bethlem that fayer borow.
An angell bad that thei shuld go ;

Thou be owre socur and owre sheyld,
 Us thou save fro myschevys all.
 Thou pray thi sonne, that prynce of pees,
 Of all owre synnes he us relees,
 Ouȝt of this world whane we shal cees,
 With aye,
 Aye, aye, so that we may,
 Wend with hym at domysday.

XII.

Now be we glad, and not to sad,
 For *verbum caro factum est*.

This may I preve withouȝten lett,
 Whan Gabriell owre lady grett,
 On hys kne he hym sett
 So myldly,
 Thou shalt conseyye this sam day,
 Salvatorem mundi.

A sterre shoȝne thorow Godes grace,
 As Godes owne wyll yt was ;
 The shepperdes saw in that place
 Angelles two,
 And hem among thei song a song,
 Gloria in excelsis Deo.

The chyld was born upon ȝole day,
 As prophettes to us gan say ;
 Hys moder sang lullay, lullay,
 Into the est ;

Therfor mankynd withouȝten end

Syng, *verbum caro factum est.*

And than be tokenyng of a starre,

iiij. kynges ther cam fro fare,

And offeryd frankyngcens and myrre

To Cryst so fre ;

Than thei seyde with mery chere,

Mane nobiscum, Domine.

Therfor pray we everychone

To that barne that tym was born,

He save us all fro shame and schorne,

In pes and rest ;

And all mankynd withouȝten end

Syng, *verbum caro factum est.*

XIII.

Alleluia, alleluia, de virgine Maria.

Salvator mundi, Domine,

Fader of hevyn, blessyd thou be,

And thi son that commeth of the,

De virgine Maria.

Adesto nunc propicius,

He sent hys sonne, swet Jhesus,

A man becam for love of us

De virgine Maria.

Te, reformator sensuum,
 Lytyl and mekyll, mor and sum,
 Worshyp that chyld that is cum
De virgine Maria.

Gloria tibi, Domine,
 Thre persons in Trinite,
 Worshepe that chyld so fre
De virgine Maria.

XIV.

LULLAY, my chyld, and wepe no more,
 Slepe and be now styll;
 The kyng of blys thi fader ys,
 As it was hys wyll.

This endrys nyȝt I saw a syȝth,
 A mayd a cradyll kepe,
 And ever she song and seyde among,
 Lullay, my chyld, and slepe.

I may not slep, but I may wepe,
 I am so wo begone;
 Slep I old, butt I am colde,
 And clothys have I none.

Me thouȝt I hard, the chyld answard,
 And to hys moder he sayd,
 My moder der, what do I her,
 In crybbe why am I layd.

I was borne and layd beforne
Bestys, both ox and asse.
My moder myld, I am thi chyld,
But he my fader was.

Adams gylt this man had spylt,
That syn grevyt me sore ;
Man, for the her shal I be
Thyrty wynter and mor.

Dole it is to se, her shall I be
Hang upon the rode,
With baleis to-bete, my woundes to-wete,
And 3effe my fleshe to bote.

Her shal I be hanged on a tre,
And dye as it is skyll ;
That I have bouzt lesse wyll I nouzt,
It is my faders wyll.

A spere so scharp shall perse my herte,
For dedys that I have done.
Fader of grace, wher thou hase
Forgetyn thy lytyll sonne.

Withoutyn pety her shall aby,
And mak my fleshe al blo.
Adam i-wys, this deth it ys
For the and many mo.

XV.

Make we mery in this fest,
 For *verbum caro factum est.*

GODES sonne for the love of mane,
 Flesshe and blode of Mary he nam,
 As in the gospell seyth sent Johan,
Verbum caro factum est.

Of joy and myrth now mow; we syng,
 God with man is now dwellyng,
 Holy wrytt makyth now shewyng,
Deus homo natus est.

God and man hath shewyd hys chyld,
 That hath us bougt fro the develys wyld;
 Hym to worshyp now be we myld,
Congaudere mihi.

This chyldes moder ever more
 Maydyn she was after and before,
 And so sayd the prophett in hys lore,
Verbo prophesye.

XVI.

Of a rose, a lovely rose, of a rose I syng a song.

LYTH and lystyn, both old and ȝyng,
 How the rose begane to spryng,
 A fayyrer rose to owre lekyng
 Sprong ther never in kynges lond.

v. branchis of that rose ther ben,
The wych ben both feyer and chene;
Of a maydyn, Mary, hevyn qwene,
 Ouȝt of hyr womb the branch sprong.
The branch was of gret honour,
That blyssed Mary shuld ber the flour;
Ther cam an angell ouȝt hevyn toure,
 To breke the develes bondes.
The secund branch was gret of myȝt,
Yt sprong up on Cristmes nyȝt,
The sterre shone and lemeȝd bryȝt,
 That man schuld se it both day and nyȝt.
The iij. branch gan spryng and spred,
iij. kynges than to branch gan led,
Tho to owre lady in hyr chyldbed,
 Into Bethlem that branch sprong ryȝt.
The iiij. branch it sprong to hell,
The develes powre for to fell,
That no soule therin shuld dwell,
 The braunch so blessedfully sprong.
The v. branch it was so swote,
Yt sprong to hevyn both croppe and rote;
In every ball to ben owre bote,
 So blessedly yt sprong.

XVII.

A good medycyn for sor eyen.

For a man that is almost blynd,
Let hym go barhed all day ageyn the wynd,
 Tyll the sojne be sette ;
And than wrap hym in a cloke,
And put hym in a hows full of smoke,
 And loke that every hol be well shett.
And whan hys eyen begyne to rope,
Fyll hem full of brymston and sope,
 And hyll hym well and warme.
And yf he se not by the next mone,
As well at mydnyȝt as at none,
 I schal lese my ryȝt arme.

XVIII.

I hold hym wyse and wel i-tauȝt,
Can bar an horn and blow it nauȝt.

BLOWYNG was mad for gret game ;
Of thi blowyng cometh mekell game ;
Therfor I hold it for no schame,
 To ber a horne and blow it nouȝt.
Hornes are mad both loud and shyll,
Whan tym ys, blow thou thi fyll,
And whan ned is, hold the styll,
 And ber a horne and blow it nouȝt.
What so ever be in thi thouȝt,

Her and se and sey ryȝt nouȝt;
 Than schall men sey thou art well touȝt,
 To bere, etc.

Of al the ryches under the son,
 Than was there never beter wonne,
 Than is a tauȝt man for to konne
 To bere, etc.

Whatsoever be in thi brest,
 Stop thi mouȝt with thi fyst,
 And lok thou thynk well of had-i-wyst,
 And bere, etc.

And whan thou syttyst at the ale,
 And cryyst lyk an nyȝttingale,
 Be war to whom thou tellist thi tale,
 But bere, etc.

XIX.

Make we myrth
 For Crystes byrth,
 And syng we ȝole tyl Candelmes.

THE fyrst day of ȝole have we in mynd,
 How God was man born of owre kynd;
 For he the bondes wold onbynd
 Of all owre synnes and wykednes.
 The secund day we syng of Stevenes,
 That stoned and steyyd up even
 To God that he saw stond in hevyn,
 And crownned was for hys prouesse.

The iij. day longeth to sent Johan,
 That was Cristys dariyng, derer non,
 Whom he betok, whan he shuld gon,
 Hys moder der for hyr clenness.

The iiij. day of the chyldren zong,
 That Herowd to deth had do with wrong,
 And Crist thei coud non tell with tong,
 But with ther blod bar hym wytnesse.

The v. day longeth to sent Thomas,
 That, as a strong pyller of bras,
 Held up the chyrch, and selayn he was,
 For he sted with ryztwesnesse.

The viij. day tok Jhesu hys name,
 That saved mankynd fro syn and shame,
 And circumsysed was for no blame,
 But for ensample of meknesse.

The xij. day offerd to hym kynges iij.
 Gold, myr, and cence, thes gyftes free,
 For God, and man, and kyng was he,
 Thus worschyppyd thei his worthynes.
 On the xl. day cam Mary myld,
 Unto the temple with hyr chyld,
 To shew hyr clen that never was fylyd,
 And therwith endyth Crystmes.

 XX.

TYDYNES I bryng zow for to tell,
 What me in wyld forest befell,
 Whan me must with a wyld best mell,
 With a bor so bryme.

If I say it shal be thus,
 She sey, Thou lyst, charll, I wous,
 Wenest thou to overcome me thus?

Carful, etc.

If ony man have such a wyfe to lede,
 He shal know how *judicare* cam in the cred;
 Of hys penans God do hym med.

Carful, etc.

XXII.

A, a, a, a, yet I love wher so I go.

In all this world is a meryar life
 Than is a zong man withoutyn a wyfe;
 For he may lyven withouten stryfe,

In every place wher so he go.

In every place he is loved over all,
 Among maydyns gret and small;
 In dauncing, in pypyng, and rennyng at the ball,

In every, etc.

Thei lat lyst be husbondmen,
 Whan thei at the ball rene;
 Thei east hyr love to zong men,

In every, etc.

Than sey maydens, Farwell, Jacke,
 Thi love is pressyd al in thi pake,
 Thou beryst thi love behynd thi back.

In every, etc.

XXIII.

Man, beware and wyse in dede,
Asay thi frend or thou hast nede.

UNDER a forest that was so long,
As I me rod with mekyll dred,
I hard a berd syngyng a song,
Asay thy frend or thou hast ned.

I ther stod and loved styll,
To a tre I teyd my sted;
Ever the byrd sang full shyll,
Asay thi frend or thou hast ned.

Me thouȝt it was a wonder noyse,
Alwey ner and ner I ȝed;
And ever she song with loud voys,
Asay thi frend or thou hast ned.

I behyld that byrd full long.
She bad me do as I the rede;
Whether that thou do ryȝt or wrong,
Asay thi frend or thou hast ned.

The byrd sat upon a tre,
With fethers gray than was hyr wed;
She seyde, and thou wylt do after me,
Asay thi frend or thou have ned.

Of me I trow she was agast,
 She tok hyr flyȝth in lenȝth and bred ;
 And thus she sang whan she show. . . last,
 Asay thi frend or thou have ned.

Away full fast she gan hyr hyȝe ;
 God graunt us well our lyves to lede ;
 For thus she sang, whan she gan flye,
 Asay thy frynd or thou have ned.

XXIV.

I pray ȝow all with hert and thouȝt,
 Amend me and peyer me nouȝt.

HOLY wrytt sayth no thyng sother,
 That no man shuld apeyer other,
 Sythen I am in God thi broder,
 Amend me and peyer me nouȝt.
 This in the Gospell yeh man may se,
 If thi broder trespase to the,
 Betwen ȝow to corectyd he be ;
 Amend me, etc.

If thou se I do gretly amys,
 And no man wott butt thou of this,
 Mak it not so yl as it is ;
 Amend me, etc.

Apeyer no man with thi word,
 Nether in earnest ne in bord ;
 Lat thi tong, that is thy swerd :
 Amend me, etc.

Lok that thou no man defame,
 Ne apeyer no mans fame,
 Ryȝt as thou woldest have the same.

Amend me, etc.

Now to amend God ȝyffe us grace,
 Of repentans and very space,
 And in hevyn to se hys face,
 Wher al thyng amend and peyer nouȝth.

XXV.

Why, why, what is this whi, but *virtus verbi Domini*.

WHAN no thing was but God alone,
 The fader, the holy gost, with the son,
 On was iij., and iij. was on ;

What is this why ?

To frayn why I hold but folý,
 It is non other sertenly,
 But *virtus verbi Domini*.

Fiat was a word ful bold.

That mad all thyng as he wold,
 Heven and erth and men of mold.

What is why ?

To frayn why I hold but folý, etc.

The world gan wax and multiply ;
 The planetes mad he full besy,
 To rowll ychy thyng by and by.

What is why ?

To frayne why, I hold it but folý, etc.

The planetes wark no thyng in veyn,
 But as thei be ordend so must thei reygne;
 For the word of God wyl not ageyne.

What is why?

To frayne why, I hold it but foly, etc.

Whan Bede had prechyd to the stonys dry,
 The myzt of God mad hem to cry.
 Amen: certys this is no ly.

What is why?

To frayn why, etc.

Herytykes wonder of this thyng most,
 How God is put in the holy host,
 Her and at Rome and in every cost.

What is why?

To frayn why, etc.

XXVI.

Of M. A. R. I. syng I wyll a new song.

Of thes iiij. letters purpose I,
 Of M. and A., R. and I.,
 Thei betokyn mayd Mary,

All owre joy of hyr sprong.

Withouȝten wem of hyr body,
 M. and A., R. and I.,
 Of hyr was borne a kyng truly.

The Jewys dedyn to deth with wrong.

Upon the mounte of Calvery,
 M. and A., R. and I.,
 Ther thei betyn hys bar body,
 With schorges that war sharp and long.
 Our der lady she stod hym by,
 M. and A., R. and I.,
 And wepe water ful bytterly,
 And terys of blod ever among.

XXVII.

Salve regina, mater misericordie.

O BLYSSEDFULL berd, full of grace,
 To all mankynd thou art solas,
 Quene of hevyn in every place,

Salve.

To our helth thou bar a chyld,
 And ȝet with syn wart never fylyd,
 Mary, moder. mek and myld,

Salve.

Fro the fend thou us defend,
 And of syn thou us amend;
 Mary, thy mercy thou to us send.

Salve.

O worthy whyȝt, we worship the,
 Full of mercy and of pyte;
 Wherfor we syng in eech degre,

Salve.

And let us not fro the fall,
 And therto we cry and also call,
 Both 3ong and old, grett and small,

Salve.

And bryng us to thi sonns blysse,
 Wher that thy wonnyng is,
 Of that we pray the that we not mys.

Salve.

XXVIII.

Regina celi letare.

GABRIELL, that angell bry3t,
 Bry3ter than the sonne is ly3t,
 Fro hevyn to erth he *took* hys fly3t.

Letare.

In Nazareth that *gret* cete,
 Befor a maydyn he knelyd on kne,
 And seyde, Mary, God is with the.

Letare.

Heyll, Mary, full of grace,
 God is with the and ever was;
 He hath in the chosyn a place.

Letare.

Mari was afrayd of that sy3t,
 That cam to her with so gret ly3t.
 Than seyde the angell that was so bry3t,

Letare.

Be not agast of lest ne most,
In the is conseyyd the holy gost,
'To save the soules that war for-lost.

Letare.

XXIX.

MAN, be war, or thou knyte the fast,
Oftyn ran rewth at the last.
'This wrat I oftyn, poverté partyth company.
Red this and ly not.

What ! why dedist thou wynk whan thou a wyf toke
Thou haddest never mor ned brodde to loke,
A man that wedyth a wyfe whan he wynkyth,
But he star afterward, wonder me it thynkyth.

Man, have this in thi mynd,
What thou doest with thyn hond, that shalt thou fynd
Wyves be rekeles, chyldren be onkynd,
Excecuturs be covetys and hold that thei fynd.

I saw iij. hedles playen at a ball ;
On hanles man served hem all ;
Whyll iij. mouthles men lay and low,
iij. legles men away hem drow.

XXX.

MAN upon mold, whatsoever thou be,
 I warn utterly thou getyst no degre,
 Ne no worshyp abyð with the,

But thou have the peny redy to tak to.

If thou be a ȝeman, a gentyllman wold be,
 Into sum lordes cort than put thou the,
 Lok thou have spendyng larg and plente,

And alwey the peny redy to tak to.

If thou be a gentylman, and wold be a squyer,
 Rydest out of cuntre as wyld as eny fyer;
 I the warn as my frend, thou faylyst of thy desyr,

But thou have, etc.

If thou be a squyer, and wold be a knyȝt,
 And darest no in armus put the in fyȝt,
 Than to the kynges cort hy the full tyȝt,

And lok thou have the, etc.

If thou be a lettryd man to bere stat in scole,
 A pilion or taberd to wer in hete or cole,
 The to besy therabout I hold the but a fole,

But thou have etc.

If thou be a bachelar, and woldest ever *thryfe*,
 Prekyst out of contre and bryngeſt hom a wyfe,
 In much sorow and car ledest thu thi lyfe,

But thou have, etc.

If thou be a marchant to buy or to sell,
 And over al the countre woldest . . . the well,
 I the counsell as a frend a . . . r to dwell,

But thou have, etc.

If thou be a ȝong man in lust thi lyfe to lace,
 About chyrch and market the byshop wyl the chace,
 And yf thou mayst be get, thou getes nouthur grace,
 But thou, etc.

If thou have out to do with the law to plete,
 At London at the Parvis many on wyll the rehetete,
 I warne the com not therout, thi purse may swete,
 And that thou, etc.

XXXI.

Nova, nova, ave fit ex Eva.

GABRYELL of hyȝe degree,
 Cam down from the Trenyte,
 To Nazareth in Galilee,

 With *nova*.

He fond the mayd al in hyr place,
 He knelyd down befor hir face,
 And seyde, Al heyl, full of grace,

 With *nova*.

Thou shalt conseyve and ber a chyld,
 Thouȝ thou with syn wer never defyld;
 Thou hast fond grace, thou Mary myld,

 With *nova*.

The byrd abasshyd of all ble,
 Answerd and seyde, How may this be?
 Man thorow kynd towchyd never me,

 With *nova*.

The angell seyde unto that free,
 The *holy gost* shal lyzt in the,
God and man in on shal be,

With *nova*.

Syx monthys is ner gon,
 Syn *Elyzabeth* conseyyd Johan;
 She that was *barren* a babe have borne,

With *nova*.

The ree d unto the fere,
 Now hys we e don in me here,
 And Godes maydyn now se me here,

With *nova*.

XXXII.

Lefte our hertes with good entent,
 And thancke God that al hath sent.

MAN and woman in every place,
 God hath ȝow sent vertu and grace,
 Therfor spend wel owre space,
 And thanke God that al hath sent.

If thou be a man herdy and strong,
 With thi strenke do thou no wrong,
 But lat reson rewill the among,
 And thank God, etc.

If thou have wysdom at thi wyll,
 Thorow thi wysdom do thou no yll,
 Kep in thi hert both loud and styll,
 And thank God, etc.



If thou be syk or elles pore,
 God hym shelf may the socur,
 With stedfast hert and thou hym honour,
 And thank God, etc.

What wo or tene the betyd,
 God can help on every syd,
 Buxsumlych thou must abyd,
 And thank God, etc.

XXXIII.

Mary, modyr, cum and se, thi son is naylyd on a tre.

His body is wappyd all in wo,
 Hand and fot he may not go ;
 Thi son, lady, that thou lovyst soo,
 Nakyd is naylyd upon a tree.
 The blyssyd body that thou hast born,
 To save mankynd that was for-lorn,
 His body, lady, is al to-torn,
 Hys hed with thornnys, as ȝe may se.
 Wan Johan ys tal began to tell,
 Mary wyld not lenger dwell,
 Thyl sche cam to that hyll
 Ther sche myth her owyn son see.
 My swet son, thou art me dere,
 Qwy have men hang the here ?
 Thi hed is closyd with a brere ;
 Qwy have men soo doo to the ?

Johan, this woman I the betake ;
 Kep this woman for my sake.
 On the rod I hyng for mannys sake,
 For synful men as thou may se.
 This game and love me must pley,
 For synfull sowlis that ar to dey ;
 Ther ys no man that gothe be the wey,
 That on my peynis wyl loke and se.
 Fadyr, my sowle I the betake,
 My body deth for mannys sake ;
 To hell I go withowtyn wake,
 Mannys sole to make fre.
 Prey we al to that blyssyd sone,
 That he us help wan we not mon,
 And bryng us to blys that is abone.
 Amen, amen, amen, for charite.

XXXIV.

All that leve in cristen lay,
 Worshup every Cristmes day.
 A MAN was the fyrst gylt,
 And therfor he was spylt ;
 The profyey was never spylt,
 Thyl on the Cristmes day.
 The fyrst day that lely sprong,
 Jhesu Crist be us among,
 Ever we thowte it was to long,
 Thyl on the Cristmes day.

It was dyrk, it was dym,
For men that levyd in gret syn,
Lucyfer was us al within,
Thyl on the Cristmes day.
Ther was wepping, ther was woo,
For every man to hell gan goo.
It was lityl mery thoo,
Thyl on the Cristmes day.

XXXV.

Syng we to the Trenite, with *parce mihi, Domine.*

GAME and earnest ever among,
And among al othyr degre,
It is gud to thynke on my son,
With *parce mihi, Domine.*

Qwan thou rysyst upon thi rest,
Make a cross upon thi brest,
I make this song for no vanite,
With *parce mihi, Domine.*
Go thou to the ehyrche and her thi mes,
And serve God with humilite ;
Aske forȝevenes of thi trespas,
With *parce mihi, Domine.*

Qwan thou cumste home onto thi tabyll,
Thou art servid with gret dignite ;
Hold this song for no fabyll,
With *parce mihi, Domine.*

Prey we bothe nyth and day
The gret God in Trenite,
Tho henne God theche us the wey,
With *parce mihi, Domine.*

XXXVI.

A man that con his tong sterc,
He ther not rek wer that he go.

ITTES knowyn in every schyre,
Wekyd tongges have no pere ;
I wold thei wer brent in the fer,
That warke men soo mykyll wo.

Ittes knowyn in every lond,
Wekyd tongges don gret wrong,
Thei make me to lyyn long,
And also in myche ear.

ȝyf a man go in clothes gay,
Or elles in gud aray,
Wekyd tongges yet wyl say,
Wer cam the by therto.

ȝyf a man go in cloys ill,
And have not the world at wyl,
Wekyd tongges thei wyll hym spyll,
And seyð he ys a stake, lat hym goo.

Now us to amend God ȝeve us grace,
Of repentens and of gud grace,
That we mut se hys glorijs face.

Amen, amen, for charyte.

XXXVII.

Nowel, el, el, el, el, I thank it a maydyn every del.

THE fyrst day wan Crist was borne,
 Ther sprong a ros owt of a thorne,
 To save mankynd that was for-lorne ;

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.
 In an oxstall the chyld was fownd,
 In por clothyng the chyld was wond ;
 He soferyd many a dedly wond ;

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.
 A garlond of thornys on his hed was sett,
 A scharp sper to hys hart was smet ;
 The Jewys seydyn, Take the that !

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.
 The Juwys dedyn cryyn her parlament ;
 On the day of jugment,
 They werryn aferd, thei huld hem schent.

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.
 Tho the peler he was bowdyn ;
 Tho his hart a sper was stungyn ;
 For us he sofered a dedly wondyn.

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.

XXXVIII.

Po, po, po, po, love brane and so do mo.

At the begynnyng of the mete
 Of a borys hed 3e schal hete,
 And in the mustard 3e xal wete ;

And 3e xal syngyn or 3e gon.

Welcum be ȝe that ben here,
And ȝe xal have ryth gud chere,
And also a ryth gud fare ;
 And ȝe xal syngyn or ȝe gon.
Welcum be ȝe everychon,
For ȝe xal syngyn ryth anon ;
Hey ȝow fast that ȝe had don,
 And ȝe xal syngyn or ȝe gon.

XXXIX.

In soro and car he led hys lyfe,
That have a schrow ontyll his wyfe.

ȝYNG men, I red that ȝe be war,
That ȝe cum not in the snar ;
For he is browt in meche car,
 That have a schrow onto his wyfe.
In a panter I am caute,
My fot his pennyd, I may not owt ;
In sorow and car he his put,
 That have a schrow onto his wyf.
With a qwene ȝyf that thou run,
Anon it is told into the town ;
Sorow he hath both up and down,
 That have a schrow onto hys wyf.

XL.

HOLVYR and Heyvy mad a gret party,
 Ho xuld have the maystri

In londes qwer thei goo.
 Than spake Holvyr, I am frece and joly,
 I wol have the maystri

In londes qwer thei goo.
 Than spake Heyvy, I am lowd and prowde,
 And I wyl have the maystri

In londes qwer thei goo.
 Than spak Holvyr, and set hym downe on his kne,
 I prey the, jentyll Heyvy,
 Sey me no veleny,
 In londes qwer we goo.

XLI.

Synful man, for Crystes sake, I red thou amendes make.

Thow thou byst kyng, and were the crowne;
 Thow thou byst lord of towre and towne;
 I set not by thi gret renowne,
 But ȝyf thou wylt amendes make,

Synful man, for Crystes sake.

Man, thou art both styf and strong,
 Many a man thou hast do wrong;
 Welaway sal be thi song,
 But ȝyf thou wylt amendes make,

Synful man, for Crystes sake.

Man ber not thi hed to hey ;
For pumpe and pryd and lechery,
In hel thi sole xal sor aby ;
But 3yf thou wylt amendes make,
 Synful man, for Crystes sake.

Man, be war, the wey ys scheduler,
Thou mast seleder thou wonest weder
Body and sowll and al toogeder ;
But 3yf thou wylt amendes make,
 Synful man, for Cristes sake.

XLII.

Off al the knottes that I se, I prese the knot in trenite.

AN aungell fro hevn gan lyth,
A greth a maydyn that was so bryth ;
A treu knot ther was knyht
 Betwyn them both in trinyte.
After ys that fayyrlly fod,
For hus he bled his hart blod,
Qwan he was don on the rod,
 The knottes war knit with nales iij.
Wettnes of apostyll Johan,
He ros hup and wold gon ;
The knot was knyht with marbyl ston,
 Thorow the vertu of the trenyte.
On Schere Thursday he steyd to hevun,
Hys fader hym blyssyd with myld stevn ;
For to fulfyl the deddes wyll,
 The knot was knit with persons iij.

God xal rysyn at domusday,
 Hys v. knottes for to spray ;
 To al men he xal say,

Lo, man, wat knot I knyht for the.

XLIII.

Now ys the thwelthe day cum,
 The fadyr and the son togeder is won,
 The holy gost his wyth them num
 In fere :

God send us gud neu ere.

I wold ȝow syng, and I myth,
 Of a chyld so fayyr in syth,
 A maydyn bar on Cristmes nyth,
 So styll,

As it was hys wyll.

iiij. kyngges com fro Galely,
 Tho Bedlem, that fayer sety,
 For to ofer and se,

Be nyth ;

It was a wol fayre syth.

As thei ȝedyn with her offeryng,
 Thei met Herowd, that mody kyng ;
 He askyd hem of her comyng,

That tym,

And thus to them gun say.

For wense cum ȝe, now, kyngges iiij. ?
 Out of the est of ȝe may se,

For sekyng that ever xal be,

Thowre ryth,

Lord, kyng, and knyth.

Qwan ȝe have at that chyld be,

Cum ageyn this wey be me,

And tell me as ȝe have see,

I pray,

Go not another wey.

Of Harowd, that mody kyng,

Thei toke her leve both held and ȝyng,

And for thei ȝedyn with her offeryng

Be nyth,

The stere ȝaf them lyth.

Qwan thei com to that blysfyl place,

Jhesu with hys modyr was ;

Ther thei offeryd with gret solas,

In fere,

Gold, sens, and mere.

Qwan thei had her offeryng mad,

As the holy gost hem bad,

Then wer thei both mery and glad,

And lyth ;

It was a wel fayr syth.

Anon as thei away went,

The fathyr of hevun an aungell sent

To the kyngges that mad present,

Or day,

And thys tyl hem he sey.

My lord warnyd ȝow everychon,

That ȝe not be Harowd gon ;

For yf ye don, he wol ȝow sclon,

And strow,

And do ȝow mekyll woo.

Thei ȝedyn all anodyr wey,

Thorow the myth of Goddes lay,

As the angel tyl hem gan say

Fol tyth ;

It was a wol fayre syth.

Qwan thei were cum into hyr cuntre,

Mery and glad then wer thei,

For the syth that thei had se,

Be nyth ;

For as thei cam be lyth.

Prey we al with gud devocioun,

To that lord of gret renown,

And of owre synnys we ask remyssion,

And grace

In hevne to have a place.

XLIV.

MAKE we ȝow in this fest, *in quo Christus natus est.*

A patre unigenitus, to a maydyn is cum to us,

Syng we of hym and sey wolcum, *veni, redemptor*
gencium,

Agnoscat omne seculum, a bryth stare kyngges mad cum,

For to take with her presens *verbum superum prodiens.*

A solis ortus cardine so myty a lord is non as he.

And to owre lord he hath greth.

Marya ventre concepit, the holy gost was ay hyr with ;
 Of hyr in Bedlem now born he is, *consors paterni luminis*,
Alme beata trinitas, that lay betwyn an ox an a as,
 By hys modyr maydyn fre, *gloria tibi, Domine*.

XLV.

Man, asay, say, say, make thi mone to Mary that myld may.

Of all thi frendes sche is the flowr,
 Sche wyll the bryng to thi honowr,
 Mary to kall thou hast colowre,
 Asay, asay.

Sche bar Jhesu owr savyowr,
 Of al mysehyfe sche is socowr.
 Mary is strowne in every schowr,
 Asay, asay.

Sche is cundas full of grace,
 That spryngyth and spredyth in every place ;
 Mary to callyn gret ned thon has,
 Asay, say.

Hyf thou be put in poverte,
 Or of thi frendes forsakyd thou be,
 Mary his lady of gret pete :
 Asay, say.

3yf thou be aferd of thi foly,
 Or of thi day wan thou xal dey,
 Mary his laydy of gret mercy :
 Asay, say.

So gracios and so gud sche is,
Sche bryng us al into blys,
Ther Mary lady and qwen is:
Asay, say.

XLVI.

Modyr whyt as lyly flowr,
3owr lullyng lessyth my langour.
As I up ros in a mornyng,
My thowth was on a mayd 3yng,
That song aslep with hyr lullyng
Her swet son, owr Savowr.
As sche hym held in hyr lape,
He toke hyr lovely by the pape,
And therof swetly he toke an appe,
And sok hys fyll of the lycowr.
To hys modyr gen he seye,
For this mylke me must deye,
It ys my kynd therwith to playe,
My swet modyr par amowr.
The maydyn frely gen to syng,
And in hyr song she mad mornyng,
How he that is owr hevyn kyng
Shuld shed hys blod with gret dolowr.
Modyr, thi wepyng grevyth me sor,
But I wold dey, thu haddys be lor ;
So away, modyr, and wep no mor ;
Thy lullyng lessyth my langowr.

Swyeh mornyng as the maydyn mad,
 I can not tell it in this howr;
 Therfor be mery and glade
 And make us mery for owr Savowr.

XLVII.

Hey howe, selymen, God helpe ȝowe.
 THys indrys day befel a stryfe,
 Betwex an old man and hys wyfe;
 Sche toke hym by the berd so plyȝt,
 With hey how.
 Sche toke hym by the berd so fast,
 Tyll both hys eyn on watyr gan brast,
 With hey how.
 Howt at the dore as he gan goo,
 Met he with hys neybrys too;
 Neybyr, why wepyst soo,
 With hey how?
 In my hows ys swyche a smeke,
 Goo ondyr and ȝe schall wete,
 With hey how.

XLVIII.

Make we joy both more and lesse,
 On the dey of sent Thomas.
Pastor cesus in gregys medio,
Pacem emit cruorys precio.

As storys wryght and speezyf,
 Sent Thomas, thorow Goddes sond,

Beyng a byschop of Canturbery,
Was martyrd for the ryght of Englonde.
Hys moder be blyssyd that hym bar,
And also hys fader that hym begatt !
For war we wol beth fro sorow and care
Thorow the deth of the prelat.
Thys holy mane of God was accept,
For what so ever that he ded prayd,
Us frome the daunger conservyd and kepte.
Of the ransom we xuld have payd.
To and fyfty poyntes onresonabyll,
Consentyd of byschoppes many on,
Thou wast no[th]yng therto agreabyll,
Therfor thou sufferyd thi passyon,
Of knytes cruell and also wykyd
Thou sufferyd thi deth with myld mod.
Wherfor the chyrch is gloryfyyd
In the schedyng of thy blod.
To Cryst therfor lat us pray,
That for us deyyd on the rood,
Conserve us al both nyght and day,
Thorow the schedyng of Thomas blood.

XLIX.

To blys God bryng us al and sum,
Christe, redemptor omnium.

IN Bedlem, that fayer cyte,
Was born a chyld that was so fre,

Lord and prince of hey degre,

Jam lucis orto sidere.

Jhesu, for the lowe of the,

Chylder wer slayn grett plente

In Bedlem that fayer eyte,

A solis ortus cardine.

As the sune schynyth in the glas,

So Jhesu of hys moder borne was ;

Hym to serve God gyffe us grace,

O lux beata Trinitas.

Now is he oure Lord Jhesus :

Thus hath he veryly vysyt us ;

Now to mak mery among us,

Exultet celum laudibus.

L.

THE best tre, if 3e tak entent,

Inter ligna fructifera,

Is the vyne tre, by good argument,

Duleia ferens pondera.

Sent Luke seyth in hys gospell,

Arbor fructu noscitur.

The vyne beryth wyne, as I 3ow tell,

Hinc aliis preponitur.

The fyrst that plantyd the vynnayard,

Manet in celi gaudio ;

Hys name was Noe, as I am lernyd

Genesis testimonio.

God gave unto hym knowyng and wytte,

A quo precedunt omnia,

Fyrst of the grape wyne for to gytte,

Propter magna misteria.

Melchisedech mad offeryng,

Dando licorem vinium,

Ful myghtyly sacryfyng

Altaris sacrificium.

The fyrst of myraeuls that Jhesu dyd

Erat in vino rubeo,

In Cana Galylee ther it betyd,

Testante Evangelio.

He changyd the watur into wyne,

Aque rubescunt idrie,

And bad gyve it to Archetriclyne,

Ut gustet tunc primarie.

Lyke as the rose excedyth all flowres

Inter cuncta florigera,

Soo doyth wyn other lyeurs,

Dans multa salutifera.

David, the profyte, sayth that wyne

Letificat cor hominis,

It makyth men mery if it be fyne,

Est ergo digni nominis.

The malycoly fumosytesse,

Que generant tristitiam,

It causyth frome the hert to resse,

Tollens omnem mestitiam.

The fyrst chaptur speeifyeth

Libri Ecclesiastici,

That wyn is musyke of conyng delyeth,
Letificat cor clerici,
Surs, yf 3e wyll see boys
De disciplina scolarium,
Ther xall ye fynd withowten mysse
Quod vinum acuit ingenium.
Fyrst when Ipocras schuld dyspute
Cum viris sapientibus,
Gud wyne befor was hys prefute,
Acumen prebens sensibus.
It qwykynyth a manys sprytes in hys mynd,
Audaciam dat loquentibus;
Yf the wyne be good and well fynd,
Prodest sobrie bibentibus.
Good wyne receyvvyd moderatly
Mox cerebrum letificat;
Drunkyn alsoo soberly,
Omne membrum fortificat.
Naturall hete well it strenggthes,
Digestionem roborans;
Helth of body also it lengthes,
Naturam humanam prosperans.
Good wyne provokes a man to swete,
Et plena larat viscera;
It makyth a man wel to ete his mete,
Facitque corda prospera.
It noryssyth, if it be good,
Facit ut esset juvenis;
It gather to hym jentyll blood,
Nam purgat venas sanguinis.

Me thynkyth, syrs, by thes causys,

Que sunt rationabiles,

That wyne is best of al drynkkys

Inter potus notabiles.

Fyl the cop wele, bealeamy,

Potum mihi jam ingere;

I have seyð tyll my lyppez be dry,

Vellem vinum nunc bibere.

Gentyll blood loveth gentyll drynk,

Simile amat simile:

Fyll the cope by the brynk,

Parum manebit bibere.

Wyne drynkers, with grett honoure,

Semper laudate Dominum;

The wych sendys this licoure,

Propter salutem hominum.

Plente to all that love good wyne

Donet Deus hoc largius,

And bryng them self, when thei go hens.

Ubi non siciant amplius.

LI.

Of the Purifycacion.

Revertere, revertere, the quene of blysse and of beaute.

BEHOLD what lyfe that we ryne ine,

Frayl to fale and ever lyke to syne,

Thorow owr enmys entysyng;

Therfor we syng and cry to the,

Revertere, etc.

Come hyder, lady, fayryst floure,
 And kepe us, lady, frome doloure ;
 Defend us, lady, and be owr socoure ;
 For we cease not to cal to the,

Revertere, etc.

Torne owr lyfe, lady, to Goddys luste ;
 Syne to fle, and fleshly luste ;
 For aftur hym in the we trust
 To kepe us frome adversyte :

Revertere, etc.

Thys holy day of Puryfycacyon
 To the temple thou bare owr salvacyon,
 Jhesu Cryst thin own swet sone ;
 To whome therfor now syng we,

Revertere, etc.

Farwell, Crystmas fayer and fre ;
 Farwell, newers day with the ;
 Farwell the holy Epyphane ;
 And to Mary now syng we,

Revertere, etc.

LII.

In what estate soever I be,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

As I went in a mery mornyng,
 I hard a byrd bothe wep and syng ;
 Thys was the tenowr of her talkyng,

Timor, etc.

I asked that byrd what sche ment.
I am a musket bothe fayer and gent,
For dred of deth I am al schent ;

Timor, etc.

Whan I schal dey I know no day,
What countre or place I can not sey ;
Wherfor thys song syng I may,

Timor, etc.

Jhesu Cryst, whane he schuld dey,
To hys fader he gan sey,
Fader, he seyde, in trinyte,

Timor, etc.

Al crysten pepull behold and se,
This world is but a vanyte,
And replet with necessyte ;

Timor, etc.

Wak I or sclep, ete or drynke,
Whan I on my last end do thynk,
For grete fer my sowle do shrynke ;

Timor, etc.

God graunte us grace hym for to serve,
And be at owr end whan we sterve,
And frome the fynd he us preserve ;

Timor, etc.

LIII.

To almyghty God pray for pees,
Amice Christi Johannes.

O GLORIUS Johan evangelyste,
Best belovyd with Jhesu Cryst,
In cena Domini upon hys bryst
Ejus vidisti archana.

Chosen thou art to Cryst Jhesu,
Thy mynd was never cast frome vertu;
Thi doctryne of God thou dydest renu,
Per ejus vestigia.

Cryst on the rod, in hys swet passyon,
Toke the hys moder as to hyr sone;
For owr synnes gett grace and pardon,
Per tua sancta merita.

O most nobble of evangelystes all,
Grace to owr maker for us thou call,
And off swetenesse celestyall
Prebe nobis pocula.

And aftur the cowrs of mortalite,
In heven with aungels for to be,
Sayyng Ozauna to the Trinyte
Per seculorum secula

LIV.

Pray for us, thou prynee of pes, *amici Christi, Johannes.*

To the now, Crystys der derlyng,
That was a mayd bothe old and 3yng,
Myn hert is sett for to syng,
Amici Christi, Johannes.

For he was so clene a maye,
On Crystys brest aslepe he laye,
The prevyteys of heyn ther he saye,
Amici Christi, Johannes.

Qwhen Cryst beforne Pilate was browte,
Hys clene mayd forsoke hym nowte,
To deye with hym was all hys thowte,
Amici Christi, Johannes.

Crystys moder was hym betake,
Won mayd to be anodyris make,
To help that we be nott forsake,
Amici Christi, Johannes.

LV.

Cantus.

PSALLIMUS cantantes Domino nova cantica dantes,
Cum canore jubilo et tibi discipulo,
Qui ex privilegio pre ceteris a Domino
Dilectus es, Amice Christi, Johannes.

Tu in Christi cena meruisti bene veneranda proflui,
Fontis unda limpidi pectoris dominici fluenta evangelii
Potatus es.

En Christum magistrum tradendum in capi, in ca-
piendo a missis,
Relictum a ceteris tuis condiscipulis in atrium pontificis
Secutus es.

Dum stans juxta crucem dat tibi Christus in nutricem
venerabilem,
Contristantem, flebilem, morienti similem, ut tu virgo
virginem
Diligeres.

In Porta Latina tu missus es coqui in ferventi oleo,
Sed illesus a dolio existi, ut a vicio et carnis contagio
Alienus es

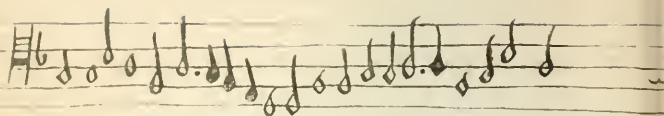
Omnibus est viris notum, quod tu menti, tu mentibus
hominum
Tuleris obprobrium ante aristodium calcem letiferum
Ebiberes.

Et post dies paucas es ductus ante Augustum sevissimum,
Domicianum pessimum, propter evangelium, in Pathmes
exilium
Dimissus es.

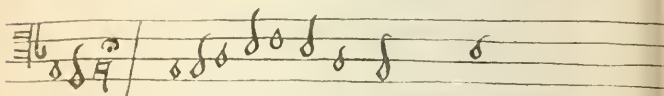
Exilio reversus in navigio submer, submersorum titulo,
Clarebas in Epheso et destructo ydolo templa data
Domino

Purgatus es.
Nonagentis annis transisti in pa, pace tua tempora,
In sacra ecclesia post divina misteria senex ad convivia
Vocatus es.

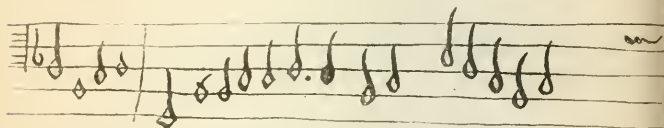
LVI.



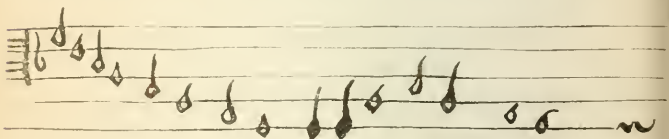
Nowell, nowell, nowell this is the salutacyoun of the angell,



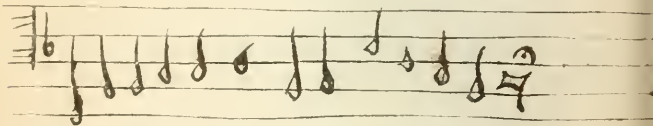
Gabryell. Tydynges trew ther be cum new, sent frome



the Trynyte, be Gabryell to Nazareth cety of Galile.



A clen maydyn and pure virgyn, thorow her humylte,



hath conceyvyd the person secunde in deyte.

This is the tewyn for the song foloyng; yf so be that 3e wyll have anothe
tewyn, it may be at 3owr plesure, for I have set all the song.

Bryng us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale ;
For owr blyssyd lady sak, bryng us in good ale.

BRYNG us in no browne bred, fore that is mad of brane,
Nor bryng us in no whyt bred, fore therin is no game.

But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no befe, for ther is many bonys,
But bryng us in good ale, for that goth downe at onys ;
And bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no baeon, for that is passyng fate,
But bryng us in god ale, and gyfe us i-nought of that ;
And bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no mutton, for that is often lene,
Nor bryng us in no trypes, for thei be sylldom elene ;
But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no eggys, for ther ar many schelles,
But bryng us in good ale, and gyfe us no[th]yng ellys ;
And bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no butter, for therin ar many herys ;
Nor bryng us in no pygges flesch, for that wyl mak us
borys ;

But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no podynges, for therin is al Godes good ;
Nor bryng us in no venesen, for that is not for owr
blod ;

But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no eapons flesch, for that is ofte der ;
Nor bryng us in no dokes flesche, for thei slober in the
mer ;

But bryng us in good ale.

LVII.

Nova, nova, sawe yow ever such,
The moste mayster of the hows weryth no brych.

DAYLY in Englund mervels be fownd,
And among maryd peple have such radicacyon,
Qwych to the uttermost expresse may no thong,
Ne pene cane scribull the totall declaracyon;
For women upon them tak such domynacyon,
And upon them self thei tak so mych,
That it causyth the mayster to abuse a brych.

Syns that Eve was procreat owt of Adams syde,
Coud not such newels in this lond be inventyd;
The masculyn sex with rygurnesse and prid
With ther femals thei altercatt, ther self beyng schentyd,
And of ther owne self the corag is abatyd.
Wherfor it is not acordyng to syth to mych,
Lest the most mayster may wer no brych.

Yt is sene dayly both in borows and townys,
Wheras the copuls han mad objurgacyon,
The gowdwyff ful humanly to hyr spowse gave
gownys,
Wych [th]yng is oryginat of so gret presumpeyon,
That oftentymys the goodman is fal in a consumpeyon;
Wherfor, as I seyde, suffer not to mych,
Lest the most mayster weryth no brych.

Nat only in Englond, but of every nacion,
The femynyng wyl presume men forto gyd ;
3et God at the tym of Adams creacyon
Gave man superiorite of them in every tyd.
But now in theys women is fyxyd such pryd,
And upon them self wyl tak so mych,
That it constreynyth the most mayster to wer no brych.

But mayny women be ryght dilygent,
And so demuer ther husbondes aforne,
For of cryme or faut thei be innocent ;
Butt falser than thei be wer never borne,
For wantenly ther husbondes thei wyl so dorne,
That owther thei wyl mak hym no thyng rych,
Or ellys the most mayster to wer no brych.

An adamant stone it is not frangebyll
With no thyng but with mylke of a gett ;
So a woman to refrayne it is not posybyll
With wordes, except with a staffe thou hyr intrett.
For he that for a fawt hys wyff wyl not bett,
Wherin sche offendyt hym very mych,
The gyder of hys hows must nedes wer no brych.

A scald hed maye be coveryd and not sene ;
And many thynges mo may be sone hyddyn ;
But the hod of a syr, 3e wott what I mene,
Wyche with too hornys infeckyd was and smyttyn,
By surgery to be helyd it is forbyddyn.
For thei have such an yssue abow the cheke,

That it constereynth the most mayster to wer no
bryke.

Wherfor ye maryd men that with wyvys be
acommoryd,
Dysplease nott yowr wyvys whom that 3e have ;
For whan thei be angry or sumwhatt dysplesyd,
Thei wyl gyffe a man a mark that he xal ber it to hys
grafe ;
Whobeit ther husbondes honeste to save
Clokydly withowt thei obey very mych,
And inwerdly the most mayster wer no brych.

Was not Adam, Hercules, and mythy Sampson,
Davyd the kyng, with other many mo,
Arystotyll, Vergyll, by a womans cavylacion,
Browt to iniquyte and to mych woo ?
Wherfor 3e maryd men ordur 3e soo,
That with 3owr wyfvys 3ow stryfe not to mych,
Lest the most mayster wer no brych.

LVIII.

Whane thes thynges foloyng be done to oʊr intent,
Than put women in trust and confydent.
WHEN nettuls in wynter bryng forth rosys red ;
And al maner of thorn tryes ber fygyys naturally ;
And ges ber perles in every med ;
And laurell ber cherys abundantly ;

And okes ber dates very plentuosly ;
And kyskys gyfe of hony superfluens ;
Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan box ber papur in every lond and towne ;
And thystuls ber berys in every place ;
And pykes have naturally fethers in ther crowne ;
And bulles of the see syng a good bace ;
And men be the schypes fyschys do trace ;
And in women be fownd no incypyens ;
Than put hem in trust and confydens.

Whan whytynges do walke forestes to chase hertys ;
And herynges ther hornnys in forestes boldly blow ;
And marmsattes morn in mores and in lakys ;
And gurnardes schot rokes owt of a crose bow ;
And goslynges hunt the wolfe to overthrow ;
And sprates ber sperys in armys of defens ;
Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan swyn be conyng in al poyntes of musyke ;
And asses be docturs of every scyens ;
And kattes do hel men be practysyng of fysyke ;
And boserds to sryptur gyfe ony credens ;
And marchans by with horne in sted of grotes and pens ;
And pyys be mad poetes for ther eloquens ;
Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan spawrus byld chyrchys on a hyth ;
And wrenys cary sekkes onto the myll ;

And eurlews cary tymber howsys to dyth;
 And fomaus ber butter to market to sell;
 And wodkokes wer wodk[n]yfys eranis to kyll;
 And gren fynchys to goslynges do obedyens;
 Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan crowves tak sarmon in wodes and parkes,
 And be tak with swyftes and snaylys;
 And cammels in the eyer tak swallows and larkes;
 And myse move mountans with wagyng of ther tayles;
 And schypmen tak a ryd in sted of saylles;
 And whan wyfvys to ther husbondes do no offens;
 Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan hantlopes sermountes eglys in flyght;
 And swans be swyfter than haukes of the tower;
 And wrenmys set goshaukes be fors and myght;
 And musketes mak vergese of erabbes sower;
 And schyppes seyl on dry lond, syll gyfe flower;
 And apes in Westmynster gyf jugment and sentens;
 Than put women in trust and confydens.

LIX.

Off the 5 joyes of owr lady.

A, a, a, a, gaude celi domina.

MARY, for the love of the,
 Glad and mery schal we be;
 Whe schal syng unto the,
Tua quinque gaudia.

The fyrste joy that came to the,
 Was whan the aungel greted the,
 And sayd, Mary, ful of charyte,
Ave, plena gracia.

The secund joye that was ful good,
 Whan Goddes son tok flesch and blood ;
 Withowt sorow and changyng of mood
Enixa es puerpera.

The thyrd joy was ful of myght,
 Whan Goddes son on rood was pyght,
 Deed and buryed, and layd in syght,
Surrexit die tercia.

The fourth joy was on Holy Thursday,
 Whan God to heven tok hys way,
 God and man withowten nay,
Ascendit supra sydera.

The fyfth joy is for to come
 At the dredful day of dome,
 Whan he schal deme us al and some,
Ad celi palacia.

Mary to serve, God gyve us grace,
 And grete hyr with joys in every place,
 To cum afor hyr sones face
In seculorum secula.

LX.

A song in the tune of, And I were a mayd, etc.
 SWET Jhesus is cum to us
 This good tym of Crystmas ;

Wherfor with prays syng we always,
Welcum ovr Messyas.

Hey, now, now, now.

The God almyght and kyng of lyght,
Whose powr is over all,
Gyve us of grace forto purchas
Hys realme celestyal.

Hey, etc.

Whe hys aungells and archangels
Do syng incessantly,
Hys princypates and potestates
Maketh gret armony.

Hey, etc.

The cherubyns and seraphyns,
With ther tunykes mery,
The trones al most musycall,
Syng the heavenly kery.

Hey, etc.

The vertues clere ther tunes bere,
Ther quere for to repayre ;
Whose song to hold was manyfold
Of domynacyons fayer.

Hey, etc.

With on acord serve we that Lord
With laudes and orayson,
The wych hayth sent, by good assent,
To us hys onely sone.

Hey, etc.

Borne ful porly, redy to dey,
For to redeme us all,

In the jury, of mayd Mary,
In a poore oxes stall.

Hey, etc.

He taught the sawes of crysten lawes
To hys apostels twelve ;
In flome Jordan, of good saynt Johan,
He was crystned hym selve.

Hey, etc.

Hym selfe ded preche, and the folke tech
The commaundmentes tene.
He went barfote, that swete herte rote,
Example to all mene.

Hey, etc.

The lame and blynd, men owt of mynd,
And the demonyacle,
The deaf and dombe, men layd in tombe,
Wher hol by hys myracle.

Hey, etc.

The Jewes truly had grete envy
To se hys myght expresse ;
Thei ded conspyre by grete desyre
To deth hym for to dresse.

Hey, etc.

But by hys myght, thei had no syght
To know hys corpolence ;
Tyll unwysse bold Judas hym sold
For thyrty golden pence.

Hey, etc.

Than thei hym tost, and at a post
Thei bownd hym lyk a thefe ;

Thei ded hym bete with seorges grete,
To put hym to reprefe.

Hey, etc.

Nakyd and bare, hys flesch thei tare,
And with a crowne of thorne
Thei ded hym crowne, the blod rane downe,
And gane hym arede in scorn.

Hey, etc.

With mokkes and mowes, buffetes and blowes,
And other cursed thewes,
Thei gan to cry dyspytously,
Al hayle the kyng of Jewes !

Hey, etc.

With dredfull othes, the wych hym lothes,
Thei cryd, *crucifige* !

To Calvary thei gane hym hy,
The crosse hym self bar he.

Hey, etc.

They hym naylyd, and yl flaylyd,
Alas, that innocent !

Lunges, blynd knyght, with al hys myght,
With a spere hys hart rent.

Hey, etc.

Watur and blod fro hys hart yode,
And yet that blyssyd sone
Prayd for thosse that ware hys fosse,
To get for them pardone.

Hey, etc.

Lo, what kyndnesse in owr dystresse
That Lord ded schow us than,

The deth to tak, al for owr sake,
And bryng us fro Sathan.

Hey, etc.

Owr savyour, our creatur,
On the crosse deyed ther;
Of newe tourment we do hym rent,
Whan we hys membres swer.

Hey, etc.

Then let us pray, both nyght and day,
To hym *per omnia*,
That we may cum to hys kyndome
In finis secula.

LXI.

A song upon, Now must I syng, etc.

Nowel, nowel, nowel, syng we with myrth,
Cryst is come wel, with us to dwell,
By hys most noble byrth.

UNDER a tre, in sportyng me
Alone by a wod syd,
I hard a mayd that swetly sayd,
I am with chyld this tyd.

Nowell, etc.

Gracyusly conceyvyd have I
The son of God so swete;
Hys gracyous wyll I put me tyll,
As moder hym to kepe.

Nowell, etc.

Both nyght and day, I wyll hym pray,
And her hys lawes taught,
And every dell hys trewe gospell
In hys apostles fraught.

Nowell, etc.

Thys goostly case dooth me embrace,
Withowt dyspyte or moke,
With my derlyng, lullay to syng,
And lovely hym to roke.

Nowell, etc.

Withowt dystresse, in grete lyghtnesse,
I am both nyght and day;
This heavenly fod, in hys chyldhod,
Schal dayly with me play.

Nowell, etc.

Soone must I syng, with rejoycyng,
For the tym is all ronne,
That I schal chyld, all undefyld,
The kyng of hevens sonne.

Nowell, etc.

LXII.

Evere more, where so ever I be,
The dred of deth do troble me.

As I went me fore to solasse,
I hard a mane syght and say, alassee!
Off me now thus stond the casse,
The dred of, etc.

I have be lorde of towr and towne,
I sett not be my grett renowne ;
For deth wyll pluckyd all downe ;

The dred off deth do trobyll me.

Whan I shal deye I ame not suere,
In what countre or in what howere ;
Wherefore I sobbyng sey to my power,

The dred off deth do troble me.

Whan my sowle and my body departyd shall be,
Off my jugment no man cane tell me,
Nor off my place wher that I shal be ;

Therefore dred off deth do troble me.

Jhesu Cryst, whan that he shuld sofer hys passyon,
To hys fader he scyd, with gret devocyon,
Thys is the cause off my intercessyon,

The dred off deth do troble me.

Al crysten pepul, be ye wysse and ware,
Thys world is butt a chery ffare,
Replett with sorow and fulfyllid with care ;

Therefore the dred off deth do troble me.

Whether that I be mery or good wyne drynk,
Whan that I do on my last daye thynk,
It mak my sowle and body schrynke ;

Fore the dred of deth sore troble me.

Jhesu us graunt hyme so to honowr,
That at owr end he may be owr socowr,
And kepe us fro the fendes powr ;

For than dred of deth shal not troble me.

LXIII.

Prey we to the Trinite,
And to al the holy compane,
For to bryng us to the blys,
The wych shal never mysse.

JHESUS, for thi holy name,
And for thi beter passyon,
Save us from syn and shame
And endeles damnacyon ;
And bryng us to that blysse,
That nevere shal mysse.

O gloryusse lady, quen off heven,
O mayden and o mothere bryght,
To thy sonne with myld steven
Be owr gyde both day and nyght ;
That we may cum to that blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

Gabryell and Raphaell,
With scherapyn and seraphyn,
Archangell Mychaell,
With all the orderes nyne,
Bryng us to that blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

O ye holy patryarkys,
Abraham, Ysaak, and many moo,
Ye were full blyssed in yowr werkes,

With Johan the Baptyst also,
For to bryng us to that blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

The holy apostoles off Cryst,
Petur, Paule, and Bartylmewe,
With Thomas, and Johan the evangelyst,
And Andrew, Jamys, and Mathewe,
Bryng us to that heavenly blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

Pray fore us ye seyntyng bryght,
Stevyn, Laurence, and Cristofore,
And swete Georg, that noble knyght,
With all the marters in the qwere,
That we may cum to that blysse,
The wych never shall mysse.

Blyssyd confessor, sent Gregory,
With Nycholas, and Edward kyng,
Sent Leonard, and Antony,
To yow we pray above all thyng,
To helpe us to that blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

O yow blyssed matrones,
Anne and swet sent Elsabeth,
With al the gloryus vyrgyns,
Kateryne and noble sent Margaret,
Bryng us to the heavenly blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

All the company celestyall,
The wych do syng so musycall,
To the kyng pryncypall
Pray fore us terrestyall,
That we may cum to that blysse,
The wych never shall mysse.

LXIV.

Off al the enmys that I can fynd,
The tong is most enemy to mankynd.

With pety movyd, I am constreynyd
To syng a song fore yowr comfort,
How that dyvers have compleynyd
Off tong ontru and ill report,
Sayng thus, withowt dysport,
Off all, etc.

Thys tong is instrument off dyscord,
Causyng war and grett dystans
Betwyne the subjecte and the lord,
The perfytt cause off every grevans.
Wherfor I syng withowt dysplesans,
Of all, etc.

Thow that prestes be never so pacient,
In towne, cite, or in cowrt ryall;

Thow the religyus be never so obedient ;
Yeit a ill tong wyll trobull them all.
Wherfore this song reherse I shall,
Of all, etc.

Iff he that ill be another do saye,
Hys propere fawtes wold behold,
How oftynnis hyme self wer owt off the way,
Sylens to hyme than shuld be gold,
And with me to syng he wold be bold,
Off all, etc.

Frome this tonge a venamus serpent,
Defend us, fader, to the we pray,
As thou onto us thi sone have sent,
Fore to be borne this present daye ;
Lesse that we syng and evermore saye,
Off all, etc.

LXV.

Nowell, nowell, this is the salutacion off the aungell Gabriell.
TYDYNGES trew ther be cum new, sent frome the Trinite,
Be Gabriel to Nazaret, cite of Galile ;
A clene mayden and pure virgyn thorow hyre humilite
Conceyvid the secund person in divinite.

Whan he fyrst presentid was before hyr fayer visag,
In the most demuer and goodly wys he ded to hyr omag,

And seid, Lady, frome heven so hy, that lordes herytag,
The wich off the borne wold be, I am sent on messag.

Hayle, virgyne celestial, the mekest that ever was ;
Hayle, temple of deite and myrrour off all grace ;
Hayle, virgyne puer, I the ensure within full lyty[1]
space,
Thou shalt receyve and hym conceyve that shal bryng
gret solace.

Sodenly she, abashid truly, but not al thyng dysmaid,
With mynd dyscret and mek spyryt to the aungell she
said :

By what maner shuld I chyld bere, the wich ever a
maid
Have lyvid chast, al my lyf past, and never mane
asaid ?

Than ageyne to hire certeyn answered the aungell,
O lady dere, be off good chere, and dred the never a
dell,
Thou shalt conceyve in thi body, mayden, very God
hym self,
In whos byrth heven and erth shal joy, callid Emanuell.

Not it, he seid, vj. monethys past, thi cosyn Elyzabeth,
That was barren, conceyvid sent Johan, tru it is that
I tell ;
Syn she in ag, why not in yought mayst thou conceyve
as well,
If God wyl, whome is possybyll to have don every dell?

Thane ageyne to the aungell she answered womanly,
 What ever my lord commaund me do, I wyll obey
 mekely,

Ecce sum humilima ancilla Domini,

Secundum verbum tuum, she seid, fiat mihi.

LXVI.

Doll thi ale, doll, doll thi ale, dole,
 Ale mak many a mane to have a doty poll.

Ale mak many a mane to styk at a brere ;
 Ale mak many a mane to ly in the myere ;
 And ale mak many a mane to slep by the fyere ;
 With doll.

Ale mak many a mane to stombyl at a stone ;
 Ale mak many a mane to go dronken home ;
 And ale mak many a mane to brek hys tone ;
 With doll.

Ale mak many a mane to draw hys knyfe ;
 Ale mak many a mane to mak gret stryfe ;
 And ale mak many a mane to bet hys wyf ;
 With dole.

Ale mak many a mane to wet hys chekes ;
 Ale mak many a mane to ly in the stretes ;
 And ale mak many a mane to wet hys shetes ;
 With dole.

Ale mak many a mane to stombyll at the blokkes ;
 Ale mak many a mane to mak his hed have knokkes ;
 And ale mak many a mane to syt in the stokkes ;
 With dol.

Ale mak many a mane to ryne over the falows ;
Ale mak many a mane to swere by God and alhalows ;
And ale mak many a mane to hang upon the galows ;
With doll.

LXVII.

Blyssid be that lady bryght,
That bare a chyld off great myght,
Withouten peyne, as it was right,
Mayd mother Marye.

Goddys sonne is borne, his moder is a maid
Both aftur and before, as the prophycy said,
With ay ;

A wonder thyng it is to se,
How mayden and moder on may be ;
Was there nonne but she,
Maid moder Marye.

The great lord of heaven ovr servant is becom,
Thorow Gabriels stevyn, ovr kynd have benom,
With ay ;

A wonder thyng it is to se,
How lord and servant on may be ;
Was ther never nonne but he,
Born off maid Marye.

Two sons togyther they owght to shyne bryght ;
So did that fayer ladye, whan Jesu in hir light,
With ay ;

A wonder thyng is fall,
 The lord that bought fre and thrall,
 Is found in an assis stall,
 By his moder Mary.

The sheperdes in her region thei lokyd into heaven,
 Thei se an angell commyng down, that said with myld
 steven,

With ay ;
 Joy be to God almyght,
 And pece in yerth to man is dyte,
 Fore God was born on Chrismes nyght
 Off his moder Marye.

Thre kynges off great noblay, whan that chyld was born,
 To hym they tok the redy way, and kneled hym befor,

With ay ;
 Thes iij. kynges cam fro fare,
 Thorow ledyng of a stare,
 And offered hym gold, encenee, and mure,
 And to hys moder Mary.

LXVIII.

O mervelous and blessed nativite off Goddes sonne in divinite.

WELCOME be thys blissed feest
 Off Jesu Christ in trinite,
 That is reformer off owre reste,
 Lovyng peace and charite.

In tyme off peace thys chyld was borne,
As it was shewed in prophieye,
To save mankynd that was forlorn,
Fore kyng off peace he is trulye.

Born mervelously he was,
Full off blysse and divinite;
And she a mayd never the lesse,
And so was never nonne but she.

In his byrth holy was knytt
God and man in his degre,
Moder and mayd together were sett,
Feith in mans hart ever to be.

Therfor praye we to that lord,
And to his moder mayden fre,
To mak us wisse in wark and word,
To praysse and please the Trinite.

LXIX.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, now syng we.
HER commys holly, that is so gent,
To please all men is his intent.

Alleluia.

But, lord and lady off this hall,
Who so ever ageynst holly call,
Alleluia.

Who so ever ageynst holly do crye,
In a lepe shall he hang full hye.

Alleluia.

Who so ever ageynst holly do syng,
He maye wepe and handys wryng.

Alleluia.

LXX.

Ivy chefe off treis it is, *veni coronaberis.*

THE most worthye she is in towne;
He that seyth other, do amysse;
And worthy to bere the crowne;

Veni coronaberis.

Ivy is soft and mek off spech,
Ageynst all bale she is blysse;
Well is he that may hyre rech;

Veni coronaberis.

Ivy is green, with coloure bright,
Off all treis best she is;
And that I preve well now be right;

Veni coronaberis.

Ivy beryth berys black;
God graunt us all his blysse!
Fore there shall we nothyng lack:

Veni coronaberis.

LXXI.

In villa quid vidisti, in villa?

MANY a man blame his wif, parde,
Yet he is more to blame than she;
Trow ye that ony such there be,

In villa?

Ye, ye, hold yowr peasse fore shame,
Be owr lady, ye be to blame;
Wene ye that womens tonges be lame,

In villa?

Nay, God forbid, it is naturall
For them to be right liberall;
I now report me over all,

In villa.

Every where I have espyed,
All women be not tong-tyed;
And if thei were, thei be belied,

In villa.

If ought be said to them sertayn,
Wene ye thei will not answer agayn?
Yes, by Christ, fore every word twayn,

In villa.

Now in good faith, the soth to say,
Thei have gret cause frome day to day;
Fore thei may nother sport nor playe,

In villa.

Ther husbondes controll them so secretly;
But yet no forse fore that hardly,
Fore ther scewise shalbe mad so craftely,

In villa.

Who sey ye, women that husbondes have,
Wyl not yow owr honour saves,
And call them lowsy stynekyng knaves,

In villa.

Ye, so have I hard tell ore thys,
Not fare out off thys contre i-wis ;
Off some off them men shal not mys,

In villa.

God wott, gret caus have thei among ;
But dout ye not, ther hartes be strong ;
Fore thei may suffere no maner off wrong,

In villa.

And if thei dyd, ther hartes wold brast ;
Wherfor in soth I hold it best,
Lett them alon in the devillis rest,

In villa.

Ye husbondes all, with on assent,
Lett yowr wyffis have ther entent ;
Ore, by my trowth, ye wilbe shent,

In villa.

It is hard ageynst the strem to stryve ;
Fore he that cast hym for to thryve,
He must ask off hys wiffe leve,

In villa.

Ore elles, be God and be the rood,
Be he never so wild ore wood,
His her shal grow thorow his hood,

In villa.

LXXII.

Off all creaturs women be best,
Ejus contrarium verum est.

IN every place ye may well se,
That women be trew as tyrtyll on tre;
Not liberall in langag, but ever in secrete,
And gret joy among them is fore to be.

The stedfastnesse off women wil never be don,
So gentyll, so curtes thei be everichon,
Mek as a lambe, styll as a stone;
Crockyd ne crabbyd fynd ye none.

Men be more combres a thowsand fold;
And I mervill who thei dare be so bold,
Ageynst women fore to hold,
Seing them so pacient, soft and cold.

Fore tell a woman all yowr counsayle,
And she cane kepe it wonder weyll;
She had lever go qwyck to hell
Than to hire neyboure she wold it tell.

Fore by women men be reconsyled;
Fore by women was never man begiled;
Fore by women was never man betraied;
Fore by women was never man bewreyed.

Now sey well by women, ore elles be styll;
Fore they never displeasid man by ther will;
To be angry ore wroth thei cannot skyll,
Fore I dare sey they thynk no ill.

Trow ye that they lyst to smatter,
Ore ageynst ther husbondes to clatter?
Nay, thei had lever fast bred and water,
Then fore to presse such a matter.

Thowe all the pacience in the world wer drownd,
And nonne were left here on the grownd,
Ageyn in women it myght be fownd,
Such vertu in them doth abownd.

To the taverne thei will not goo,
Nore to the ale howse never the moo;
Fore, God wott, ther hartes shulbe woo,
To spend ther husbondes money soo.

If here wer a woman ore a mayd,
That list forto go freshly arayd,
Ore with fyne kerchefts to go displaid,
Ye wold saie thei be proud, it is evil said.

LXXIII.

Women, women, women, women,
A song I syng even off women.

SOME be mery, and some be sad,
And some be good and some be bad;

Some be wyld, be sent Chad !

Yet all be not so.

Fore some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

Some be wise, and some be fond ;

Some be tame, I understand ;

Some wil tak bred at a mans hond ;

Yet al be not so.

For some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

Some be angry, and cannot tell wherfor ;

Some be scornynge ever more ;

And some be tuskyd lyk a bore ;

Yet all be not so.

For some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, where so ever ye go.

Som wilbe dronken as a mouse ;

Some be crokyd, and will hurt a lowse ;

And some be fayer and good in a howse ;

Yet all be not so.

Fore some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

Some be snowtyd lyk an ape ;

Some can nother pley ne jape ;

And some off them be well shape ;

Yet all be not so.

Fore some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;
Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

Some can prate without hyere ;
Some cane pley check mat with owr syere ;
And some mak debate in every shyere ;
Yet all be not so.

Fore some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;
Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

LXXIV.

How, gossip myn, gossipe myn,
When wyll ye go to the wyn.

I WYLL yow tell a full good sport,
How gossyps gather them on a sort,
Theyre syk bodes for to comfort,
When thei mett in a lane ore stret.

But I dare not, fore ther displeaunce,
Tell off thes maters half the substaunce ;
But yet sumwhatt off ther governaunce,
As fare as I dare, I will declare.

Good gossipe myn, where have ye be ?
It is so long syth I yow see.
Where is the best wyn ? tell yow me.
Can yow ought tell full wele.

I know a drawght off mery-go-downe,
The best it is in all thys towne ;
But yet wold I not, fore my gowne,
My husbond it wylt, ye may me trust.

Call forth yowr gossips by and by,
Elynore, Jone, and Margery,
Margaret, Alis, and Cecely ;
Fore thei will come both all and sume.

And ich of them wylt sumwhat bryng,
Gosse, pygge, ore capons wyng,
Pastes off pigeons, ore sum other thyng ;
Fore a galon off wyn thei will not wryng.

Go befoore be tweyn and tweyn,
Wysly, that ye be not seen ;
Fore I must home, and come ageyn,
To witt i-wys where my husbond is.

A strype ore ij. God myght send me,
If my husbond myght her se me.
She that is aferd, lett her fle,
Quod Alis than, I dred no man.

Now be we in tavern sett,
A drawght off the best lett hyme fett,
To bryng owr husbondes out off dett ;
Fore we will spend, tyll God more send.

Ech off them brought forth ther dysch ;
Sum brought flesh, and sume fysh.
Quod Margaret mek, now with a wysh,
I wold Anc were here, she wold mak us chere.

How sey yow, gossips, is this wyne good ?
That it is, quod Elenore, by the rood ;
It cherisheth the hart, and comfort the blood ;
Such jonckettes among shal mak us lyv long.

Anne, byd fill a pot of muscadell ;
Fore off all wyne I love it well,
Swete wyne kepe my body in hele ;
If I had off it nought, I shuld tak gret thought.

How look ye, gossip, at the bordes end ?
Not mery, gossip ? God it amend.
All shalbe well, elles God it defend ;
Be mery and glad, and sitt not so sadde.

Wold God I had don aftur yowr counsell !
Fore my husbond is so fell,
He betyth me lyk the devill off hell ;
And the more I cry, the lesse mercy.

Alys with a lowd voyce spak than,
I-wis, she seid, lytyll good he cane,
That betyth ore strykyth ony woman,
And specially his wyff ; God gyve him short lyve !

Margaret mek seid, So mot I thryffe,
I know no man that is alyffe,
That gyve me ij. strokes, but he shal have fyffe;
I ame not aferd, though I have no berd.

On cast down her schott, and went her wey.
Gossip, quod Elenore, what dyd she paye?
Not but a peny. Lo, therefore I saie,
She shal be no more off owr lore.

Such gestes we may have i-nowe,
That will not fore ther shott alow.
With whom cum she? gossipe, with yow?
Nay, quod Jone, I come alone.

Now rekyn owr shott, and go we hence,
What? cost it ich off us but iij. pence?
Parde, thys is but a smale expence,
Fore such a sort, and all but sport.

Torn down the street where ye cum owt,
And we will compasse rownd abowt.
Gossip, quod Anne, what nedyth that dowt?
Yowr husbondes be plesyd, when ye be reisyd.

What so ever ony man thynk,
Whe cum fore nowght but fore good drynk.
Now lett us go whom and wynk;
Fore it may be sen, where we have ben.

Thys is the thought that gossips tak,
Ons in the weke mery will thei mak,
And all small drynk thei will forsak;
But wyne off the best shall han no rest.

Sume be at the taverne ons in a weke;
And so be sume every daie eke;
Ore ellis thei will gron and mak them sek.
Fore thynges usid will not be refusyd.

Who sey yow, women, is it not soo?
Yes, suerly, and that ye wyll know;
And therefore lat us drynk all a row,
And off owr syngyng mak a good endyng.

Now fyll the cupe, and drynk to me;
And than shal we good felows be.
And off thys talkyng leve will we,
And speak then good off women.

LXXV.

Tyrle, tyrle, so merylye the shepperdes began to blowe.

ABOWT the fyld thei pyped full right,
Even about the middes off the nyght;
Adown frome heven thei saw cum a light.
Tyrle, tirlle.

Off angels ther came a company,
 With mery songes and melody.
 The shepperdes anonne gane them aspy.

Tyrle, tyrle.

Gloria in excelsis, the angels song,
 And said, who peace was present among,
 To every man that to the faith wold long.

Tyrle, tyrle.

The shepperdes hyed them to Bethleme,
 To se that blyssid sons beme ;
 And ther they found that glorious streme.

Tyrle, tyrle.

Now preye we to that mek chyld,
 And to his mothere that is so myld,
 The wich was never defyld,

Tyrle, tyrle.

That we may cum unto his blysse,
 Where joy shall never mysse.
 Than may we syng in Paradice :

Tirle, tirlle. .

I pray yow all that be here,
 Fore to syng and mak good chere,
 In the worship off God thys yere.

Tyrle, tirlle.

LXXVI.

God that sytteth in trinite,
 Amend this world, if thi will it be.

VYCYCE be wyld, and vertues lame ;
 And now be vicyce turned to game ;

Therefore correccion is to blame,
 And besyd his dignite.
Pacyence hath taken a flyght ;
And melady is out off syght.
Now every boy will counterfett a knyght,
 Report hym self as good as he.
Princypally among every state,
In court men thynk ther is gret bate,
And peace he stondyth at the gate,
 And morneth aftur charite.
Envy is thyk, and love thyne :
And speycally among owr kyne ;
Fore love is without the dore and envy within ;
 And so kyndnesse away gane fle.
Fortewn is a mervelous chaunce ;
And envy causeth gret distaunce ;
Both in Englund and in Fraunce
 Exilyd is benyngnyte.
Now lett us pray both on and all,
And speycally upon God call,
To send love and peace among us all,
 Among all men in christente.

NOTES.

P. 4, l. 2. *Man, be war.* The first stanza of this song is given, with very little variation, in the middle of a song in the Sloane MS., fol. 6, v^o, as follows,—

Man, be war, the weye is sleder,
Thou xal slyde thou wost not qweder,
Body and sowle xul go togeder,
But if thou wilt amendes make.

P. 4, l. 7. *Secators.* The dishonesty of executors was proverbial in the middle ages, and they appear often to have embezzled money intended for charitable and religious purposes. Hence we meet with not unfrequent, and of course not uninterested, admonitions to the living to dispose of their goods to the church for the benefit of their souls, before death, rather than leave it to the honesty of executors after. See again, p. 34, l. 16, of the present volume.

P. 12, No. x. Another copy of this carol is printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii, p. 76, from a MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, of the latter part of the fifteenth century.

P. 18, No. XIII. Another copy of this short song is found in the Sloane MS., fol. 9, v^o.

P. 12, No. XVI. This song is found also, with some variations, in the Sloane MS., fol. 6, v^o.

P. 24, No. XIX. Another copy of this song or carol is in the Sloane MS., fol. 33, v^o.

P. 25, ll. 9-12. This stanza, relating to St. Thomas of Canterbury, has been blotted out in the MS. by a later hand.

P. 25, No. XX. This and the one given on p. 42, are two new specimens of the curious songs for the ancient ceremony

of bringing in the bear's head at Christmas. Others were printed by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, and a very curious one will be found in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii, p. 30.

P. 31, l. 6. *Bede*. An allusion to rather an absurd legend relating to Bede, which was popular at the time these songs were written.

P. 31, No. xxvi. Another copy of this song is found in Sloane MS., fol. 24, v^o, with some not very important variations.

P. 35 and 37. The manuscript was here a little torn; the letters in Italics are supplied by conjecture; the few lacunes marked by dots I have not ventured to supply in this manner.

P. 36, l. 6. *At London at the Parvis*. The Parvis or portico of St. Paul's in London, was the common place of consultation among the Lawyers. Thus Chaucer, *Cant. T.* l. 311,

A sergeant of lawe, war and wys.

That often hadde ben atte Parvys.

P. 38, No. xxxiii. This song is also found, but with rather considerable variations, in the Sloane MS., fol. 23, r^o.

P. 44, No. xl. This curious song seems to have some connection with the song on the Ivy and the Holly, printed from MS. Harl., No. 5396, in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. Songs on the Ivy and on the Holly will be found in the present volume, p. 84 and 85.

P. 46, No. xliii. Another copy of this carol, but with very considerable variations, is found in the Sloane MS., fol. 17, r^o. Some stanzas are omitted in that copy, and others altered, and after l. 13, on p. 48, the carol there goes on to the conclusion thus,—

With tresoun to us gan he sayn.

He trowid Jhesu to han slayn;

Into Egipt thei went ful playn.

Be syde,

Josep was here gyde.

Into Bedlem thai gunne pas;
 The sterre gan schynyn in here fas
 Brytter than ever schon sunne in glas;
 In loude,
 Jhesu with Mari thai fonde.

Kyng Herowdes he mad his vow,
 Gret plente of chylderin he slow,
 He wende ther xuld a be Jhesu;
 I saye,
 He falyid of his praye.

Herowdes was wod in ryalte,
 He slow schylderin ryght gret plente,
 In Bedlem that fayre cete,
 With stryf;
 Ne left he non on lyf.

The chyldren of Israel cryid, wa, wa;
 The moderis of Bedlem cryid, ba, ba;
 Herowdes low, and seyde, a ha!
 That qwede,
 The kyng of Juwys is dede.

Almyty God in mageste,
 In o god personys thre,
 Bryng us to the blysse that is so fre
 In fere,
 And send us a good newe yere.

P. 50, No. XLVI. This song also is in the Sloane MS., fol. 16, v^o.

P. 51, No. XLVIII. The whole of this song of St. Thomas has been designedly blotted out with a pen in the MS.

P. 60, No. LV. This Latin chaunt is accompanied with musical notes in the MS.

P. 12, No. LVI. This is a much better and more perfect copy of a curious drinking song which had already been printed by Ritson (*Dissertation on Ancient Songs and Music*, p. xxxiv) from MS. Harl. 541, fol. 214, v^o, written in the

reign of Henry VI. In the copy printed by Ritson the whole song runs thus :—

Bryng us home good ale, sir, bryng us home good ale,
And for our der Lady love, brynge us home good ale.

Brynge us home no beff, sir, for that ys full of bones,
But brynge home good ale i-nough, for I love wyle that.

But, etc.

Brynge us home no wetyn bred, for that is full of braund,
Nothyr no ry brede, for that ys of that same.

But, etc.

Brynge us home no porke, sir, for that ys very fat,
Nethyr no barly brede, for nethyr lovys I that.

But brynge us home good ale.

Bryng us home no muttun, sir, for that ys togh and lene,
Nethyr no trypps, for they be seldyn clene.

But bringe, etc.

Bryng us home no vele, sir, for that will not dure,
But bryng us home good ale i-nogh to drynke by the fyr.

But, etc.

Bryng us home no sydyr, nor no palde wyne,
For and thou do thow shalt have Crysts curse and myue.

But, etc.

In the Harl. MS. it is not accompanied with the musical notes, as here; they appeared of sufficient interest to be engraved for the present volume.

P. 66, l. 14. *Arystotyll, Vergyll*. An allusion to the popular medieval legends of the philosopher and the poet, both of whom were there represented to have been seduced and deceived by the fair sex.

P. 68, No. LIX. *Off the 5 joyes*. There is a song on the same subject, and in the same style, in the Sloane MS., fol. 9, r^o, but differing in the words, with the exception of a phrase here and there.

P. 75, l. 18. *A chery ffare*. This is a new instance of a curious expression, of not unfrequent occurrence in the old

English poets, for the explanation of which the reader is referred to Mr. Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, art. *Cherry-fair*.

P. 89, No. LXXIII. Another copy of this song is printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 248, from a MS. in the Library of Lambeth Palace, No. 306 (in the printed catalogue), fol. 135, written in the fifteenth century. As the variations between the two copies are considerable, I give here the Lambeth copy for the sake of comparison.

Women, women, love of women
 Make bare purs with some men.
 Some be nyse as a manne hene,
 3it al thei be nat so ;
 Some be lewde, some all be shreude,
 Go schrewes wher thei goo.

Sum be nyse, and some be fonde,
 And some be tame y undirstonde,
 And some cane take brede of a manys honde ;
 Yit all thei be nat so, etc.

Some cane part withouten hire,
 And some make bate in eviri chire,
 And some cheke-mate withoute sire ;
 Yit all thei be nat so.
 Some be lewde, and some be schreued ;
 Go wher they go.

Some be browne, and some be whit,
 And some be tender as accripe ;
 And some of theym be chiry ripe ;
 Yit all thei be not soo.
 Sume be lewde, etc.

Some of them be treue of love,
 Benethe the gerdelle, but nat above ;
 And in a hode above cane chove ;
 Yit all thei do nat soo.
 Some be lewde, etc.

Some cane whister, and some cane erie ;
 Some cane flater, and some cane lye ;
 And some can sette the moke awrie ;

Yit all thei do nat soo.

Some be lewde, etc.

He that made this songe full good,
 Came of the northe and the sothern blode,
 And somewhat kyne to Robyn Hode ;

Yit all we be nat soo.

Some be lewde, etc.

P. 91, No. LXXIV. The following imperfect copy of this very curious ballad was printed by Ritson (*Ancient Songs*, p. 77) from a MS. in the Cottonian Library, Titus A. xxvi, fol. 161, r^o. under the somewhat singular title of "Lytyll thanke." Ritson conjectured rightly, as will be seen from my copy, that some stanzas were wanting at the beginning; in fact his copy begins at the seventh stanza of the ballad as preserved in the MS. in my possession. It will be seen that there are numerous and very considerable variations in the two copies.

* * * * *

Go ye beffore be twayne and twayne,
 Wysly that ye be not i-sayne,
 And I shall go home and com agayne,
 To witte what dothe owre syre,

Gode gosyp.

For ȝyff hit happ he dyd me see,
 A strype or to God myght send me.
 ȝytte sche that is aferde lette her flee,
 For that is nowght be this fyre,

Gode gosyp.

That everyche of hem browght ther dysche,
 Sum browght fleshe and som brought fyshe.
 Quod Margery meke than with a wyise,
 I wold that Frankeleyne the harper were here,

Gode gosip.

She hade notte so sone the word i-sayd,
 But in come Frankelyn at a brayd ;
 God save youe, mastres ! he sayde,
 I come to make youe some chere,
 Gode gosyp.

Anon he began to draw owght his harpe.
 Tho the gossyppus began to starte,
 They callyd the tawyrner to fyll the quarte ;
 Good gosyp.

Then seyde the gossyppus all in fere,
 Streke up harper, and make gode chere,
 And wher that I goo, fere or nere,
 To owre hu[s]bondes make thou no [hoste.]
 God gossip.

Nay mastres, as motte I thee,
 Ye schall newyr be wrayed for me ;
 I had lever her dede to be,
 As hereof to be knowe,
 Good gosyp.

They fyllde the pottes by and by,
 They lett not for no coste trully ;
 The harpyr stroke upe merrely,
 That they myght onethe blowe.
 Good gosyp.

They sette them downe, they myght no more,
 Theyre legges they thought were passyng soore ;
 They prayd the harper kepe sum store,
 And lette us drynke abowght,
 Gode gosyp.

Heye the, tavernere, I praye the,
 Go fyll the potteys lyghtly,
 And latte us dry[n]ke by and by,
 And lette the cupe goo route ;
 Good gosyp.

This ys the thougth that gossypus take,
 Onys in the weke they wyll merrey make,
 And all smalle drynckys they wyll forsake,
 And drynke wyne of the best.

Good gosyp.

Some be at the taverne onys in the weke,
 And some be there every day eke,
 And ellse ther hertes will be seke,
 And gyffe her hosbondys ewyll reste.

Good gosyp.

When they had dronke and mad them glad,
 And they schuld rekyn, theyn they sad,
 Call they tavernere anone, they bade,
 That we were lyghtly hens.

Good gosyp.

I swere be God and by seynt Jayme,
 I wold notte that oure syre at home,
 That we had this game,
 Notte for fourty pens,

Good gosyp.

Gadyr the scote and lette us wend,
 And lette us goo home by lureas ende,
 For dred we mete not with owre frend
 Or that we come home,

Good gosyp.

When they had there countes caste,
 Everyche of hem spend vj^d at the last.
 Alas, cothe Seyscely, I am agaste,
 We schall be schent evrychone,

Good gosyp.

From the taverne be they all goone,
 And everyche of hem schewythe her wysdom,
 And there sche tellythe her husbond anone,
 Shee had bene at the chyrche.

Gode gosyp.

Off her werke she takyth no kepe,
Sche muste as for anowe go slepe,
And ells for aggeyr wyll sche wepe,
Sche may no werkes wuche.

Good gosyp.

Off her slepe when sche dothe wake,
Faste in hey then gan sche arake,
And cawthe her serwantes abowte the bake,
Yff to here they outhe had sayd.

Good gosyp.

Off this proses I make an end,
Becawse I will have women to be my frend;
Of there dewosyon they wold send
A peny forto drynke at the end.

Gode gosyp.

FESTIVE SONGS,

PRINCIPALLY

OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH
CENTURIES;

WITH

An Introduction

BY

WILLIAM SANDYS, F.A.S.

Pluribus exhausto crescit sapientia vino,
Fitque Solon subito qui fuit ante Midas.
OBSCURÆUS De Arte Bibendi.

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Council.

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

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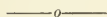
T. J. PETTIGREW, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

JAMES PRIOR, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

WILLIAM SANDYS, Esq. F.S.A.

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., *Treasurer & Secretary.*

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INTRODUCTION.

WHATEVER uncertainty may yet exist, as to the proper classification of man in animated nature; there can be little doubt that he is, and from the earliest ages has been, a drinking animal. Allusions to his bibulous propensities appear in the most sacred, the most ancient books; and the histories of all lands afford examples. Unfortunately the precept, “avoid wine, wherein there is excess,” has been repeatedly forgotten. The most polished nations of antiquity, revelling in the choicest liquors, have erred in this, as much as the rudest savages on the first introduction to them of “fire-water.” It will be necessary, however, to confine our observations to the drinking habits of our own country, and of these, even to give but a sketch—a sample, and not a full draught.

The Celtic nations appear to have been generally addicted to drinking; and the ancient

Britons, as well of this as of other origin, formed no exception to the rule,—ale and mead being the principal drinks; for wine, probably, was scarcely known until after the establishment of the Romans in the island. Their feasts sometimes lasted for several days; our worthy slightly-clad predecessors continuing their amusement as long as provisions and liquors lasted. The Anglo-Saxons not only emulated, but exceeded them in their drinking propensities; and drank largely in honour of their gods, at their religious festivals. However, this is not remarkable, when we recollect that after a well-spent life here, according to their notions,—i. e., fighting, drinking, and committing breaches of several of the commandments, that would have made them objects of wonder in any modern police courts,—they were to be rewarded in the Valhalla, with the privilege of fighting all the live-long day, and feasting every night on Scrymer, a great boar, drinking mead and beer at discretion, out of the skulls of their slain enemies;—a constancy of entertainment, more to be wondered at than followed in the present excitement-seeking age. After the introduction of Christianity, they merely varied their habits of intemperance; drinking large draughts at their religious festivals in honour of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and other Saints.

Archbishop Boniface, in the eighth century, observing on the prevalence of drunkenness, more than insinuates that some of the bishops, instead of preventing it, were themselves partakers in the vice. King Edgar, in the middle of the tenth century, it is said, was the inventor of the fashion of fixing iron ladles, or cups, to the side of every fountain and well, for the benefit of the thirsty way-farer, as we see still attached to many of our public pumps. He, also, first directed that the vintners should keep vessels, with pegs, or pins of metal at certain distances, inflicting a penalty on any one who drank more than from one peg to another: though some accounts state, that if a person exceeded or fell short of such limit, he was to try again for the next peg. Hence, perhaps, the phrase, of one being a peg too low, when out of spirits, as if wanting another drink to rouse him. Anselm's canon, at the commencement of the twelfth century, forbidding priests to go to drinking bouts, or drink to pegs, no doubt had reference to some such custom, which would frequently induce drunkenness. Edgar's ordinance was, however, to promote temperance; and if Amphytrion had not long previously introduced the mixture of wine and water, Edgar was worthy of the invention. Hoops, in quart pots, are said to have been for a similar purpose, that

each man should take his hoop; and one of Jack Cade's intended reforms was, that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops.

The Anglo-Normans were, at first, a more sober people than the previous occupiers of the country, but soon adopted, in full, their convivial habits, and became most luxurious in their feasts, though quantity, more than great variety, was a characteristic of their entertainments. At the marriage feast of Richard Earl of Cornwall, in 1243, there were thirty thousand dishes: and the enormous bill of fare at the installation of George Neville, Archbishop of York, two centuries later, (1466) has been often cited; with its one hundred and four oxen, one thousand sheep, two thousand pigs, five hundred stags, bucks, and roes, twenty-two thousand five hundred and twelve fowls of different sorts, two hundred and four cranes, four hundred heronshaws, twelve porpoises and seals, three hundred tuns of ale, one hundred tuns of wine, and one pipe of ipoerasse. This exuberant feasting seems to have continued down to the time of Elizabeth; when chines of beef and mutton, with beer and wine, constituted an established breakfast for ladies of quality. About this time the feasts, however, seem to have been under better arrangement, and of a somewhat more polished form. There were some strange

dishes, also, according to our notions of choice edibles; as cranes, gulls, puffins, curlews, swans, congors, seals, porpoises, etc.

It is proper to observe, that previous to the reign of Elizabeth, the vice of drunkenness had, from the time of its culmination under the Anglo-Norman kings, gradually abated, until the English had acquired the character of being the most sober of the northern nations; but now, during the wars in the Netherlands, they again learnt immoderate drinking, and the practice soon spread in their own country, and the citizens spent much of their time at taverns. Our early dramatic writers abound in allusions to such habits; and in King James's reign England seems again to have obtained the pre-eminence in toping. He himself was fond of strong, heady drinks, as Frontignac, Canary, high-country wine, tent wine, and Scottish ale; but could carry it off well, and surpassed even his doughty relation the Dane.

“ Iago. And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man, O, man's life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Cassio. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.”
(*Othello*, ii, 3.)

See another example, from the *Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, iii, 2.

“ *Lodovico.* Are the Englishmen such stubborn drinkers ?

Piso. Not a leak at sea

Can suck more liquor ; you shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
Able to knock a Dane down.”

There is a curious account handed down to us, of some carousals at court, in 1606 (when Christian the IVth, of Denmark, paid a visit), which were carried to a great excess, even the ladies being overcome, in the exuberance of their loyalty. On one occasion, there was a sort of masque, or representation of King Solomon and the visit of the Queen of Sheba. The King of Denmark, who personated Solomon, having, from some unknown authority, conceived that wine and wisdom were synonymous, had, at least, imbibed a large portion of the former, while the Queen of Sheba had also indulged in an extra portion of nectar. She advanced to offer her gifts of wine, jelly and cakes to him ;—the learned pedant James having, probably, ascertained that these were

classically correct presents ;—unfortunately, overcome by zeal and wine, the lady stumbled at the feet of the king, and threw her gifts indiscriminately over him, to the great detriment of his fancy dress. Nothing daunted by this, the representative of Solomon would dance with the Queen of Sheba ; but here he in his turn was overcome, and fell also, and was obliged to be carried to bed by the sympathizing courtiers. Some ladies, who represented Faith, Hope, Charity, Victory, and Peace, in the pageant,—such characters having been considered to have accompanied the Queen of Sheba in her visit,—would not be out-done by their mistress ; they were all staggering, and were obliged to retire from the court revels, for a time, under the effects of temporary indisposition. They manage things better now. The feasts of that period had become very extravagant and luxurious ; and, except in not having an untranslatable foreign name, some of the dishes might equal any of modern times, always reserving the celebrated dish, *crawfish à la Sampayo*, attained by Mons. Soyer. Massinger mentions :—

———— “ their pies of carps’ tongues,
 Their pheasants drench’d in ambergris, the carcasses
 Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
 Make sauce for a single peacock.

——— “three sucking pigs served up in a dish,
 Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrow'd,
 A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,
 That stood my master in twenty marks apiece,
 Beside the puddings in their bellies, made
 Of I know not what.” (*The City Madam*, ii, 1.)

Gervase Markham, in his *English House-wife*, after describing the arranging of great feasts in the same reign, gives directions for a more humble one, wherein the first course (there being three) should consist of thirty-two dishes, including a chine of beef, a pig, a goose, a swan, a turkey, and a haunch of venison roasted; and the ordering will be “both frugal in the splendor, contentment to the guest, and much pleasure and delight to the beholder.”

In the time of Charles the First and the Commonwealth, the habits of the Cavalier party and of the Puritans, were quite opposed to each other; the former, when they had the means, indulging in luxurious living, and frequently sinking into debauchery; while the latter affected temperance and frugality, even to prudery; though there were occasional back-slidings—as where shall there not be? The court of Charles the Second was not a temperate one, but it was liberal, not addicted exclusively to any one particular vice, and excess in drinking was included in the catalogue. It may be observed that the

court leaven generally pervaded a large portion of society. The reigns immediately following the Revolution showed some improvement in these matters; and further than these it is not necessary to refer for the purposes of this Introduction. It may, however, be observed, that the habits of excess in drinking, in general society, till within but a few years back, are in the recollection of many, and even still exist in some parts, where man so debases his faculties, as to render himself unfit to associate with the fairer, the more graceful, and the purer portion of our race, and becomes a boon companion for such as "Happy Jerry" the gin-drinking mandril of Exeter-change, when Exeter-change was. Happily our court now affords an illustrious example to follow; and at our feasts, intellectual intercourse has superseded the grosser pleasures of the bottle,—a name to prevent the abuse of which, the talented George Cruikshank has, by his admirable work on the subject, lent his powerful aid.

The principal liquors in use amongst the early inhabitants of our country, were ale, beer, and mead. In some of the earliest Welsh laws, we find the steward of the king's household had as much of every cask of plain ale, as he could reach with his middle finger dipped into it; and as much of every cask of ale with spiceries, as he

could reach with the second joint of his middle finger. The Welsh, as at present, were famed for their ale; the Anglo-Saxons dividing the classes of that liquor into mild ale, clear ale, and Welsh ale. Ale, indeed, may be considered a national drink, and has preserved its reputation to the present time, although not so aristocratic as formerly. Several places in the kingdom have, for a long series of years, preserved the reputation of peculiar skill in making this liquor. In ancient times it stood forward boldly at the royal tables, but now modestly retires to the side-board; often has it been the subject of parliamentary attention and interference; and the ale-brewer in the 15th century could not sell his ale, without the fear of the "cukkyng stole" and pillory, until the ale-taster had pronounced it good and "abill for mannys body." In the time of Henry VIII, ale continued one of the principal drinks, and the stock that Queen Elizabeth possessed, bore a large proportion to the wines in her cellar. At this time the beer was divided into single beer, or small ale, double beer, double-double beer, and dagger ale, which was particularly sharp and strong. There was also a choice kind, brewed principally by the higher classes, called March ale, from its being made in that month, which was scarcely fit for the table until two years old. A

cup of choice ale with spices and sugar, and sometimes a toast, stirred up with a sprig of rosemary, was a draught for a queen.

Adam. "Mark you, sir, a pot of ale consists of four parts, imprimis the ale, the toast, the ginger, and the nutmeg."
(*Looking Glass for London and England. Greene.*)

But even now roguish brewers and tapsters would adulterate. "Let me see thee froth and lime," as mine Host of the Garter says to Bardolph: and there is a story of old Heywood, being asked by a person in whose beer the hop preponderated at the expense of the malt, whether it was not well hopped? replying, "It is very well hopt, but if it had hopt a little further, it had hopt into the water." Derby ale seems to have been one of the choice ales at this time: Sir Lionel Rash, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, says, "I have sent my daughter this morning as far as Pimlico to fetch a draught of Derby ale, that it may fetch a colour in her cheeks"; a strange errand this would now be thought for a knight's daughter, and leaving it an open question whether the walk or the ale was to fetch the colour. There was also a strong kind of ale called "huff-cap." Another name for strong ale seems to have been "nippitate,"—

"*Pompiano.* My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and nipitato call'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Ralph. Lady, 'tis true ; you need not lay your lips
To better nipitato than there is."
—(*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iv, 2.)

It is further described in another play,—

——“ Well fare England, where the poore may have a
pot of ale for a penny ; fresh ale, firme ale, nappie ale,
nippitate ale.”—*The Weakest goes to the Wall*.

There was also a mixture of ale with spirits, called
“ hum.” Bragget was a compound of ale, honey,
and pepper. Chaucer says of the carpenter’s
wife,—

“ Hir mouth was sweete as bragat is or meth,
Or hoord of apples, layd in hay or heth.”

As before-mentioned, mead or metheglin was
also one of the earliest drinks ; the mead-maker
was the eleventh officer in rank in the royal
household, and the steward had as much of every
cask of mead as he could reach with the first joint
of his middle finger. It was the companion of
ale at the royal tables for many generations. The
clerk Absolon sent to the carpenter’s wife, when
he wished to cause a favorable impression,—

——“ piment, methe, and spiced ale,
And wafres piping hot out of the glede.”

In the time of Sir Thopas, Chaucer allows him
some ginger-bread with his mead :

“ They set him first the swete wine,
 And mede eke in a mazeline
 And royal spicerie,
 Of ginger-bread that was full fine
 Of licores and eke comine,
 With sugar that is trie.”*

By the time of Queen Elizabeth it had gradually fallen into comparative disuse, and did not keep such high company, though still frequently mentioned by writers of the age. Vecchio in the *Chances* (Fletcher), when assuming the character of a magician, has an invocation or song, commencing,—

“ By old claret I enlarge thee,
 By Canary thus I charge thee,
 By Britain Matthewglin, and Peter,
 Appear, and answer me in metre !”—(Act v, sc. 3.)

Mr. Dyce, in a note on this passage, states a fanciful account given by Taylor in his *Drinke and Welcome*, of metheglin having been so called from one Mathew Glinn, the supposed inventor of it, who was master of a large stock of bees, and discovered this method of making their labours profitable. However, this etymology of Taylor is probably more jocular than just, as we have

* It may be observed that all the extracts from Chaucer are from Mr. Wright's valuable edition for the Percy Society.

seen that in the early ages every man in royal establishments had his mead, a practice some time since obsolete. Even to the end of the seventeenth century, however, metheglin was not discarded from convivial meetings; for *Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1699, singing of the good things of Christmas, as plum-porridge, furmity, minced pies, swan, etc., adds,

“ ————— And then strong beer,
For to wash down all this good chear;
Yea, in some houses there's no lack
Of brisk neat claret, spritely sack,
Metheglin, cider, and stout perry,
With other liquors to make merry.”

Choice mead may also still be sometimes met with. There was a mixture, called Obarni, occasionally mentioned, which is said to have been a preparation of mead and spices.

“ ————— Carmen
Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney sweepers
To their tobacco and strong waters, hum,
Meath and Obarni.”—*The Devil is an Ass*, i, 1.

Morat was another ancient preparation of mead, being diluted with the juice of mulberries, and was a choice liquor, confined to the tables of the great; the claret-drinkers, as we may call them, of the age. Another drink, of the same rank, was pigment or pyment, a compound of honey, wine,

and spiceries, and a great favourite in the early romances.

“Men broughte bred, withouten bost,
 Venyson, cranes, and good rost,
 Pymment, clarré, and drynkes lythe ;
 King Richard bad hem al be blythe.”

Richard Coer de Lion, 3479-82.

Many other examples might be given. In the old French romances it was sometimes called *Vin du coucher*. Hippocras is a drink constantly mentioned, from the early ages to the seventeenth century ; and this with the clarré, of the old writers, and garhiofilac, were preparations of wine with spices. Henry the Third, previous to one of his Christmas feasts, directed the keepers of his wines, at York, to deliver to Robert de Monte Pessulano two tons of white wine, to make garhiofilac, and one ton of red wine, to make claret for the king's own use. A bottle of hippocras was occasionally a new year's gift to Queen Elizabeth ; who seems to have accepted every thing, from a fat goose upwards : and also to her successor, James. Aristippus, the philosopher, in the play of that name, by Randolph, says, “Saek, claret, Malmesey, white-wine, and hypocras, are your five predicables, and tobacco your individuum.” Nichols, in his *Illustrations of Literature*, ii, 437, cites a passage in “The Discovery of a London

Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate, 1612," including hippocras, in a list of popular drinks: "Room for a customer, quoth I, So in I went, where I found English, Scottish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms: some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bordeaux; there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter seemine, amber-coloured candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor, that might draw their wits into a circle, to see the devil by imagination."

The variety of wines used in this country, from the settlement of the Romans,—before whose arrival here it was perhaps scarcely known—to the present day, is very great, and may surprise those who have never paid any attention to the subject; especially such as modern Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne drinkers, who may be ignorant of the fact, that there are as many names, nearly, for these wines as there are separate vineyards, and who in their simplicity confound Beaune with Clos-vougeot, and gooseberry wine with Sillery. So, in the lists of ancient wines, no doubt they often differed but little, except in name; each town or district giving its appellation to its own growth of wine, though many agreed nearly in quality and flavour. A curious specimen of

vinous nomenclature, of about the thirteenth century, will be found in *La Bataille des Vins*. (*Barbazan Fabliaux par Méon*, i, 153), closing with a somewhat contemptuous remark relative to a parcel of unnamed wines.

“ Premiers manda le vin de Cypre ;
 Ce n'estoit pas cervoise d'Ypre,
 Vin d'Aussai et de la Mousselle,
 Vin d'Anni et de la Rocele,
 De Saintes et de Tailleborc,
 De Melans et de Treneborc,
 Vin de Palme, vin de Plesence,
 Vin d'Espagne, vin de Provence,
 De Montpellier et de Nerbone,
 De Bediers et de Quarquassone,
 De Mossac, de S. Melyon,
 Vin d'Orchise et de S. Yon,
 Vin d'Orliens et vin de Jargueil.
 Vin de Meulent, vin d'Argentueil,
 Vin de Soissons, vin d'Auviler,
 Vin d'Espernai le Bacheler,
 Vin de Sezane et de Sept-mois,
 Vin d'Anjou et de Gastinois,
 D'Ysoudun, de Chastel-Raoul,
 Et vins de Trie la bardoul,
 Vin de Nevers, vin de Sancerre,
 Vin de Verdelai, vin d'Auquerre,
 De Torniere et de Flavingni,
 De S. Porchain, de Savingni,
 Vin de Chablies et de Biaune,
 Un vin qui n'est mie trop jaune,
 Plus est vert que corne du buef :
 Toz les autres ne prise un oef.”

According to the "Gossips' Song," given hereafter from the Chester plays, Malmsey was known before the flood; but this may be considered problematical. We have the highest authority that Noah was the inventor of wine, and it was in use among all the great nations of antiquity: the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks (who adopted for their symposia the phrase, $\eta\ \pi\iota\theta\iota$, $\eta\ \alpha\pi\iota\theta\iota$ *—"drink or begone")—the Romans, etc.

After the introduction of wine into England, it seems to have been of native, as well as of foreign growth, as we have accounts of extensive vineyards; and the larger monasteries, when established here, generally had vineyards attached to them, and the inmates were good judges of creature comforts, as why should they not have been, as they then headed the tide of science and learning. It is probable, however, that the home-made wines were inferior to those imported. On the entry of the Normans into England, and the increased connexion consequently with France, the importation of foreign wines was probably much increased; and the marriage of Henry the Second with Eleanor, and her rich lands in the south of

* In Aristippus, before mentioned, the motto in a tavern room is referred to, as, "Hipathi, hapathi."

France tended to facilitate the introduction of the choicest sorts. The early romances name some of the most fashionable, and give curious examples of manners, according to our present notions. In "Sir Degrevant," the lady goes to the pantry and kitchen for dainties for the knight; such as "a scheld of a wylde swynne, hastelettus in galantyne, plovers, curlew," etc., and "ryche she tham drewe, Vernage and Crete"; also, "bothe the Roche and the Reyn, and the good Malvesyn." On another occasion, it appears, the knight had been fighting like a bear, and no doubt required these little attentions. In "The Squyr of Lowe Degre," the list of drinks is more extensive.

"Ye shall have rumney and malmesyne,
Both ypocrasse, and vernage wyne,
Mount rose and wyne of Greke,
Both algrade, and respice eke,
Antioche, and bastarde,
Pymment also, and garnarde ;
Wyne of Greke, and muscadell,
Both claré, pyment, and Rochell.
The reed your stomache to defye,
And pottes of osey sett you bye."

Vernage is Dan Johan's favourite wine in the Schipmanne's Tale (*Canterbury Tales*, 14481-3.)

"With him brought he a jubbe of Malvesie,
And eek another ful of wyn vernage,
And volantyn, as ay was his usage."

Wine of Lepe, however, "that is to selle in Fleet Street or in Chepe," seems to have been one of the most dangerous wines mentioned by Chaucer, producing those singular effects that are occasionally attributed to wines of the present day.

"This wyn of Spayne crepith subtilly
 In other wyne growyng faste by,
 Of which ther riseth such fumosité,
 That whan a man hath dronke draughtes thre,
 And weneth that he be at hom in Chepe,
 He is in Spayne, right at the toun of Lepe,
 Nought at the Rochel, ne at Burdeaux toun."
 —[*The Pardoner's Tale*, 13980-6.]

In the ordinances of the household of George Duke of Clarence, afterwards drowned in a butt of Malmsey, and of whose dream, just previous to his death, our immortal Shakespeare gives so grand a description, the following sweet wines are named: "Intyre malvesie, romenay, osey, bastard muscadelle."

This Malmsey, or Malvesy, was a favorite wine, and if the same as our Malmsey, is grateful to many palates yet: but there must have been formerly a great consumption of it, as we find in an act of Richard the Third, complaining of a reduction in the contents of the butts of Malmsey, then recently imported, that great plenty was wont to be brought in. Barelay, in his second

eclogue, refers to the sweetness and fragrance of this, and some other wines—

“In the meane season olde wine and dearly bought,
Before thy presence shall to thy prince be brought,
Whose smell and odour so swete and marvelous
With fragrant savour inbaumeth all the house ;
As Muscadell, Caprike, Romney and Malvesy,
From Gene brought, from Greece or Hungary ;
Suche shall he drinke ; suche shall to him be brought.”*

It is included in the household stores of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and in many noble houses of their times, and frequently mentioned by our early dramatic writers,—valuable authorities for the manners of their day. Harrison, in his description of England, after stating that brawn was “a great peece of service at the table, from November untill Februarie be ended; but chieffie in the Christmas time”; adds, “because it is somewhat hard of digestion, a draught of Malvesie, bastard, or muscadel, is usuallie droonke after it, where either of them are convenientlie to be had. Jacques, in *The Woman's Prize*, by Fletcher, iv, 2, in allusion to this custom, talks of his “two rundlets of muscadel, those two cannons, to batter brawn withal at Christmas.” Gervase Mark-

* See Introduction to “The Cytezen and Uplondyshman”, Percy Society's edition, by Mr. Fairholt.

ham (*The English Housewife*, p. 162), says, "your muscadine and Malmseys are of many parts of Italy, Greece, and some speciall islands." This muscadine, or muscatell, so frequently found in conjunction with Malmsey, and in many of the same royal and noble cellars, is stated to have been a wine of Crete, and so called from its flavor of musk. Petruchio's behaviour at his marriage with Katherine, when he

———"Quaff'd off the muscadell,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,"

is familiar to all. Muscadine with eggs, is a drink frequently referred to, and the wine was apparently of a nourishing or strengthening nature. "A man may batten there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after." (*Perkin Warbeck*, iv, 2.) Henry VIII, as well as the luxurious Cardinal, were good judges of wine no doubt, and could cull the market: there is a letter from Thomas Allen to Lord Shrewsbury, 1517, stating, "As Allan King shews unto me, there were two vessels of muscadine wine, which were good; the King had the one, my Lord Cardinal the other." (*Lodge's Illustrations*, i, 37.) There was a red muscadine, of high quality, called Aleatico, of a purple colour, and luscious flavour, produced at

Montepulciano, etc. Having given a list of ancient wines from a French poem of the thirteenth century, we may compare it with a catalogue in a curious old English one, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, (1508), “Colyn Blowbolle’s *Testament*.” (See Halliwell’s *Nugæ Poeticæ*, and notes to *Sir Degrevant*, *Thornton Romances*.)

“And what with gestes and with servauntes eke,
 I trow their shalbe an honest felowship ;
 Sauf first of all they shall have new bake bouns,
 With strong ale bruen in fattes and in tounes,
 Pyng, drangoll, and the braget fyne,
 Methe, mathebru, and mathelynge,
 Rede wyn, the claret and the white,
 With teynt, and Alycaunt, in whom I delite ;
 Wyn ryvers, and wyn sake also,
 Wyne of Langdoke and of Orliaunce therto,
 Sengle bere, and othir that is dwobile,
 Which causith the brayn of man to trouble ;
 Spruce beer, and the bee: of Hambur,
 Whiche makyth oft tymes men to stambur ;
 Malmasyes, Tires, and Rumneys,
 With Caperikis, Campletes, and Osneys,
 Vernuge, Crete, and Raspays also,
 Whippett and Pyngmedo, that ben lawyers therto :
 And I will have also wyne de Ryne,
 With new maid Clarye, that is good and fyne,
 Muscadell, Terantyne, and Bastard,
 With Ypocras and Pymment comyng afterwarde.

And as for mete I will that goo quyte,
 For I had never therein grete dylite,
 So that I myȝt have drynke at my will,
 Good ale or wyne my bely for to fille."

This may, perhaps, be scarcely considered a list for the more aristocratic tables; but in the Interlude of the *Four Elements*, of about the same date, the taverner, in answer to a question by Sensual Appetyte, if he had "any good wyne", gives him the following, which may be considered more select, and reminds us somewhat of that before given from the *Squyr of Low Degree*.

"Ye shall have Spayneshe wyne and Gascoyn,
 Rose coloure, whyt, claret, rampyon,
 Tyre, capryck, and malvesyne,
 Sak, raspyce, alycaunt, rumney,
 Greke, ipocrase, new made clary,
 Suche as ye never had ;
 For yf ye drynke a draught or too,
 Yt wyll make you, or ye thens go,
 By gogges body starke madde !"

The Gascoign wine was a principal ingredient in a celebrated composition of the sixteenth century, called Aqua composita, for which the following is the receipt, inserted for the benefit of any who wish to try it, as its virtues were stated to be almost miraculous:—"A gallon of Gascoign wine, with an infusion of ginger, galingale, camo-

mile, cinnamon, nutmegs, grains, cloves, mace, anise seeds, fennel seeds, caraway seeds, etc.”—(*Privy Purse Expenses of Princess Mary*, by Madden, 208, *n.*) It was a favorite wine. Prisius, in *Mother Bombie*, ii, 5, in the end of the sixteenth century, gives his opinion: “The old time was a good time; ale was an ancient drink, and accounted of our ancestors authentical. Gascoign wine was a liquor for a lord; sack, a medicine for the sick; and I may tell you, he that had a cup of red wine to his oysters was hoisted in the queen’s subsidy book.”

It is curious how prone every one is to be *laudator temporis acti*. We praise the olden times, though we should be very sorry to exchange our modern comforts for what we call ancient hospitality, or to give up the privilege of freely discussing state secrets,—no matter how ignorant of the subject,—and return to the times of the *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, of the sovereign. Were any one to prefer the arbitrary rule of Henry the Eighth, or the despotic government of Elizabeth, with all their ancient customs, to the mild and enlightened sway of Victoria, he must be a most determined antiquarian. When we get back to Elizabeth, we find, as above, the same reference to olden times, and so back from stage to stage, until we are puzzled to find the starting point.

However, this, if followed up, would involve a dissertation quite out of character.

In early times, it seems, the French preferred the wine of Orleans to other wines, and scarcely drank any other. As early as the beginning of the eleventh century, Henry the First of France laid in a large stock, previous to commencing a campaign. In the fifteenth century it continued to be prized, and at the commencement of the sixteenth “le vin François et de Bourgogne,” were sold for “deux sols le pot, et le plus excellent d’Orleans deux sols six deniers, ou trois sols au plus.”—(*Vaux de Vire de Basselin*, 69, n.) A wine of Rennes, in Bretagne, was not so favoured; for there was an anecdote told before Francis the First, of a dog who unluckily eat a grape near Rennes, which affected its stomach so sharply, that it turned round in great wrath and barked against the vine, by way of revenge.

Alegant, or Alicant, a Spanish wine, said to have been made of mulberries near Alicant, was formerly in repute. Verdea, a Tuscan wine made in the vicinity of Florence, and taking its name from its colour inclining to green, was apparently a choice beverage, and perhaps but little imported into this country; the following speech, applied to the younger and foppish brother, alludes to it as a traveller’s privilege—

“ And must this piece of ignorance be popp’d up,
 Because’t can kiss the hand, and cry, ‘ Sweet lady’ ?
 Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relics,
 Drank your Verdea wine.”—*The Elder Brother*, ii, 1.

When the unlucky Horner, the armourer, is about to fight the apprentice Peter, his neighbours make him drunk, by pressing on him too much good cheer ; so that without hazarding any opinion on the justice, or otherwise of his cause, we are not much astonished at the result of the combat. Charneco is one of the drinks proffered, said to have been a sweet wine, made at a village of that name, near Lisbon.

“ Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

“ And here, neighbour, here’s a cup of Charneco.

“ And here’s a pot of good double beer, neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

“ Let it come, i’ faith, and I’ll pledge you all ; and a fig for Peter !”—*Henry VI*, Part II, ii, 3.

Rhenish wines are frequently mentioned, and the unfortunate Robert Greene died after a surfeit of Rhenish and red-herrings. Back-rack (Backarach) occasionally mentioned, was a wine of this class.

“ I’ll go afore, and have the bonfire made,
 My fire-works, and flap-dragons, and good back-rack :
 With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
 In healths to this day !”—*The Beggar’s Bush*, v, 2.

There was an inferior liquor, or mixture, generally named with implied reprobation, as the title denotes, Balderdash. John Buncele says, the Welsh have the word *Baldwrid*, to describe the barbarism of confused tongues, as at the confusion of Babel; from which word, and *Das*, is derived *Balderdash*, signifying, strictly, a heap of confused or barbarous words; hence applied to a poor class, or mixture of wines.

“It is against my freehold, my inheritance,
My Magna Charta, *cor lætificat*,
To drink such balderdash, or bonny-clabber !”

—*The New Inn*, i. 1.

Bonny clabber, or clabbore, whatever it may be, is named in *Perkin Warbeck*, iii, 2, in conjunction with usquebaugh.

The Clarré, or Claret, frequently mentioned in the sixteenth century, appears to have been a mixture of wine, spices, and honey; but the French Claret wine was also imported and much used, and was probably the wine frequently selected for the running conduits, on great occasions: as for instance, when Prince Arthur married Katherine, afterwards Henry the Eighth's first wife; according to Arnold, “at the west door, of Powles, was made a costlew pagēt, renning wyn, red Claret and whit, all the day of the marriage.”

So much has been already written about Sack, that it would be useless to dwell on the subject here, or to discuss, whether it was, or was not, Sherry; though the balance of evidence seems against it. It is said to have been first mentioned in the twenty-third of Henry the Eighth, when a regulation was made, that no Malmseys, Romineis, Sackes, nor other sweet wines, should be sold for more than three pence a quart; but this, at all events, proves that sack was previously known. Falstaff (*Sir John Sack and Sugar*) with whom this wine is so intimately associated, calls it Sherris-sack; and Gervase Markham, in *The English Housewife*, p. 162, says, "Your best Sackes are of Seres, in Spaine, your smaller of Galicia and Portugall: your strong Sackes are of the islands of the Canaries." The Canary Sack was sometimes called sweet Sack, to distinguish it from the other, which was a dry or sec wine. By some of the early ordinances of James the First's household, it seems that he considered this wine fit only for the higher classes; as it is directed that the serjeant of the cellar be allowed twelve gallons of the Spanish wines, called Sack, daily; and that it be used for the nobility and people of account, and not for people of meaner class, who had got into the habit of using it.

Bastard is another wine of frequent recurrence; it was a sweetish wine, from Spain, of which there were two sorts, white and brown.

Another choice liquor, with a somewhat eccentric name, was Peter-see-me—

“ Welcome, poet, to our ging ;
 Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason ;
 Canary bees thy brain shall sting,
 Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason ;
 Peter-see-me shall wash thy noul,
 And Malaga glasses fox thee.”

—*Spanish Gipsy*, iii, 1, by Middleton and Rowley.

This wine, or rather Pedro-Ximenes, according to Henderson (*History of Wines*, 193), was so called from a grape imported from the banks of the Rhine by one Pedro Simon; and was one of the richest and most delicate of Malaga wines, resembling very much the Malmsey of Paxarete.

Many other wines might be named; as will be evident on referring to Harrison, in his account of England, about the time of Queen Elizabeth, who states there were fifty-six sorts of French wine, and thirty-six of Spanish, Italian, Greek, etc., to the amount of thirty thousand tons annually, besides what the nobility were allowed to import free of duty; of which the strongest were most in request. The same variety of wines continued in the seventeenth century, with Champagne, Burgundy, and Tokay included: Burgundy

especially was in much repute, and is frequently mentioned by writers of that age.

The price of mead, ale, and other liquors, varied, of course, much from time to time, and was frequently the subject of legal enactment. According to the *Leges Wallicæ*, a cask of mead was valued at one hundred and twenty pence, equal to about £15 at present; and the measure of a cask of mead was to be nine palms in height; and so capacious as to serve the king, accompanied by one of his counsellors, for a washing tub—rather an arbitrary mode of fixing the size. Spiced ale was half the value of mead; and common ale half that value.

Ale was frequently the subject of fiscal regulations, particularly of the Assisa, Panis et Cervisiæ, being a drink in universal demand. In the time of Henry the Third, (1266), when a quarter of wheat was sold for 3s., or 3s. 4d.; a quarter of barley for 20d., or 2s., and a quarter of oats for 15d.; the assise declares that brewers in cities ought, and might well afford to sell two gallons of beer or ale for a penny; and out of cities to sell three gallons for a penny; and when in a town three gallons were sold for a penny, out of a town they ought, and might sell for four. Another act of the same date, gives a sort of sliding-scale for the price of ale, as dependent on that of barley.

In the fifteenth century, ale was generally 1*d.*, or 1½*d.*, a gallon. In the time of Elizabeth, the consumption of ale and beer was great, she and her court setting the example, for on a visit by her to Lord North, 1577, it appears that from Monday, September the first, to the Wednesday following, no less than seventy-four hogsheads of beer, valued at £32. 7*s.* 6*d.*, and two tons of ale, valued at £4. 14*s.*, were consumed, besides upwards of seven hogsheads of wine. The whole cost of the visit is put down at £762. 4*s.* 2*d.*, including a jewel of £120 given to the queen. (*Archæol.* xix, 288-90). No wonder that she was fond of encouraging her subjects' hospitality. In 1603, the price of ale and strong beer was settled by Act of Parliament, to be sold at the ale-houses at 1*d.* per quart, and small beer at two quarts for 1*d.* Various regulations were from time to time made about the prices and importation of wines. King John directed that no ton of Rochell wine should be sold dearer than 20 shillings, of Anjou than 24 shillings, and of France than 25 shillings, and not above, "unlesse the same were of such principall goodnesse, that some for their use would give twenty-six shillings, four pence, for the tunne, and not above in any case." A gallon of Rochell was to be sold for 4*d.*, and of white wine for not above 6*d.* In the early part of

the fifteenth century these wines still remained of the same value; but in the following century, although the Rochell wines still were at 4*d.* a gallon, French wines, of Gascoyne and Guyenne, were allowed to be at 8*d.*, and Malmseys, Romneys, Sack, and other sweet wines at 12*d.* These regulations, however, did not apply to, or control the nobility, who were specially excepted, and allowed to procure higher priced wines; and we may find in their household books Gascony wine priced as high as two shillings per gallon, and others in proportion. At the same time, claret wine seems to have varied from twenty to thirty shillings the hogshead. Roger Basing, a purveyor, bought at Bordeaux, in 1528, and shipped to England, amongst others, several parcels of claret wine, varying from thirty-six to fifty francs a tun; and on the coronation of Henry the Eighth the Society of Lincoln's Inn spent one hogshead of claret wine in honour, price twenty shillings; a sum that would go but a small way indeed in any of their present festivities. The common value, by the gallon, was about eight pence. Muscadell and Malmsey, and the best Rhenish wine were of higher price, varying from sixteen pence to two shillings and eight pence per gallon. Queen Elizabeth selected these wines for her own use; as in the fifteenth year of her reign, the ex-

penses of her table in Malmsey (sack, muscadills), and other sweet wines, were £199 7s. 8*d.*, in Rhenish wine £54 6s. 6*d.* The price of Sack we have in the immortal tavern bill of Sir John Falstaff—

“Item, A capon, 2*s.* 2*d.*

Item, Sauce, 4*d.*

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5*s.* 8*d.*

Item, Anchovies, and Sack after Supper, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.”

The common price, per butt, seems to have been about £10—and by the gallon, from sixteen pence to two shillings. In the time of Charles the First, wines had considerably increased in price; and in February 1632, there was a proclamation fixing the following prices, for one year: “Canary wyne, Muscadell and Alligants, in gross, at sixteen pounds the pipe, and at twelve pence the quart by retaile; Sacks and Malligoes at thirteen pounds, the butt in gross, and nine pence the quart by retaile; the best Gascoigne and French wyne at eighteen pounds the tonne in gross, and sixpence the quart by retaile; and the Rochell wyne, and other small and thin wyne, at fifteen pounds the tonne in gross, and at five pence the quart by retaile; this was increased the following month to six-pence.—See *Rymer's Fœdera*. After the restoration of Charles the Second, wines had

again risen in price. In 1667 the maximum of Canary, Allegant, and Muscadels was one shilling and eight-pence per quart; of Sack and Mallagou one shilling and six-pence; of French wines nine-pence, and of Rhenish one shilling and two-pence. In 1673 they had further advanced; Canary, Allegant, and Muscadels to two shillings, Sack and Malagas to one shilling and ten-pence, French to one shilling, and Rhenish to one shilling and six-pence.

Many of the popular taverns and ordinaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are mentioned in the dramatic writers of that time, and numerous scenes are laid in them, from the ever-memorable Boar's Head downwards. The following poetical list, from *Newes from Bartholomew Fayre*, quoted from *Drake's Shakespeare and his Times*, ii, 133, n., enumerates several.

“ There hath beene great sale and utterance of wine,
 Besides beere and ale, and ipocras fine,
 In every country, region, and nation ;
 Chiefely at Billingsgate, at the *Salutation*,
 And *Bores Head*, neere London Stone,
 The *Swan* at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne,
 The *Miter* in Cheape, and then the *Bull Head*,
 And many like places that make noses red ;
 The *Bores Head* in old Fish-street, *Three Cranes* in the
 Vintree,
 And now of late *St. Martin's* in the Sentree ;

The *Windmill* in Lothbury, the *Ship* at the Exchange,
King's Head in New Fish-streete, where roysters do range;
 The *Mermaid* in Cornhill, *Red Lion* in the Strand,
Three Tuns Newgate Market, Old Fish-street at the
Swan."

The Boar's Head, near London Stone, or in Cheap, is noted as the scene of the revels of Prince Henry, Sir John Falstaff and his companions; and the original sign, if not parts of the original house, were supposed by many to have been in existence until the alterations made a few years since for the approaches to the new London Bridge; but, in fact, the original Boar's Head was burnt down in the great fire of London. The Mitre was in Bread Street, Cheapside, but afterwards removed to Fleet Street, and, according to Middleton, excelled the celebrated Mermaid.

"*Goldstone*. Where sup we, gallants?

• *Pursenet*. At Mermaid.

Gol. Sup there who list, I have forsworn the house.

Pur. Faith, I'm indifferent.

Bungler. So are we, gentlemen.

Pur. Name the place, Master Goldstone.

Gol. Why, the Mitre, in my mind, for neat attendance, diligent boys, and—push! excels it far.

All. Agreed, the Mitre then."

—*Your Five Gallants*, Middleton, ii, 1.

The Mermaid was a favourite resort of the wits in the time of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher,

etc., and, also, situated in Bread Street. It is mentioned in the expenses of Sir John Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk of the Howard family, 1463-4:—"Payd for wyn at the Mermayd, in Bred Stret, for my mastyr and Syre Nycholas Latemer, *xd.*, ob."—See *Beaum. and Flet.*, Dyce's ed., iv, 129, *n.* The Windmill is the tavern resorted to in *Every Man in his Humour*: it stood at the corner of the Old Jewry, towards Lothbury. The celebrated Tarleton once kept the Bell-Savage tavern in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street. The Devil's Tavern, formerly called Dunstan's, derived great renown from being the place of meeting of the club of which Ben Jonson was perpetual president, and for which he wrote his *Leges Convivales*. This tavern was purchased by Messrs. Child, the bankers, and pulled down in 1788, and Child's Place erected on its site. The Dagger, which was in Holborn, and the Woolsack, were favourite taverns and ordinaries, though not perhaps of high repute, and probably on a par with some of the after-play houses of present times. They were also celebrated for particular dishes: Dagger ale, and Dagger pies, are frequently mentioned; also, Dagger furmety, and Woolsack pies. The character, called Iniquity, in *The Devil is an Ass*, talks of factors and prentices spending falsely gotten money from

their masters—in pies, at the Dagger and the Woolsack. So again, in *Alchemist*, Subtle says to the unlucky lawyer's clerk—

“ Her grace would have you eat no more
Woolsack pies,
Nor Dagger frumety.
Dol. Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell.”

There were two mean ale-houses abutting on Westminster Hall, called Heaven and Hell, which are mentioned with a third house, called Purgatory, in a grant of first of Henry the Seventh (*Gifford's Jonson*, iv, 174, *n.*) frequented, probably, by some of the inferior branches of that most extensive and varied production of civilization—the law. The Pigeons, at Brentford, is also referred to in the same play, and in others; this house, after the Puritans had closed the theatres, and dispersed the actors, was kept by the once popular actor Lowin, who died there, old and poor, just before the Restoration. Though somewhat out of character to mention her, inasmuch as she does not appear to have kept a tavern, yet some tribute is due to the cakes and pasties of Mother Wall, of Abchurch Lane, which were in great request, and may, at least, have been a cause for drinking.

“I have the scent of London stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch Lane of Mother Wall's

pasties." (*Englishmen for my Money*, by Haughton, iv, 1.) Other taverns named in our old dramatic writers, are: the Phoenix; the Horn in Fleet Street; "his eating must be in some famous tavern, as the Horn, the Mitre, or the Mermaid" (*Father Hubbard's Tales*, Middleton); the White Horse in Friday Street, the scene of one of George Peele's tricks; the Goat at Smithfield; the Three Cups in St. Giles's; the Checker at Queenhithe; the Dolphin, without Bishopsgate; the Shipwreck Tavern; the Fountain in Fleet Street; the Blue Anchor, Billingsgate; the Bosoms Inn, (i. e. the Blossoms Inn, having the sign of St. Lawrence in a border of blossoms or flowers; though it is a question whether these blossoms may not have been a corrupted representation of a border of flames surrounding the Martyr); the Sun Tavern, behind the Change; the Cock in Bow Street; the Gun Tavern in Moorfields; the Greyhound, Blackfriars; the Dog and Partridge; the Lion, Shoreditch; Dogbolt's at Brentford; Medley's, Nettleton's, Anthony's, and Chateline's ordinaries; the cook's shop in Ram Alley, "where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose," and the Rhenish wine house i' th' Stillyard.

—"the Dutch magazine of sauce, the Stillyard,
Where deal and backrag, and what strange wine else
They dare but give a name to in the reckoning,

Shall flow into our room, and drown Westphalias,
Tongues and anchovies.”

—*The Lady of Pleasure*, Shirley, v, 1.

The prices at the ordinaries must have been to a great extent arbitrary, depending on the fashion, repute, and capabilities of the house; but in 1633, there was a decree of the Star Chamber, which, no doubt, failed like other sumptuary laws, by which it was ordered, that the price of ordinaries should not exceed 2*s.* a head, or 8*d.* for a servant attending his master.

The forms and materials of drinking vessels, were as varied as the liquors themselves. In the early ages, cups of copper, silver and gold, according to the rank of the parties, were in fashion. Horns of animals also we find mentioned as used by the ancient classical heroes. The Saxons and Danes had gold and silver cups, as well as horns, which were sometimes richly carved and ornamented; and these were occasionally given in confirmation of grants of lands, as for instance, the Pusey horn, formerly Canute's horn, and given by himself with lands at Pusey, in Berkshire. (See *Archæol.* vol. 1, art 39, for other instances.) In the ninth century, the Saxon king of Mercia gave the monks of Croyland his table-horn, that the elders of the monastery might drink out of it on feast days, and sometimes remember in their

prayers the soul of Wiglaf the donor: they would at least remember him in their cups. Horns continued in use until long after the Conquest. They are represented in the Bayeux Tapestry, and are mentioned in wills and otherwise for centuries after the date of that work, and the common horn cup, indeed, is still to be seen in many parts. Among the other early drinking vessels, was the hanap, a cup raised on a stem, either with or without a cover; the godet, a species of mug or cup; the juste (justa), rather a conventual, than a secular measure, so named from containing a prescribed allowance of wine; the barrel, and the tankard. There were also cups made of cocoa-nut, as soon as that article was known, also of the "grype," or griffin's egg, (probably the ostrich's; as the heraldic griffin, the only one known to us, has not the appearance of an egg-laying animal.) The cups were commonly of silver, and but rarely of gold; frequently parcel-gilt, and sometimes set with jewels, and the armorial bearings of the owners embossed or enamelled. Favourite cups also had names given to them. Glass vessels did not come into use till towards the close of the fifteenth century. (See Turner on *Usages of Domestic Life*, *Archæological Journal*, No. vii, pp. 258-66.) The hooped pots of King Edgar have already been mentioned; and

there was a drinking vessel called the Saxon romekin. Another ancient vessel was the mase-lyn, or mazer-bowl, usually made of maple wood:

“They fet him first the swete wyn,
And made him eek in a maselyn,
A real spicerye,
Of gyngebred that was so fyn,
And licorys, and eek comyn,
With sugre that is trye.”

—*Canterbury Tales*—*The Tale of Sir Thopas*, 15262-7.

The mazer, however, seems to have been sometimes made of more costly materials, but to have retained its name from similarity of shape to the peculiar form of the maple bowl. Another vessel, in use among the inferior classes, was the black jack, a specimen of which may still occasionally be met with; a larger sort was called bumbard.

—“We have unloaded the bread-basket, the beefe-kettle, and the beer-bumbards there, amongst your guests the beggars.”—*A Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, Brome, i, 1.

They were made of leather, as is well known, and unwieldly articles enough.

The description by T. Heywood, in *Philocothonista*, 1635, pp. 45-6, of drinking cups, etc., gives a curious catalogue of those in use in his time, and may conclude this slight account of them.

“Next for variety of drinking cups, we need not be said to come neere, but to goe farre beyond the Grecians, of

whose carowsing bowles I have before given you a sufficient catalogue; divers and sundry sorts wee have, some of *elme*, some of *box*, some of *maple*, some of *holly*, &c., *mazers*, broad-mouth'd dishes, *noggins*, *whiskins*, *piggins*, *cruizes*, *ale-bowles*, *wassell-bowles*, *court-dishes*, *tankards*, *kannes*, from a pottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill: other bottles wee have of leather, but they most used amongst the shepheards, and harvest people of the countrey; small jacks wee have in many alehouses of the citie and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides the great black jacks, and bombards at the court, which when the French-men first saw, they reported at their returne into their countrey, that the English-men used to drinke out of their bootes; wee have besides, cups made of hornes of beasts, of cocker-nutts, of goords, of the egges of estriches, others made of the shells of divers fishes brought from the Indies, and other places, and shining like mother of pearle: infinite there are of all measures, and fashions, model'd of earth, cotili, and dicotili, single pots, and double pots, some plaine, others of many colours."

He adds, that

"Cups are sometimes made in the form of beasts, etc., as dogs, cats, apes, horses, dolphins, etc. Also glasses, in the shape of ships under sail, with masts, sails, etc., others like boats, lyons, rats, trumpets, etc. At private houses there were flagons, tankards, beere cups, wine bowles, etc., some white, some parcel-gilt, some gilt all over. At taverns there were flat bowles, French bowles, prounet cups, beare bowles, beakers, etc."

With this aptitude for drinking, it is natural to suppose that many drinking customs and terms would be gradually introduced, some of which we find exist to the present day, as, the loving cup,

drinking healths, etc. One of the earliest specimens of drinking terms is given in Wright's interesting *Essays on Literature, etc.*, i, 184, n., from Wace, Roman de Rou, of the twelfth century—

“Tote nuit mangierent e burent,
Unkes la nuit el lit ne jurent.
Mult les véissiez demener,
Treper e sailler e chanter;
Lublie crient, e *weissel*,
E *laticome*, e *drincheheil*,
Drinc hindrewart, e *drintome*,
Drinc helf, e *drinctome*.”

The term wass-heil is supposed, by many, to have been first introduced into this country when the fair Rowena was introduced to Vortigern, and presenting him with a cup of choice wine, or mead, said, “Louerd king, wass-heil,” to which he replied, as prompted, “Drinc-heile.” Robert of Gloster says, “And that was tho in this land the verst was-hail,” but adds that the custom of wassailling prevailed even in the third century. Thomas de Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, presented to the abbey of St. Alban's a murrhine cup, which the recorder of the benefaction says, “we, in our times, call Wesheyl.”—*Cotton MS., Nero D., vii, fo. 87.*

The habit of what may be called class-drinking would be a fruitful source of increased potations: that is, different professions and trades drinking

together, and forming, probably, drinking clubs, tending frequently to challenges as to mutual powers of vinous imbibition.

“Inter dissimiles rara est concordia, crebrò

Surgit ab imparili turba sodalitio.

Nauita cum nautis potet: cum milite miles:

Cum pastore bibat pascere doctus oues.

Cum medico medicus: cum rura colente colonus:

Cum sutore colat pocula sutor iners.

Cum monacho monachus: cum vespillone pitisset

Polynctor blanda cum meretrice lupa.

Lictori lictor, sed scribæ scriba propinet,

Lurco lurconi, mulio mulotribæ.

Auriga aurigam iungat sibi, verna sodalem

Quærat seruili conditione Syrum.

Denique, quisque parem quærat sumatque bibonem,

Qui sibi, quisque suis moribus aptus erit.”

—*Obsopæus De Arte Bibendi*, 1582, lib. 1, sign. B. 3.

In the sixteenth century, the gallants, of whom we read so much, and whose vain and fantastic freaks amuse in the recital, though the realities would be but sorry companions now, seemed to revel in the invention and application of new drinking terms and customs. Take one specimen from *Decker's Gull's Hornbook*, *Nott's ed.*, 26-8: “Awake, thou noblest drunkard, Bacchus; thou must likewise stand to me, if at least thou canst for reeling; teach me, you sovereign skinker, how to take the German's upsy-freeze, the Danish rowsa, the Switzer's stoop of Rhenish, the Italian's

parmizant, the Englishman's healths, his hoops, cans, half-cans, gloves, frolicks, and flapdragons, together with the more notorious qualities of the truest tosspots."

A man about town of the olden age, was, doubtless, more picturesque than the present luckless specimen of that class. See him decked out in his peascod-bellied doublet, quilted and bombasted, with his trunk-hose, ruff, hat and feather, shoes and roses, strutting to his favourite ordinary or tavern to meet his fellows, taking the wall of every one he meets, out-Bobadilling Bobadil. Arrived among his boon companions, they strive to outdo each other in boasting and lewd discourse; they "drink super nagulum, carouse the hunter's hoope, quaff vpsey freze crosse, with leapes gloues, mumps, frolickes, and a thousand such domineering inuentions." (*Pierce Penilesse*, Shakespeare Society's edition, p. 52.) To revive the palled appetite, shoeing horns, or pullers on, were resorted to, salt cakes, red herrings, bacon, anchovies, etc., as at present; and the death of Robert Greene, before referred to, from a surfeit of Rhenish, was occasioned by a shoeing horn of pickled herrings. Upsee Freeze, (or Friesland beer), and upsee Dutch, are said to have referred to different sorts of heady beer, the common beverage of the Low Countries, (hence

called opzee or over sea,) and much drank in England; and to drink upsee Dutch, or upsee Freeze, was synonymous with drinking deep like a Dutchman. Upsee English was a beer made in England in imitation. *Ben Jonson*, by Gifford, iv, 150, *n*.

“ Prigg. What think you of our wassel?

Higgen. I think it worthily.

Pr. And very fit it should be: thou, and Ferret,
And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure,
Which is the bowl.

Hig. Which must be upsey-English,
Strong lusty London beer, ——.”

The Beggar’s Bush, iii, 1.

Drinking super nagulum, was to turn the cup bottom upwards after drinking, pouring the last drop on the thumb nail (super ungulum) to prove the toper had not shirked the draught.

“ Bacchus. A vous, monsieur Winter, a frolick upsy freese: cross, ho! super nagulum. *Knocks the jack upon his thumb.*”—*Summer’s Last Will and Testament*, by Nash.

Flap-dragons, or snap-dragons, are well known now at Christmas time, but we do not emulate the amorous gallants of former times, who drank off candle-ends, as flap-dragons, in honour of their mistresses. They would also stab their arms with daggers, in order to mix blood with their wine to drink to their healths, sometimes on their

knees, and commit other disgusting feats which need not be here described.

The custom of drinking healths is probably of very early date; the Romans had something similar, and the Saxons, pledging the safety of each other while drinking, is the same thing in a different guise; the Saxon form, indeed, is still kept up in certain companies, while the loving cup passes, each person pledging, *i. e.* protecting his neighbour while drinking. The complicated ceremony of drinking healths, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, is fully described in the following extract from the Introduction to *The Honestie of this Age*, Percy Society's edition, pp. xix-xx, taken from *The Irish Hubbub*, by Barnaby Rich, 1619.

"The institution of drinking of an health is full of ceremony, and observed by tradition, as the Papists doe their praying to Saints.

"He that beginnes the health hath his prescribed orders: first uncovering his head, hee takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, hee craves for audience. Silence being once obtained, hee beginnes to breathe out the name, peradventure of some honourable personage, that is worthy of a better regard than to have his name polluted at so unfitting a time, amongst a company of drunkards; but his health is drunke to, and he that pledgeth must likewise off with his cap, kisse his fingers, and bowing himselfe, in signe of a reverent acceptance; when the leader sees his follower thus prepared, hee

soups vp his breath, turnes the bottom of the cup vpward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie gives the cup a phillip, to make it cry *Twango*; and thus the first scene is acted.

“The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne his part; and thus it goes round, throughout the whole company, provided alwaies, by a canon set down by the founder, there must be three, at the least, still uncovered till the health hath had the full passage; which is no sooner ended but another beginnes, again, and hee drinckes an health to his *lady of little worth*, or, peradventure, to his *light-heeld mistris*.”

Healts were not only drank to, or of each other, but also those of great men, and not unfrequently of little men present or absent. “Boy, fill us a cup of your Maligo, we’ll drink to Mr. Spendall in his absence” (Green’s *Tu Quoque*); a speech similar to what many of us may have heard. Healths of this latter description were frequently applied to ladies, and, together with draughts in honour of certain sentiments, proposed for the occasion, were called toasts. During the usurpation of Cromwell, a favourite toast of the cavaliers, was to put a crum of bread in the glass, and before they drank to say, “God send this Crum—well down.”

A cup of choice ale, with sugar and spice, and a toast, sometimes with a roasted crab, or apple, is a very old invention; and by its ancient name

of Lamb's-wool is still preserved as a Christmas dainty, where Christmas festivities are yet duly honoured. A cup of spiced ale, with a toast, and stirred up with a sprig of rosemary, seems to have been the regular morning beverage of justices of the peace, and other country gentlemen; but whence the term "toast" to drinking a health or sentiment, does not seem clear, unless we like to adopt the following origin, from No. 24 of *The Tatler*; where it is stated, that on a public day, at Bath, in the time of Charles the Second, a celebrated beauty was in one of the baths, when one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which she stood, and drank her health to the company. A gay fellow who was present, half fuddled, offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was prevented from so doing, but this whim gave foundation to the present honour done to the lady whose health is proposed, who has ever since been called a toast.

With the numerous incentives to drink, invented by the early gallants, it may be supposed that they frequently far exceeded the bounds of moderation or discretion, and became, in fact, gloriously drunk: a great wine-bibber, a Borachio, being, in fact, a renowned character among his compeers. In *Pierce Penilesse*, p. 55, the following classifi-

cation of drunkenness is given:—"There are kinds of drunkenness—first, ape drunke, and he leaps, sings, hollows, and dances. The second is, lion drunk, breaks windows, throws about the pots, and is quarrelsome. The third is swine drunk, lumpish and heavy. The fourth is sheep drunke, wise in his own conceit. The fifth is mawdlen drunke, weeping, etc. The sixth is Martin drunke, when a man gets drunk and drinks himself sober. The seventh is goat drunk, he hath no minde but to lecherie. The eighth is fox drunke, or crafty drunk, as many Dutch be, who will never bargain but when drunk."

In *Philocothonista*, pp. 44-5, is a long list of names, applicable to drunkards; where, also, other matter may be found treating on this subject, of some of which use has already been made. It may be observed, that hob, or nob, is said to be habbe, or nabbe, i.e., have, or have not; will you have a glass of wine, or not, have, or n'ave; and buz, from the German *buzzen*, off with the lees.

The custom of singing at feasts, is as old as the ancient Britons, whose poets, or bards, composed songs, or poems, to enliven the feasts; and the Anglo-Saxons had regular drinking songs, though our antiquarian researches have not yet enabled us to discover the favourite song used at their Valhalla feast.

Much, I fear, cannot be said in favour of the merits of many of the following collection; and the number might easily have been increased without adding to the value; but they are specimens of a class. Some very few of the early ones may exceed the bounds mentioned in the title-page of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it is hoped they may be excused. Stevens, Morris, Hewardine, and other convivial song writers towards the end of last century, would have added much to the spirit of the selection, had they not been far out of limits. My lamented friend T. Cooke (worthy from his talents to have wedded the songs of Anaereon to music, and with virtues equal to his talents), Bishop, Webbe, and others, have been most successful in the composition of drinking glees, but these it would be foreign to our purpose to enumerate. I will, therefore, close these introductory pages by Cowley's lines on drinking (*Anacreontiques*, No. 2), which seem appropriate to the subject.

“The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,

So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less),
Drinks up the sea, and, when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?"

FESTIVE SONGS.

FESTIVE SONGS.

I.

WALTER MAPES' CELEBRATED CONVIVIAL SONG.

Twelfth Century.

(From Croke, on Rhyming Latin Verse, pp. 100-1.)

MIHI est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint Angelorum chori,
“Deus sit propitius huic potatori.”

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna,
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in tabernâ
Quam quod aquâ miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus.
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus,
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

Unicuique proprium dat natura donum.
 Ego versus faciens vinum bibo bonum,
 Et quod habent melius dolia cauponum
 Tale vinum generat copiam sermonum.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo ;
 Nihil possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo,
 Nihil valet penitùs quod jejunos scribo,
 Nasonem post calices carmine præibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur
 Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter benè satur ;
 Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
 In me Phœbus irruit ac mirandà fatur.

 II.

Translation of the same, said to have been made by Mr. Derby,
 of Fordingbridge, Hampshire.

(Ibid. pp. 101-2.)

I'M resolv'd in a tavern with honour to die ;
 At my mouth place a full flowing bowl,
 That angels, while round me they hover, may cry,
 " Peace, O God, peace to this jolly soul."

By toping, the mind with fresh vigour is fraught,
 The heart too soars up to the skies ;
 Give me wine that's unmixed—not the watery draught
 Which the president's butler supplies.

To each man his gift nature gives to enjoy,
 To pretend to write well is a jest
 When I'm hungry ; I yield, overcome by a boy ;
 And a fast like the grave I detest.

My verses all taste of the wine that I stow ;
 While I'm empty my muse is unkind ;
 But with bumpers enliven'd how sweet does she flow,
 Fam'd Ovid I leave far behind.

Till my belly's well fill'd, truths I ne'er can divine ;
 But when Bacchus presides in my pate,
 The strong impulse I feel of the great god of rhyme,
 And wonderful things I relate.

 III.

FESTIVE SONG,

About the Twelfth Century.

Citing Petri Andreæ Canonherii De admirandis vini virtutibus,
 Antwerp, 1627, p. 501.

(Ibid. pp. 102-3.)

QUICUNQUE vult esse frater,
 Bibat bis, ter, et quater :
 Bibat semel, et secundo,
 Donec nihil sit in fundo.
 Bibat hera, bibat herus,
 Ad bibendum nemo serus :
 Bibat iste, bibat illa,

Bibat servus cum ancillâ.
 Et pro Rege, et pro Papâ
 Bibe vinum sine aquâ.
 Et pro Papâ, et pro Rege :
 Bibe vinum sine lege:
 Hæc una est lex Bacchica,
 Bibentium spes unica.

1V.

AN ANGLO-NORMAN DRINKING SONG.

(Reliquiæ Antiq. vol. ii, pp. 168-9. From MS. Reg. 16,
 E. viii., fol. 103, r^o.—Early in the thirteenth Century.)

Letabundus.

OR hi parra,
 La cerveyse nos chauntera,
Alleluia !

Qui que aukes en beyt,
 Si tel seytr com estre doit,
Res miranda !

Bevez quant l'avez en poin,
 Ben est droit, car mut est loing
Sol de stella.

Bevez bien & bevez bel
 Il vos vendra del tonel,
Semper clara.

Bevez bel & bevez bien
 Vos le vostre & jo le mien,
Pari forma.

De ço soit bien porveu,
Qui que auques le tient al fu,
Fit corrupta.

Riches genz funt lur brut ;
Fesons nus nostre deduit,
Valla nostra !

Beneyt soit li bon veisin,
Qui nus dune payn & vin,
Carne sumpta !

E la dame de la maison,
Ki nus fait chere real,
Jà ne pusse elle par mal,
Esse ceca !

Mut nus done volenters,
Bons beiveres & bon mangiers,
Meuz waut que autres muliers,
Hec predicta.

Ore beworn al deryen,
Par meitez & par pleyn,
Que nus ne secun demayn
Gens misera !

Ne nostre tonel nus ne fut,
Kar plein est de bon frut,
E si ert tu à nuit.

Puerpera. Amen.

V.

ANGLO-NORMAN CAROL.

(Wright's Carols, p. 1, from MS. Bib. Reg. 16, E viii., and in
Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare.)

SEIGNORS ore entendez a nus,
De loinz sumes venuz a wous,
Pur quere Noel ;
Car l'em nus dit que en cest hostel
Soleit tenir sa feste anuel
Ahi, cest iur.
Deu doint a tuz icels joie d'amurs
Qui a danz Noel ferunt honors !

Seignors jo vus dis por veir,
Ke danz Noel ne velt avoir
Si joie non ;
E repleni sa maison,
De payn, de char, e de peison,
Por faire honor,
Deu doint a tuz ces joie d'amur !

Seignors, il est crie en l'ost,
Que cil qui despent bien, e tost,
E largement ;
E fet les granz honors sovent,
Deu li duble quanque il despent
Por faire honor
Deu doint a

Seignors, escriez les malveis,
Car vus nel les troverez jameis

De bone part :

Botun, batun, ferun groinard,
Car tot dis a le quer cunard

Por faire honor,

Deu doint. . . .

Noel beyt bein li vin Engleis,
E li Gascoin, & li Franceys,
E l'Angevin.

Noel fait beivere son veisin,
Si qu'il se dort, le chief enclin,
Sovent le jor.

Deu doint a tuz cels. . . .

Seignors, jo vus di par Noel,
E par li sires de cest hostel,

Car bevez ben :

E jo primes beberai le men,
E pois après chescon le soen,

Par mon conseil ;

Si jo vus di trestoz, ' Wesseyl !'
Dehaiz eit qui ne dirra, ' Drinchey !'

VI.

Free translation of the same, (from Douce's *Illustrations*,
ed. 1839, pp. 448-9.)

LORDINGS, from a distant home,
To seek old Christmas we are come,

Who loves our minstrelsy ?
And here, unless report mis-say,
The grey-beard dwells ; and on this day
Keeps yearly wassel, ever gay,
With festive mirth and glee.
To all who honour Christmas and commend our lays,
Love will his blessing send, and crown with joy their
[days.

Lordings, list, for we tell you true,
Christmas loves the jolly crew
That cloudy care defy :
His liberal board is deftly spread
With manchet loaves and wastel-bread ;
His guests with fish and flesh are fed,
Nor lack the stately pye.

Lordings, you know that far and near
The saying is, “ Who gives good cheer,
And freely spends his treasure ;
On him will bounteous heaven bestow
Twice treble blessings here below,
His happy hours shall sweetly flow
In never-ceasing pleasure.”

Lordings, believe us, knaves abound ;
In every place are flatterers found ;
May all their arts be vain !
But chiefly from these scenes of joy
Chase sordid souls that mirth annoy,
And all who with their base alloy
Turn pleasure into pain.

Christmas quaffs our English wines,
 Nor Gascoigne juice, nor French declines,
 Nor liquor of Anjou :
 He puts th' insidious goblet round,
 Till all the guests in sleep are drown'd,
 Then wakes 'em with the tabor's sound,
 And plays the prank anew.

Lordings, it is our host's command,
 And Christmas joins him hand in hand,
 To drain the brimming bowl :
 And I'll be foremost to obey ;
 Then pledge me, sirs, and drink away,
 For Christmas revels here to day,
 And sways without control.

Now wassel to you all ! and merry may ye be !
 But foul that wight befall, who drinks not health to
 me.

VII.

(Vespasian, A. xxv. 142, r^o.)

THERE is no tre that growe
 On earthe, that I do knowe,
 More worthie praise, I trowe,
 Then is the vyne :
 Whos grapes, as ye maye wende,
 Theire licoure forthe dothe shede.
 Whereof is made indede,
 All our good wync.

And wyne ye maye trust me
Causethe men for to be
Merie, for so ye se

His nature is.

Then put aside all wrathe,
For David shewed us hathe,
Vinū letificat

Cor hominis.

Wyne taken wth excesse,
As scripture dothe expres,
Causethe great hevines

Unto the mynde.

But theie that take pleasure,
To drinke it wth measure,
No doute a great treasure

They shall it finde.

Then voide you all sadnes,
Drinke youre wine with gladnes,
To take thought is madnes,

And marke well this ;

And put aside all wrathe,
For David showde us hathe,
Vinū letificat cor hominis.

Howe bringe ye that to pas,
Cordis jocunditas,
Is nowe and eū was

The life of man.

Sithe that mirthē hathe no peare,
 Then let us make good cheare,
 And be you merie heare

While that you can.

And drinke well of this wyne,
 While it is good and fyne,
 And shewe some outwarde syne

Of joye and blisse.

Expell from you all wrathe,
 For David shewed us hathe,
 Vinū letificat

Cor hominis.

This thinge full well ye ken,
 Hevenes dullethe men,
 But take this medicien then

Where eu'r ye come.

Refreshe your self therwith,
 For it was saide long sithe,
 That vinū acuit,

Ingeniū.

Then geve not a cherie
 For sider nor perrye ;
 Wyne makethe man merie,

Ye knowe well this.

Then put aside all wrathe,
 For David shewed us hathe,
 Vinū letificat

Cor hominis

In hope to have release
Of all our hevines,
And mirth for to encrease,
Sumdele the more.

Pulsemus organa
Simull cū cythera,
Vinū ét musica
Vegitabit cor.

But sorowe care & strife,
Shortnethe the daies of life,
Bothe of man & of wife,
It will not mis.

Then put aside all wrathe,
For David shewd us hathe,
Vinū letifica
Cor hominis.

A merie harte in cage
Makethe a lustie age,
As tellethe us the sage,
Cuer for the noynes.

Becase we should delight
In mirth bothe daie and night ;
He saythe an hevie freight
Drieth up the bones.

Wherfore let us alwaie
Rejoyce in God, I saye,
Our mirth cannot decay
If we do this.

And put aside all wrathe,

For David shewed us hathe,
 Vinū letificat

Cor hominis.

Nowe, ye that be presente,
 Laude God omnipotente,
 That hathe us geven and sent
 Our dailie foode.

When thorowe sinne were slane,
 He sent his son againe,
 Us to redeme from pane

By his swete bloude.

And he is the trewe vyne,
 From whom distilde the wine,
 That bought your soules and myne,

You know well this.

Then put asid all wrathe,
 For David shewed us hathe,
 Vinū letificat,

Cor hominis.

VIII.

THE GOOD GOSSIPES SONGE.

(From Chester Plays—Shakespeare Society's Ed., by Wright,
 p. 53. Noah's Flood.)

THE flude comes flittinge in full faste,
 One every syde that spreades full farre ;

For feare of drowninge I am agaste ;
 Good gossippes, lett us drawe nere ;
 And lett us drinke or we departe,
 For ofte tymes we have done soe ;
 For att a draughte thou drinkes a quarte,
 And soe will I doe or I goe.
 Heare is a pottill full of Malmsine good and stronge,
 Itt will rejoyce boath harte and tonge ;
 Though Noye thinke us never so longe,
 Heare we will drinke alike.

IX.

(From Songs and Carols of the fifteenth century, by Wright,
 Percy edit. pp. 2-3.)

Semper vivit misere, qui non habet solvere.

BONUM vinum cum sapore
 Bybit abbas cum priore ;
 Sed conventus de pejore
 Semper solet bibere.

Bonum vinum in taberna,
 Ubi vina sunt valarna,
 Ubi nummus est pincerna,
 Ibi prodest bibere.
 Dum vadis ad bibendum,
 Te festina ad videndum
 Quantum habes ad solvendum,
 Antequam vis bibere.

Sis amicus mulieris,
Et amorem ejus queris,
Stabis foras, misereris,

Dum non habes solvere.

Dum burse sunt implete,
Sicut hospes hic manete,
Panem, potum hic habete,

Et omnia pacifice.

Dum burse sunt inanes,
Latrat hospes velut canes,
Dicet hospes, Cur hic manes,

Dum non habes solvere?

Dum cares querens victum,
Tunc tuum scies delictum;
Quis tibi dabit vestitum?

Nullus vult te tegere.

Et tunc dicet totus mundus,
Tu fuisti vacabundus,
Inonestusque jocundus,

Bonis volens credere.

Ergo Deum deprecare,
Ut te possis sperare,
Et secum celo regnare,

Ibi non debes luere.

X.

There is also a copy, not so complete, in Harl. MS., 541, and printed in Ritson's Ancient Songs.

(Ibid. page 63.)

BRYNG us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale ;
For our blyssyd Lady sak, bryng us in good ale.
Bryng us in no browne bred, fore that is mad of brane,
Nor bryng us in no whyt bred, fore therein is no game.
 But bryng us in good ale.
Bryng us in no befe, for ther is many bonys,
But bryng us in good ale, for that goth downe at onys ;
 And bryng us in good ale.
Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fate,
But bryng us in god ale, and gyfe us i-nought of that ;
 And bryng us in good ale.
Bryng us in no mutton, for that is often lene,
Nor bryng us in no tryfes, for thei be syldom elene,
 But bryng us in good ale.
Bryng us in no eggys, for ther ar many schelles,
But bryng us in good ale, and gyfe us no(th)yng ellys,
 And bryng us in good ale.
Bryng us in no butter, for therin ar many herys ;
Nor bryng us in no pygges flesch, for that will make
 us borys ;
 But bryng us in good ale.
Bryng us in no podynges, for therin is al Godes good ;
Nor bryng us in no venesen, for that is not for our blod ;
 But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no capons flesch, for that is ofte der ;
 Nor bryng us in no dokes flesche, for thei slober in
 the mer ;

But bryng us in good ale.

XI.

(Ibid. pp. 81-2.)

DOLL thi ale, doll, doll thi ale, dole, .

Ale make many a mane to have a doty poll.

Ale mak many a mane to styk at a brere ;

Ale mak many a mane to ly in the myere ;

And ale mak many a mane to slep by the fyere ;

With doll.

Ale mak many a mane to stombyl at a stone ;

Ale mak many a mane to go dronken home ;

And ale mak many a mane to brek hys tone ;

With doll.

Ale mak many a mane to draw hys knyfe ;

Ale mak many a mane to mak gret stryfe ;

And ale mak many a mane to bet hys wyf ;

With dole.

Ale mak many a mane to wet hys chekes ;

Ale mak many a mane to ly in the stretes ;

And ale mak many a mane to wet hys shetes ;

With dole.

Ale mak many a mane to stombyll at the blokkes ;

Ale mak many a mane to mak his hed have knokkes ;

And ale mak many a mane to syt in the stokkes ;

With dol.

Mr. Wortley,
 I dar well say,
 I tell you as I thinke,
 Would not, I say,
 Byd hus this day,
 But that we shuld have drink.

His men so tall,
 Walkes up his hall,
 With many a comly dishe;
 Of his good meat
 I cannot eate,
 Without a drink i-wysse;
 Now gyve hus drink,
 And let cat wynke,
 I tell you all at once,
 Yt stickes so sore,
 I may sing no more,
 Tyll I have dronken once.

 XIII.

WASSAIL SONG.

The following is one of the oldest Wassail Songs, and is sung by Dissimulation, personating Simon of Swynsett, in Kynge Johan, by Bale, about 1550, when offering the poisoned cup. After he has given the cup, he says:—

“The dayes of your lyfe never felt ye suche a cuppe,
 So good and so holsome, if ye would drynke it upp:

It passeth Malmesaye, Capryck, Tyre, or Ypocras ;
 By my faythe I thynke a better drynke never was."
 (Camden Society's edn., pp. 80-1.)

WASSAYLE, wassayle, out of the milke payle,
 Wassayle, wassayle as whyte as my nayle,
 Wassayle, wassayle in snowe, froste, and hayle,
 Wassayle, wassayle with partriche and rayle,
 Wassayle, wassayle that muche doth avayle,
 Wassayle, wassayle that never wyll fayle.

XIV.

A DRINKING SONG.

(Reliq. Antiq. vol. i., page 324, from MS. Cotton. Vespas.
 A. xxv., of the time of Henry VIII.)

FYLL the cuppe, Phylype, and let us drynke a drame
 Ons or twyse abowte the howse, and leave where we
 began.

I drynke to yow, sweteharte, soo muche as here is in,
 Desyeringe yow to followe me, and doo as I begin.

And yf yow wille not pledge,

Yow shalle bere the blame ;

I drynke to yow with all my harte,

Yf yow will pledge me the same.

XV.

(From an old Comedy called *Common Conditions*, published about 1570. A sea-song by pirates, perhaps the oldest of the kind in English. Collier's History of Dramatic Poetry, ii. 380-1.)

LUSTELY, lustely, lustely let us saile forthe,
The winde trim doth serve us, it blowes from the north.
All thinges we have ready, and nothing we want,
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby ;
Victals and weapons thei be nothing skant,
Like worthie mariners ourselves we will trie.

Lustely, lustely, &c.

Her flagges be new trimmed, set flanting alofte,
Our ship for swift swimmyng, oh, she doeth excell ;
Wee feare no enemies, we have escaped them ofte ;
Of all ships that swimmeth she beareth the bell.

Lustely, lustely, &c.

And here is a maister excelleth in skill,
And our maisters mate he is not to seeke ;
And here is a boteswaine will do his good will,
And here is a ship boye, we never had leeke.

Lustely, lustely, &c.

If fortune then faile not, and our next voiage prove,
Wee will returne merely and make good cheare,
And holde all together as friends linkt in love,
The cannes shal be filled with wine, ale, and beere.

Lustely, lustely, &c.

XVI.

(From Skelton's Works, Dyce's edn., i—vii—x. n.) Stated by him to be from a MS. in his possession, and of older date than Gammer Gurton's Needle. It is also much longer than the well-known drinking song there.

BACKE & syde goo bare, goo bare,
 Bothe hande & fote goo colde;
 But belly God sende the good ale inowghe,
 Whether it be newe or olde.

But yf that I
 Maye have trewly
 Goode ale my belly full,
 I shall looke lyke one,
 By swete sainte Johnn,
 Were shoron agaynste the woole.
 Thowthe I goo bare,
 Take yow no care,
 I am nothyng colde;
 I stuffe my skynne
 So full within,
 Of joly goode ale & olde.

I cannot eate
 But lytyll meate,
 My stomacke ys not goode,
 But sure I thyncke,
 That I cowde dryncke
 With hym that werythe an hoode.

Dryncke ys my lyfe,
Althowgthe my wyfe
Some time do chyde & scolde,
Yete spare I not
To plye the pottle
Of joly goode ale & olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

I love noo roste
But a browne toste,
Or a crabbe in the fyer;
A lytyll breade
Shall do me steade,
Mooche breade I never desyer.
Nor froste, nor snowe,
Nor wynde, I trow,
Canne hurte me yf hyt wolde;
I am so wrapped
Within & lapped
With joly goode ale & olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

I care ryte nowghte,
I take no thowte
For clothes to kepe me warme;
Have I goode dryncke,
I surely thyncke
Nothyngc canne do me harme.
For trwly than
I feare no man,

Be he never so bolde,
When I am armed
And throwly warmed
With joly good ale & olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

But nowe and than
I curse and banne,
They make ther ale so small ;
God geve them care,
And evil to faare,
They strye the malte & all.
Sooche pevisshe pewe,
I tell yowe trwe,
Not for a c(r)ovne of golde,
Ther commethe one syppe
Within my lyppe,
Whether hyt be newe or old.
Backe & syde, &c.

Good ale & stronge,
Makethe me amonge
Full joconde and full lyte,
That ofte I slepe,
And take no kepe,
Frome mornynge untill nyte ;
Then starte I uppe,
And fle to the cuppe,
The ryte waye on I holde,
My thurste to staunche,
I fyll my paynche

With joly goode ale and olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

And Kytte, my wyfe,
That as her lyfe
Lovethe well good ale to seke,
Full ofte drynkythe she,
That ye maye se
The tears ronne downe her cheke.
Then dothe she troule
To me the bolle,
As a goode malte worme sholde ;
And saye, swete harte,
I have take my parte
Of joly goode ale and olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

They that do dryncke
Tyll they nodde and wyncke,
Even as good fellowes shulde do,
They shall notte mysse
To have the blysse
That good ale hathe browghte them to.
And all poore soules,
That skowre blacke bolles,
And them hathe lustely trowlde,
God save the lyves,
Of them and ther wyves,
Whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

XVII.

SONG.

(Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. ii. pp. 1-2, from the Interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife. Garrick Collection, original edn., 1598.)

LET us sip, and let it slip,
And go which way it will a ;
Let us trip, and let us skip,
And let us drink our fill a.

Take the cup, and drink all up,
Give me the can to fill a ;
Every sup, and every cup,
Hold here, and my good will a.

Gossip mine, and gossip thine,
Now let us gossip still a ;
Here is good wine, this ale is fine ;
Now drink of which you will a.

Round about, till all be out,
I pray you let us swill a,
This jolly grout is jolly and stout,
I pray you stout it still a.

Let us laugh, and let us quaff,
Good drinkers think none ill a ;
Here is your bag, here is your staffe,
Be packing to the mill a.

XVIII.

(Song from the Thracian Wonder, by Webster and Rowley, Act ii,) sung by Tityrus, a shepherd, dressed as Janus, with a coat girt to him, a white beard and hair, a hatchet in one hand, a bowl in the other.

Now does jolly Janus greet your merriment ;
 For since the world's creation
 I never changed my fashion ;
 'Tis good enough to fence the cold :
 My hatchet serves to cut my firing yearly,
 My bowl preserves the juice of grape and barley :
 Fire, wine, and strong beer, makes me live so long here,
 To give the merry new year a welcome in.

All the potent powers of plenty wait upon
 You that intend to be frolic to-day :
 To Bacchus I commend ye, and Ceres eke attend ye,
 To keep encroaching cares away.
 That Boreas' blasts may never blow to harm you ;
 Nor Hiems' frosts, but give you cause to warm you :
 Old father Janevere drinks a health to all here,
 To give the merry new year a welcome in.

XIX.

SONG.

End of Sixteenth Century.

(From the Rape of Lucrece, by T. Heywood, sung by Valerius,
 Act iii, sc. 1.)

There is a song in the Percy Society's edition of Songs and

Ballads of London Apprentices, page 31, called London's Ordinary, which is similar to this, but thrice the length—the same is also in Evans 1-166, and in Roxburgh Ballads, British Museum, 2-291.

THE gentry to the King's Head,
The nobles to the Crown,
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
And to the Plough the clown.
The church-man to the Mitre,
The shepherd to the Star,
The gardener hies him to the Rose,
To the Drum the man of war ;
To the Feathers, ladies, you ; the Globe
The sea-man doth not scorn :
The usurer to the Devil, and
The townsman to the Horn.
The huntsman to the White Hart,
To the Ship the merchants go,
But you that do the muses love,
The sign called River Po.
The banquerout to the World's End,
The fool to the Fortune hie,
Unto the Mouth the oyster wife,
The fiddler to the Pie.
The punk unto the Cockatrice,
The drunkard to the Vine,
The beggar to the Bush, then meet,
And with Duke Humphrey dine.

XX.

SONG.

(From *Mother Bombie*, by John Lyly, about the end of the sixteenth Century, printed in 1594. Act ii, sc. 2.) The “*Omnes*” are four servants, *Dromio*, *Risio*, *Halfpenny*, and *Lucio*.

Omnes. Io, Bacchus ! to thy table
Thou call'st every drunken rabble ;
We already are stiff drinkers,
Then seal us for thy jolly skinckers.

Drom. Wine, O wine,
O juice divine !

Ris. How dost thou the nowle refine.
Plump thou mak'st men's ruby faces,
And from girls can fetch embraces.

Half. By thee our noses swell
With sparkling carbuncle.

Luc. O the dear blood of grapes
Turns us to antic shapes,
Now to show tricks like apes.

Drom. Now lion-like to roar,

Ris. Now goatishly to whore,

Half. Now hogishly i' th' mire,

Luc. Now flinging hats i' th' fire.

Omnes. Io, Bacchus ! at thy table,
Make us of thy reeling rabble.

XXI.

SONG.

(From Anthony and Cleopatra, ii, 7.)

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
 In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
 Cup us, till the world go round;
 Cup us, till the world go round.

XXII.

(From Roxburgh Ballads, British Museum, 2-82.) *The Country
 Farmer's Vain-glory*; in a new song of

HARVEST HOME.

Together with an *Answer** to their indecent behaviour. Sung to
 a new tune, much in request. Licensed according to order.

OUR oats they are how'd, and our barley's reap'd,
 Our hay it is mow'd and our hovel's heap'd;
 Harvest home, harvest home,
 We'll merrily roar our harvest home,
 Harvest home, harvest home;
 We'll merrily roar our harvest home,
 We'll merrily roar our harvest home.

* The Answer is omitted.

We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again ;
For why should the vicar have one in ten,
 One in ten, one in ten,
For why should the vicar have one in ten ?
 For why should, &c.

For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot,
 Burnt to pot, burnt to pot,
Till pudding and dumpling's burnt to th' pot,
 Burnt to pot, &c.

We'll drink off our liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honour of old England,
 Old England, old England,
And hey for the honour of old England,
 Old England, &c.

XXIII.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

(Chappell's Collection, 2-65, from Ben Jonson.)

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be :
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee !

XXIV.

SONG BY THE BOY.

(From *Valentinian*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. Act v, sc. 8.)
In the banquet of Maximus.

God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung,
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim ;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine :
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear !

XXV.

SONG.

(From the Bloody Brothers, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy, by Fletcher, act ii, sc. 2.) The last lines are similar to a convivial chorus still in vogue.

By the Cook and his Companions.

DRINK to-day, and drown all sorrow,
 You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow :
 Best, while you have it, use your breath ;
 There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
 There is no cure 'gainst age but it :
 It helps the head-ache, cough, and tisie,
 And is for all diseases physie.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health ;
 Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth ;
 And he that will to bed go sober,
 Falls with the leaf still in October.

XXVI.

SONG.

(From the Spanish Curate, by Fletcher, act iii, sc. 2.) Sung by the Parishioners on their reconciliation with the Curate, who had threatened to leave them on account of their poverty.

LET the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
 The young lasses skip and play :
 Let the eups go round, till round goes the ground,
 Our learned old vicar will stay.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat goose swim ;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow ;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our most noble adviser ;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

XXVII.

SONG.

(From the Woman's Prize, by Fletcher. Act ii, sc. 6.) Sung
within by female characters.

A HEALTH for all this day,
To the woman that bears the sway,
And wears the breeches.

Let it come, let it come !

Let this health be a seal,
 For the good of the common weal,
 The woman shall wear the breeches !
 Let's drink then, and laugh it,
 And merrily, merrily quaff it,
 And tippie, and tippie a round.
 Here's to thy fool,
 And to my fool ;
 Come, to all fools,
 Though it cost us, wench, many a pound.

XXVIII.

SONG BY THE CORPORAL AND WATCH.

(From the Knight of Malta, by Beaumont and Fletcher.
 Act iii, sc. 1.)

SIT, soldiers, sit and sing, the round is clear,
 And cock-a-loodle-loo tells us the day is near :
 Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
 Drink, laugh, and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.

To thee a full pot, my little lanceprisado,
 And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidad ;
 Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner shrinks it,
 Whilst with his wife the frolic soldier drinks it.

The drums beat, ensigns wave, and cannons thump it ;
Our game is ruff, and the best heart doth trump it :
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.

I'll pledge thee, my corporal, were it a flagon ;
After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon :
What blood we lose i' the town, we gain i' the tuns ;
Furr'd gowns and flat caps give the wall to guns :
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.

XXIX.

THREE MANS SONG.

(Evans's old Ballads, i, 236. 7. From "The Shoemaker's
Holiday," 1600.)

COLD's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed :
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee,
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down, hey down a down,
Hey derry, derry, down a down,
Ho, well done, to me let come,
Ring compass gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee,
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed,
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

XXX.

(From a Mad World my Masters, by Middleton.) The catch
for the fifth act, sung by Sir Bounteous Progress to his guests.

O FOR a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Aristippus, sparkling sherry !
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy ;
O these draughts would make us merry.

O for a wench ! I deal in faces,
And in other daintier things ;
Tickled am I with her embraces ;
Fine dancing in such fairy rings !

O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
 Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and cony !
 None is happy but a glutton,
 None an ass but who wants money.

Wines, indeed, and girls are good,
 For brave victuals feast the blood ;
 For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
 Jove would come down to surfeit here.

XXXI.

A BRIEF DISCOURSE

OF THE TRUE BUT NEGLECTED USE OF CHARACT'RING
 THE DEGREES, ETC.

(From Thomas Ravenscroft, 1614.)

TRUDGE away quickly and fill the black bole,
 Devoutly as long as wee bide,
 Now welcome, good fellowes, both strangers and all,
 Let madnes and mirth set sadnes aside.

Of all reckonings I love good cheere,
 With honest folkes in company ;
 And when drinke comes my part for to beare,
 For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Love is a pastime for a king,
If one be seene in phisnomie ;
But I love well this pot to wring,
For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Masters, this is all my desire,
I woulde no drinke should passe us by ;
Let us now sing and mend the fier,
For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Mr. Butler, give us a taste
Of your best drinke so gently :
A jugge or twaine, and make no waste,
For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Mr. Butler, of this take part,
Ye love good drinke as well as I ;
And drinke to mee with all your hart,
For still me thinks one tooth is drye.
Cho. Trudge away quickly, &c.
Now welcome good fellowes, &c.

XXXII.

(From the same.)

Cho. Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let us be merry,
And drinke till our cheeks be red as a cherry.

We take no thought, we have no care,
For still we spend, and never spare,
Till of all money our pursse is bare,
We ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

We drinke, carouse with hart most free,
A harty draught I drinke to thee ;
Then fill the pot again to me,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our mony is all spent,
Then sell our goods and spend our rent,
Or drinke it up with one consent,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

When all is gone we have no more,
Then let us set it on the score,
Or chalke it up behinde the dore,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all lost,
Then may we goe and kisse the post,
And eat browne bread in steed of rost,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,
And tosse the pot from man to man,
And drinke as much now as we can,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let us be merry,
And drinke till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

XXXIII.

(From the same. Deuteromelia, 1609.)

WEE be souldiers three,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the Low Country,
With never a penny of money.
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here, good fellow, I drinke to thee,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
To all good fellowes where ever they be,
With never a penny of mony.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
Payes for the shot what ever it is,
With never a penny of mony.

Charge it againe boy, charge it againe,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
As long as there is any incke in thy pen,
With never a penny of mony.

XXXIV.

(From the same.)

MARTIN said to his man,
Fie man, fie, O,
Martin said to his man,
Who's the foole now?
Martin said to his man,
Fill thou the cup and I the can,
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now?

I see a sheepe shering corne,
Fie man, fie :
I see a sheepe shearing corne,
Who's the foole now?
I see a sheepe shearing corne,
And a couckold blow his horne,
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now?

I see a man in the moone,
Fie man, fie :

I see a man in the moone,
Who's the foole now ?
I see a man in the moone,
Clowting of Saint Peter's shoone.
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a hare chase a hound,
Fie man, fie :
I see a hare chase a hound,
Who's the foole now ?
I see a hare chase a hound,
Twenty mile above the ground,
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now ?

I see a goose ring a hog,
Fie man, fie :
I see a goose ring a hog,
Who's the foole now ?
I see a goose ring a hog,
And a snayle that did bite a dog.
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a mouse catch the cat,
Fie man, fie :
I see a mouse catch the cat,
Who's the foole now ?

I see a mouse catch the cat,
And the cheese to eate the rat.
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now ?

XXXV.

(From the same.)

This Song is similar in effect to the Barley Mow Song, printed in Specimens of Cornish dialect, where the successive verses increase from the nipperkin to the ocean, each repeating all the previous ones.

GIVE us once a drinke for and the black bole,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy* ;
For and the black bole,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy*.

Give us once a drinke for and the pint pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy* ;
The pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the quart pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy* ;
The quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the pottle pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy* :

The pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the gallon pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy* ;
The gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the
pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the verkin,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy* ;
The verkin, the gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart
pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us kilderkin, &c. Give us barrell, &c. Give us
hogshead, &c.

Give us pipe, &c. Give us butt, &c. Give us the
tunne, &c.

XXXVI.

(Additional MS., 5-336, from Pammelia, by Ravenscroft.)

LET's have a peal for John Cooke's soul,
For he was an honest man ;
With bells all in order, the cruse with the black
bowl,
The tankard likewise with the can.

And I, mine own self, will ring the treble bell,
 And drink to you every one ;
 Stand fast now my mates, sing merrily and well,
 Till all this good ale is gone.

XXXVII.

SONG.

(Nicholl's Progresses of King James III, 293-4. From R. White's Masque of Cupid's Banishment,) presented to Her Majesty at Deptford, May 4th, 1617.

Enter a grand Bacchus, skippering in with a belly as bigg as a kinderkin, in a flesh-coloured buckram, with a wreath of vine-leaves aboute his head, a red swolne face full of pimples, with a base lute in his hand, singing and describing the ante-maske, all of Bacchus' children. He describes them particularly as they come forth.

THE SONGE.

BACCHUS, at thy eall,
 They here come marchinge roundly,
 That will not flinch at all,
 But take their liquor soundly ;
 They'll do their parts, they'll drinke whole quarts,
 A pinte with them is but a swallow ;
 They'll nere give ore till the welkin rore,
 The house runn round, and the sky looke yellow.

Enter four Bacchanalians.

Bacchus' children come,
 And at theire backes they've barrells,

With bellies like a tunn,
Mull'd sacke shall end all quarrels.

The drunke Fencer.

Next Swash appears, who stormes and swears,
If that they bring not better wine,
The potts he'll maule against the wall,
He'll beate my host and breake his signe.

The Ape drunkard.

Another drunkard skipps,
Whose head is like a feather,
He'll show as many trickes
As your ape (and) baboone together.

The drunke Fidler.

The Fidler's croud now squeakes aloud,
His fiddle strings begin to trole ;
He loves a wake and a wedding-cake,
A bride-house and a brave may-pole.

The drunke Tinker.

Next the roringe Tinker,
As furious as a dragon ;
He swears he'll be no flincher,
His carowse is but a flagon ;
Hee loves his punke, but when he's drunke,
His muddy braynes well mull'd with liquor,
He then will rore and call hir whore,
And out of doores hee swears he'll kicke her.

The weeping drunk.

Armed all with claret,
The weeping drunkard next,

Hee's very sorry for it,
His soule is sore perplext.
These are the crew of drunkards trew,
That do belong to Bacchus' court ;
Soon see you shall their humors all,
Yf you marke awhile their drunken sporte.

Bacchus at thy call,
They here come marching roundly,
That will not flinch at all,
But take their liquor soundly ;
They'll do their parts, they'll drinke whole quarts,
A pint with them is but a swallow ;
They'll nere give ore till the welkin rore,
The house runn round, and the sky looke yellow.

XXXVIII.

(From Aristippus, by J. Randolph, about 1630.)

WE care not for money, riches, or wealth,
Old sack is our money, old sack is our health.
Then let's flock hither,
Like birds of a feather,
To drink, to fling,
To laugh and sing,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.

Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,
The Winter with us is as good as the Spring.
We care not a feather
For winde, or for weather,
But night and day
We sport and play,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.

XXXIX.

(From the Sun's Darling, by Ford, act iv, sc. 1.)

FOLLY SINGS.

CAST away care ! he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow ;
Money is trash ; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, fortune will send it.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh, ho !
Play it off stifly ; we may not part so.

Chor. Merrily, &c.

[*They drink.*]

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too,
Quickens the wit, and makes the back able,
Scorns to submit to the watch or constable,
Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
 Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker ;
 Empty the cask ; score up, we care not ;
 Fill all the pots again, drink on and spare not.
 Merrily, &c.

XL.

SACK FOR MY MONEY.

The tune is "Wet and Weary."

(From Collier's Roxburghe Ballads, 177-182. Said to be probably of the time of James the First. Roxburghe Ballads, British Museum, ii, 408-9.)

Good fellows all, both great and small,
 Rejoice at this my ditty ;
 Whilst I do sing, good newes I bring
 To the countrey and the city :
 Let every lad and lass be glad,
 (For who will true love smother ?)
 And being here, my joy and dear,
 We'l kindly kiss each other.
 The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
 The alligant and sherry,
 I hold it good to purge the blood,
 And make the senses merry.

'Tis sparkling sack that binds the back,
 And cherishes the heart, boys,

For recompence just eighteen-pence
You must give for a quart, boys :
Away with beer and such like geer,
That makes our spirits muddy,
For wine compleat will do the feat
That we all notes can study.
The purest wine, &c.

Rich malligo, is pure, I know,
To purge out melancholly,
And he that's sick it cureth quick,
And makes their senses jolly :
It rarefies the dullest eyes
Of those that are most paler,
And bravely can compose a man
Of a very prick-lows taylor.
The richest wine, &c.

The meereest fool shall teach a school,
By claret's operation,
And make some fight, like men of might,
Or champions of a nation :
It is more fine then brandewine,
The butterboxes potion,
Who drinking dares, in Neptune's wars,
Reign master of the ocean.
Canary sack makes firm the back ;
Both alligant and sherry,
Are proved good to clear the blood,
And make the senses merry.

A longing lass, whose custard face
Her inward grief discloses,
With drinking wine, so sweet and fine,
Will gain a pair of roses :
It doth revive dead folks alive,
And helps their former weakness ;
It is so pure, that it doth cure
A maiden of her sickness.
This Rhenish wine, &c.

The drawer still the same shall fill,
To elevate the heart, boys ;
For Rhenish gay, you now must pay
Just twelve pence for a quart, boys.
Who would be ty'de to brewers side,
Whose measures do so vary,
When we may sit, to raise our wit,
With drinking of canary ?
The purest wine, &c.

The French wine pure, for seven pence, sure,
You shall have choice and plenty,
At this same rate to drink in plate,
Which is both good and dainty :
A maunding cove that doth it love,
'Twill make him dance and caper,
And Captain Puff will have enuff
To make him brag and vapor.
The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
The alligant and sherry,

I hold it good to purge the blood,
And make the senses merry.

And also we that do agree,
As one for boon good fellows,
We'll sing and laugh, and stoutly quaff,
And quite renounce the alehouse ;
For ale and beer are both now dear,
The price is raised in either ;
Then let us all, both great and small,
To th' tavern walk together.
The purest wine, &c.

The tradesmen may at any day,
For their own recreation,
Be welcome still to Ralph or Will,
And have accommodation ;
For why, their coyn will buy the wine
And cause a running barrel ;
But if you're drunk, your wits are sunk,
And gorrill'd guts will quarrel.
The purest wine, &c.

The cobbler fast will stay the last,
For he's a lusty drinker ;
He'll pawn his soul to have a bowl,
To drink to Tom the tinker :
The broom man he will be as free,
To drink courageous flashes ;
If cole grow scant, before he'll want,
He'll burn his brooms to ashes.

The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
The alligant and sherry,
I hold is best to give us rest,
Or make the senses merry.

The fiddling crowd that grow so proud,
Will pawn their pipes and fiddles,
They'l strike and crack with bowls of sack,
And cut the queerest widdles ;
They'l rant and tear like men of war,
Their voyces roar like thunder,
And growing curst their fiddles burst,
And break 'um all asunder.
The purest wine, &c.

The country blades with their own maids,
At every merry meeting,
For ale and cakes at their town wakes,
Which they did give their sweetings,
Upon their friend a crown will spend,
In sack that is so trusty ;
'Twill please a maid that is decay'd,
And make a booby lusty.
Be rul'd by me, and we'l agree
To drink both sack and sherry,
For that is good to cleanse the blood,
And make our senses merry.

XLI.

THE GOOD FELLOWS' FROLICK, OR KENT
STREET CLUB.

(Evans's Old Ballads, i, 162, and Songs of the London Apprentices and Trades, by Charles Mackay, Percy Society's Edition, pp. 134-7, and Roxburghe Ballads, British Museum, ii, 198-9.)

HERE is a crew of jovial blades,
That lov'd the nut-brown ale,
They in an alehouse chanc'd to meet,
And told a merry tale.
A bonny seaman was the first,
But newly come to town,
And swore that he his guts could burst,
With ale that was so brown.

See how the jolly carman he
Doth the strong liquor prize,
He so long in the alehouse sat,
That he drank out his eyes ;
And groping to get out of door,
Sot-like, he tumbled down,
And there he like a madman swore
He lov'd the ale so brown.

The nimble weaver he came in,
And swore he'd have a little,
To drink good ale it was no sin,
Though 't made him pawn his shuttle.

Quoth he, I am a gentleman,
No lusty country clown,
But yet I love with all my heart
The ale that is so brown.

Then next the blacksmith he came in,
And said, "'Twas mighty hot ;"
He sitting down did thus begin,
"Fair maid, bring me a pot ;
Let it be of the very best,
That none exceeds in town,
I tell you true, and do not jest,
I love the ale so brown."

The prick louse tailor he came in,
Whose tongue did run so nimble,
And said, he would engage for drink,
His bodkin and his thimble.
"For though with long thin jaws I look,
I value not a crown,
So I can have my belly full
Of ale that is so brown."

The lusty porter passing by,
With basket on his back,
He said, that he was grievous dry,
And needs would pawn his sack.
His angry wife he did not fear,
He valued not her frown,
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them,
Was of the gentle craft,
And when that he was wet within,
Most heartily he laugh'd.
Crispin was ne'er so boon as he,
Tho' some kin to a crown ;
And there he sat most merrily,
With ale that was so brown.

But at the last a barber, he
A mind had for to taste,
He calléd for a pint of drink,
And said he was in haste ;
The drink so pleased, he tarried there
Till he had lost a crown,
'Twas all the money he could spare,
For ale that is so brown.

A broom man, as he passéd by,
His morning draught did lack ;
Because that he no money had,
He pawn'd his shirt from 's back ;
And said that he without a shirt,
Would cry brooms up and down ;
" But yet," quoth he, " I'll merry be,
With ale that is so brown."

But when all these together met,
Oh what discourse was there ;—

'Twould make one's hair to stand on end
To hear how they did swear !
One was a fool and puppy dog,
The other was a clown,
And there they sat and swill'd their guts
With ale that was so brown.

The landlady they did abuse,
And called her nasty whore ;
Quoth she, " Do you your reckoning pay,
And get you out of door !"
Of them she could no money get,
Which causéd her to frown ;
But loath they were to leave behind
The ale that was so brown.

XLII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF WINE.

(From Ayres and Dialogues, by Henry Lawes. The first Book,
1653, by Lord Broughill.)

'Tis wine that inspires,
And quencheth love's fires,
Teaches fools how to rule a state ;
Maydes ne'er did approve it,
Because those that love it,
Dispise and laugh at their hate.

The drinkers of beer
 Did ne'er yet appear
 In matters of any weight;
 'Tis he, whose designe
 Is quicken'd by wine,
 That raises things to their height.

Who then should it prize,
 For never black eyes
 Made wounds which this could not heale ;
 Who then doth refuse
 To drinke of this juice,
 Is a foe to the Commonweale.

 XLIII.

(Beloe's *Anec.* ii, 352: Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco, contending for superiority. A Dialogue, 1658, in Garriek Collection.)

Wine. I, jovial wine, exhilarate the heart.

Beer. March beer is a drink for a king.

Ale. But ale, bonny ale, with spice and a tost,
 In the morning's a dainty thing.

Chorus. Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away ;
 Wine, beer and ale shall be drunk to-day.

Wine. I, generous wine, am for the court,

Beer. The citie calls for beer.

Ale. But ale, bonny ale, like a lord of the soyl,
 In the country shall domineer.

Chorus. Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
 Wine, beer and ale shall be drunk to-day.

XLIV.

(From Hilton's *Catch that catch can*, 1652, pp. 92-3. By Mr. William Child.)

If any so wise is that sack he dispises,
Let him drink his smal beer and be sober ;
Whilst we drink sack, and sing as if it were
 Spring,
He shall drop like the trees in October.
But be sure, over night if this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
Take a hair of his tayl in the morning ;
And be not so silly to follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but sack that can tune us ;
Let his *ne-assuescas* be put in his cap-case,
And sing *bibito vinum jejunos*.

XLV.

(Ibid. 77.)

Now God be with old Simeon,
For he made cans for many an one,
And a good old man was he ;
And Jinkin was his journeyman,
And he could tippie off every can ;

And thus he said to mee,
To whom drink you?
Sir knave, to you.
Then hey ho, jolly Jinkin,
I spy a knave in drinking,
Come trole the bole to mee.
Now God, &c.

XLVI.

THE JOLLY BACCHANAL.

(Chappell's Collection, ii, 64. From Walsh's British Musical
Miscellany, vol. i, p. 92.)

LET's tope and be merry, be jolly and cherry,
Since here is good wine, good wine;
Let's laugh at the fools that live by dull rules,
And at us good fellows repine,
And at us good fellows repine.

Here, here, are delights to amuse the dull nights,
And equal a man with a god;
To enliven the clay, drive all care away,
Without a man's but a clod.

Then let us be willing to spend t'other shilling,
Since money we know is but dirt;
It suits no design like paying for wine,
T'other bottle will do us no hurt.

XLVII.

HONEST HEALTHS, OR DOWN AMONG THE
DEAD MEN.

(From Chappell's Collection, ii, 60.)

HERE's a health to the king and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase ;
Come let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lye.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless women-hating crew ;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lye.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lye.

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,

While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford ;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lye.

XLVIII.

THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

There are several copies of the following. Chappell has one, (see his valuable Collection, ii, 53), and he says there is one in the British Museum, at least two hundred years old : there is also one in D'Urfey's Pills, vol. iii, 247-9, and in Roxburghe Ballads, British Museum, ii, 257.

'Twas God above that made all things,
The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein ;
The ships that on the sea do swim,
To guard from foes that none come in ;
And let them all do what they can,
'Tis for one end—the use of man.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

Now what do you say to these cans of wood ?
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good ;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why on the ground your liquor doth lay ;

But had it been a leather bottèl,
Although he had fallen, all had been well.
So I wish in heav'n, &c.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
And the stopple in, all had been well.
So I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill:
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ake,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a lord is about to dine,
And sends them to be filled with wine,
The man with the flagon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
So I wish, &c.

A leather bottèl we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans of wood,

For when a man's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;
But a good leather bottel standing by,
Will raise his spirits, whenever he's dry.

So I wish, &c.

At noon, the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottels of ale nut-brown;
In summer too, when the weather is warm,
A good bottel full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottle;

So I wish, &c.

There's never a lord, an earl, or knight,
But in this bottel doth take delight;
For when he's hunting of the deer,
He oft doth wish for a bottel of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottel of beer will oft do him good.

So I wish, &c.

And when the bottel at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.

So I wish, &c.

XLIX.

SONG IN PRAISE OF ALE.

(Hone's Table Book, 255-6, from London Chanticleer, 1659.)

SUBMIT, bunch of grapes,
To the strong barley ear ;
The weak wine no longer
The laurel shall wear.

Sack, and all drinks else,
Desist from the strife ;
Ale's the only *Aqua vitæ*,
And liquor of life.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around ;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

Ale's a physician,
No mountebank bragger ;
Can cure the chill ague,
Though it be with the stagger.

Ale's a strong wrestler,
Kings all it hath met ;
And makes the ground slippery,
Though it be not wet.

Ale is both Ceres,
And good Neptune too,
Ale's froth was the sea,
From which Venus grew.

Ale is immortal ;
And be there no stops,
In bonny lads quaffing,
Can live without hops.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around ;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

L.

IN PRAISE OF ALE.

(From Wit and Drollery, 1656, pp. 154-5 ; it is also in Ritson's
English Songs, ii, 62.)

WHEN as the Chilehe Rocko blowes,
And winter tells a heavy tale ;
When pyes, and dawes, and rookes, and crows,
Sit cursing of the frosts and snowes ;
Then give me ale.

Ale in Saxon Rumken then,
Such as will make grim Malkin prate ;
Rouseth up valour in all men,
Quickens the poets wit and pen,
Dispiseth fate.

Ale that the absent battle fights,
And frames the march of Swedish drums ;
Disputes the princes lawes and rights,
And what is past, and what's to come,
Tells mortal wights.

Ale that the plowmans heart up keeps,
And equals it with Tyrants thrones ;
That wipes the eyes that over weepes,
And lulls in dainty and secure sleepes,
His wearéd bones.

Grandchilde of Ceres, Barlies daughter,
Wines emulus neighbour, if but stale ;
Innobling all the nimpes of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter ;
Ha, ha, give me ale.

LI.

OLD SIMON THE KING.

(Chappell's Collection, part ii, pp. 42-3: D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy, vol. iii, 143-4, which differs a little from this.) This Song is said to have been made on Simon Wadloe, who kept the Devil Tavern, when Ben Jonson's club, the Apollo, met there.

IN a humour I was of late,
As many good fellowes may be,
To think of no matters of state,
But to seek for good company,
That best might suit my mind.
So I travell'd both up and down,
No company I could find,
Till I came to the sight of the Crown.
My hostess was sick of the mumps,
The maid was ill at her ease,
The tapster was drunk in his dumps,
They were all of one disease,
Says old Simon the King.

If a man should be drunk to-night,
And laid in his grave to-morrow,
Will you or any man say
That he died of care or sorrow?
Then hang up all sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that;
For drinking will make a man quaff,

And quaffing will make a man sing,
And singing will make a man laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says old Simon the King.

Considering in my mind,
I thus began to think:
If a man be full to the throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
If his drink will not go down,
He may hang up himself for shame,
So the tapster at the Crown.
Whereupon this reason I frame,
Drink will make a man drunk,
Drunk will make a man dry,
Dry will make a man sick,
And sick will make a man die,
Says old Simon the King.

If a Puritan skinker do cry,
Dear brother, it is a sin
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this tale I begin:
A Puritan left his cann,
And took him to his jugg,
And there he played the man
As long as he could tug;
And when that he was spyed,
Did ever he swear or rail?
No, truly, dear brother, he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says old Simon the King, &c.

LII.

A SONG ON BACCHUS.

(From Pills to Purge Melancholy, iii, 240-1.)

SINCE there's so small difference 'twixt drowning and
drinking,

We'll tipple and pray too, like mariners sinking ;
Whilst they drink salt-water, we'll pledge 'em in wine,
And pay our devotion at Bacchus's shrine :

Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us.

From censuring the state, and what passes above,
From a surfeit of cabbage, from law-suits and love ;
From meddling with swords and such dangerous things,
And handling of guns in defiance of kings :

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From riding a jade that will start at a feather,
Or ending a journey with loss of much leather ;
From the folly of dying for grief or despair,
With our heads in the water, or heels in the air :

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From a usurer's gripe, and from every man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can ;
From the scolding of women, and bite of mad dogs,
And wandering over wild Irish bogs.

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From hunger and thirst, empty bottles and glasses,
 From those whose religion consists in grimaces ;
 From e'er being cheated by female decoys,
 From humouring old men, and reasoning with boys :
 Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome insects and flies,
 That think themselves pretty, or witty, or wise ;
 From carrying a quartan for mortification,
 As long as a Ratisbon consultation.

Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
 And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us.

LIII.

A NEW HEALTH TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

With three glasses ; ending with a Stanza in honour of the Prince of Hanover, and Prince Eugene ; made on the occasion of the late glorious victory at Audenard.

(From the same, i, 40-41.)

SING mighty Marlborough's story,
 Mars of the field,
 He passes the Scheld ;
 And to increase his glory,
 The French all fly or yield ;
 Vendosme drew out to spite him,
 Th' household troops to fright him ;
 Princes o' th' blood,
 Got off as they cou'd,
 But ne'er durst return to fight him.

This is the year of wonders ;
The gend'arms gor'd,
With bullet and sword,
Quake when the general thunders,
Almanza was the word ;
Sound the trumpet, sound, boys,
This to his health be crown'd, boys,
(Take the first glass.)

Circle his brows
With fresh oaken boughs,
And thus let the glasses go round, boys.
(Take the second glass and put into the first.)

Now we made a motion ;
Eugene, the brave,
A second shall have,
And could we tope an ocean,
His due we hardly give ;
Still there's one more must be, boys,
Hannover makes 'em up three, boys.
(Drink the third glass.)

Three in a hand,
I'll drink to my friend,
And so let us all agree, boys.

LIV.

BACCHUS'S HEALTH.

(From the same, iii, 274-5.)

The effect in this Song is similar to a convivial glee introduced a few years since, "A Pie sat on a Pear Tree"; where one drinks while the others sing.

To be sung by all the Company together, with directions to be observed.

First man stands up with a glass in hand and sings.

HERE's a health to jolly Bacchus,
 Here's a health to jolly Bacchus,
 Here's a health to jolly Bacchus, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho ;
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

*Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho ;
 And† bring more liquor hither,
 And bring more liquor hither,
 And bring more liquor hither, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

It goes into the cranium,*
 It goes into the cranium,
 It goes into the cranium, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

* *At this Star they all bow to each other, and sit down.*

† *At this dagger all the company beckons to the drawer.*

* *At this star the first man drinks his glass, while all the others sing and point at him.*

And thou'rt a boon companion,†

And thou'rt a boon companion,

And thou'rt a boon companion, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

*Then the second man takes his glass, all the company
singing Here's a health, &c. So round.*

LV.

THE WORLD DROWN'D IN A GLASS.

(From same, iv, 215.)

WHAT need we take care for Platonical rules,
Or the precepts of Aristotle ;
Those that think to find learning in books are but fools,
True philosophy lies in the bottle :
And the mind that's confin'd to the modes of the schools
Ne'er arrives to the height of a pottle :
Let the sages, of our ages, keep a talking of our walking,
Demurely, whilst we that are wiser
Do abhor all that's moral in Cato and Plato,
And Seneca talks like a sizer :
Then let full bowls, full bottles and bowls be hurl'd,
That our jollity may be compleater ;
For man, tho' he be but a very little world,
Must be drown'd as well as the greater.

We will drink till our cheeks are as starr'd as the skies,
Let the pale colour'd student flout us ;

† *At this dagger they all sit down, clapping their next man on the shoulder.*

Till our noses, like comets, set fire on our eyes,
And we bear the horizon about us :
And if all make us fall, then our heels shall divine
What the stars are a doing without us :
Let Lilly go tell ye of thunders and wonders,
And astrologers all divine ;
Let Booker be a looker in our natures and features,
He'll find nothing but claret in mine.
Then let full bowls, &c.

LVI.

A TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

(From same, v, 15.)

COME bring us wine in plenty,
We've money enough to spend ;
I hate to see the pots empty,
A man cannot drink to's friend ;
Then, drawer, bring up more wine,
And merrily let it pass ;
We'll drink till our faces do shine,
He that won't may look like an ass :
And we'll tell him so to his face,
If he offers to baulk his glass,
For we defy all such dull society.

'Tis drinking makes us merry,
And mirth diverts all care ;
A song of Hey down derry,
Is better than heavier air :
Make ready quickly, my boys,
And fill up your glasses higher ;
For we'll present with huzzas,
And merrily all give fire ;
Since drinking 's our desire,
And friendship we admire,
For here we'll stay, ne'er call Drawer what's to pay.

LVII.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

(From same, v, 16.)

LET's be jolly, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by asses,
That o'ersway the wise with chink :

Let not such vain thoughts oppress us,
Riches prove to them a snare ;
We are all as rich as Crœsus ;
Drink your glasses, take no care.

Wine will make us fresh as roses,
And our sorrows all forget ;
Let us fuddle well our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt :

When grim death is looking for us,
Whilst we're singing o'er our bowls ;
Bacchus joyning in our chorus,
Death depart, here's none but souls.

LVIII.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

(From same, v, 85-6. Words by Mr. Alexander Brome.)

STAY, stay, shut the gates,
T'other quart, faith, it is not so late
As you're thinking ;
Those stars which you see,
In this hemisphere be,
But the studs in your cheeks by your drinking :
The sun is gone to tippie all night in the sea, boys,
To-morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we, boys,
Drink wine, give him water, 'tis sack makes us jee, boys.

Fill, fill up the glass,
To the next merry lad let it pass,
Come away with 't :
Come set foot to foot,
And but give our minds to 't,
'Tis heretical six that doth slay wit,
No Helicon like to the juice of the vine is,
For Phœbus had never had wit, nor diviness,
Had his face been bow dy'd as thine, his, and mine is.

Drink, drink off your bowls,
We'll enrich both our heads and our souls
With Canary ;
A carbuncled face,
Saves a tedious race,
For the Indies about us we carry :
Then hang up good faces, we'll drink till our noses
Give freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection is under the roses.

This, this must go round.
Off your hats, till that the pavement be crown'd
With your beavers ;
A red-coated face,
Frights a serjeant-at-mace,
And the constable trembles to shivers :
In state march our faces like those of the quorum,
When the wenches fall down, and the vulgar adore 'em,
And our noses, like link-boys, run shining before 'em.

LIX.

THE JOVIAL DRINKER.

(From same, v, 91.)

A PLAGUE on those fools who exclaim against wine,
And fly the dear sweets that the bottle doth bring ;
It heightens the fancy, the wit does refine,
And he that was first drunk was made the first king.

By the help of good claret old age becomes youth,
And sick men still find this the only physician ;
Drink largely, you'll know by experience the truth,
That he that drinks most is the best politician.

To victory this leads on the brave cavalier,
And makes all the terrors of war but delight ;
This flushes his courage, and beats off base fear,
'Twas that taught Cæsar and Pompey to fight.

This supports all our friends, and knocks down our foes,
This makes all loyal men from courtier to clown ;
Like Dutchmen from brandy, from this our strength
grows,
So 'tis wine, noble wine, that's a friend to the crown.

LX.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF PUNCH.

(From same, v, 138.)

COME fill up the bowl with the liquor that fine is,
And much more divine is,
Than now-a-days wine is, with all their art,
None here can controul:
The vintner despising, though brandy be rising,
'Tis punch that must chear the heart:
The lover's complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,
And Cælia disdaining, shall cease to be nice,
Come fill up the bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover, the cheat of each lover,
When free from all care you'll quickly find,
As nature intended 'em willing and kind:
Come fill up the bowl, &c.

LXI.

THE PLAYERS' SONG.

(British Bibliographer, ii, 167. From *Histrio-mastix*.)

THE nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts downe all drinke when it is stale,
The toast, the nutmeg, and the ginger,
Will make the sighing man a singer.

Ale gives a buffet in the head,
But ginger under proppes the brayne;
When ale would strike a strong man dead,
Then nutmegge tempers it againe,
The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts downe all drinke when it is stale.

LXII.

A CARROL FOR A WASSEL BOWL.

(Ritson's Ancient Songs, pp. 304-6, from "New Christmas Carrols"; black letter, no date.)

To be sung upon twelfth-day, at night, to the tune of "Gallants, come away."

A JOLLY wassel bowl,
A wassel of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul,
That setteth this to sale;
Our jolly wassel.

Good dame, here at your door
Our wassel we begin,
We are all maidens poor,
We pray now let us in,
With our wassel.

Our wassel we do fill
With apples and with spice,
Then grant us your good will
To taste here once or twice
Of our good wassel.

If any maidens be
Here dwelling in this house,
They kindly will agree
To take a full carouse
Of our wassel.

But here they let us stand
All freezing in the cold :
Good master, give command
To enter, and be bold,
With our wassel.

Much joy into this hall
With us is entred in ;
Our master, first of all,
We hope will now begin
Of our wassel.

And after, his good wife
Our spiced bowl will try ;
The Lord prolong your life,
Good fortune we espy
For our wassel.

Some bounty from your hands,
Our wassel to maintain :
We'l buy no house nor lands
With that which we do gain
With our wassel.

This is our merry night
Of choosing king and queen,
Then be it your delight
That something may be seen
In our wassel.

It is a noble part
To bear a liberal mind ;
God bless our master's heart,
For here we comfort find,
With our wassel.

And now we must be gone
To seek out more good cheer,
Where bounty will be shown,
As we have found it here,
With our wassel.

Much joy betide them all,
Our prayers shall be still,
We hope and ever shall,
For this your great good will
To our wassel.

LXIII.

A CATCH IN THREE PARTS.

(By Lieutenant and Soldiers. From the Princess, or Love at First Sight, by Killigrew, act v, scene 2.)

1. *All* 3. To Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
 With wine and mirth let's conjure him,
 1. By his mother's eye
 2. And his father's thigh,
 3. By her god-brought delight,
 1. And his too glorious sight,
 2. By Juno's deceit,
 3. And thy sad retreat ;
 1. Appear, appear, appear,
 2. Kind god, in bottles here.
- Bacchus.* Lo I appear, lo I appear.

2. *All* 3. To Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
 With wine and mirth let's conjure him.
 1. By Ariadne's wrongs,
 2. And the false youth's harms ;
 3. By the rock in his breast,
 1. That fled from the distress ;
 2. By the tempest in her mind,
 3. Which ceas't when thou wert kind ;
 1. By those beauties that he fled,
 2. And the pleasures of her bed.

All 3. Appear, appear, appear,
Kind god, in bottles here.

Bacchus. Drink and I will appear ;
Drink deep and I am here.

3. *All.* 3. To Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
'Tis wine and mirth that conjures him.

1. By this blood of the vine,

2. Thus pour'd on thy shrine ;

3. By this full glass,

1. To the last kind lass ;

2. 'Twas a girle twice nine,

3. That clasp'd like thy vine ;

1. By this and that appear, appear, appear,

2. Kind and kinder god, in bottles here.

Bacchus, All 3. Lo I appear, one kind bottle more
and I will dwell here.

4. *All* 3. Then thus again we will conjure him,
Because he has propitious been.

1. Hence this glass, a poor and single sacrifice,

2. A hecatomb in this bottle dies,

3. By the men that thou hast won,

1. And the women thou hast undone ;

2. By the friendships thou hast made,

3. And the secrets thou hast betray'd ;

1. By this cure of our sorrow,

2. Thus charm'd till to-morrow ;

3. Appear, appear, appear,

All 3. Kind god, in bottles here.

Bacchus, All. 3. Lo I appear, lo I am here,
And there, and there ;
Lo, I am everywhere.

LXIV.

THE COURTIER'S HEALTH,
OR THE MERRY BOYES OF THE TIMES.

(From Roxburghe Ballads, British Museum, 2-88.)

He that loves sack, doth nothing lack,
If he but loyal be ;
He that denies Bacchus' supplyes,
Shows meere hypocrisie.

To a new tune, "Come boyes, fill us a Bumper," or " My
Lodging is on the cold Ground."

COME, boyes, fill us a bumper,
We'l make the nation roare,
She's grown sick of a rumper
That sticks on the old score.
Pox on phanatticks, rout 'um,
They thirst for our blood,
We'l taxes raise without 'um,
And drink for the nation's good.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

Round around, fill a fresh one,
Let no man bawlk his wine,
We'l drink to the next in succession,
And keep it in the right line.
Bring us ten thousand glasses,
The more we drink we're a dry,
We mind not the beautiful lasses,
Whose conquest lyes all in the eye.
Charge the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in ;
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

We boyes are truly loyal,
For Charles we'l venture all,
We know his blood is royal,
His name shall never fall.
But those that seek his ruine,
May chance to dye before him,
While we that sack are wooing,
For ever will adore him.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in ;
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

I hate those strange dissenters
That strives to bawlk a glass,
He that at all adventures
Will see what comes to pass :

And let the popish faction
Disturb us if they can,
They ne'er shall breed distraction
In a true-hearted man.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'll begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

Let the phanatticks grumble,
To see things cross their grain,
We'll make them now more humble,
Or ease them of their pain :
They shall drink sack amain, too,
Or else they shall be choak't,
We'll tell 'um 'tis in vain, too,
For us to be provok't.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'll begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

He that denyes the brimmer
Shall banish't be in this isle,
And we will look more grimmer,
Till he begins to smile :
We'll drown him in canary,
And make him all our own,
And when his heart is merry
He'll drink to Charles in's throne ;

Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

Quakers and Anabaptist
We'll sink them in a glass,
He deals most plain and flattest
That says he loves a lass :
'Then tumble down canary,
And let your brains go round,
For he that won't be merry
He can't at heart be sound ;
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

LXV.

A CATCH, IN FOUR PARTS.

(From the Miser, act iii, by Thomas Shadwell, Esq.)

COME, lay by your cares, and hang up your sorrow ;
Drink on, he's a sot that e'er thinks on to-morrow ;
Good store of good claret supplies every thing,
And the man that is drunk is as great as a king.

Let none at misfortunes or losses repine,
But take a full dose of the juice of the vine ;
Diseases and troubles are ne'er to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the glass goes not round.

LXVI.

A DRINKING SONG.

(From the Woman-Captain, by same, act iv.)

LET the daring adventurers be toss'd on the main,
And for riches no dangers decline ;
Though with hazard the spoils of both Indies they gain,
They can bring us no treasure like wine.

Enough of such wealth would a beggar enrich,
And supply greater wants in a king ;
'Twould sooth all the griefs in a comfortless wretch,
And inspire weeping captives to sing.

There is none that groans under a burdensome life,
If this sovereign balsam he gains ;
This will make a man bear all the plagues of a wife,
And of rags, and diseases in chains.

It swells all our veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts love and great thoughts in the mind :
There's no peasant so rank but it fills with good blood,
And to gallantry makes him inclin'd.

There's nothing our hearts with such joy can bewitch,
For on earth 'tis a pow'r that's divine;
Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich,
Nor is any man poor that has wine.

LXVII.

ON CANARY.

(By Alexander Brome.)

Of all the rare juices
That Bacchus or Ceres produces,
There's none that I can, nor dare I
Compare with the princely Canary.
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuses,
This first got a king,
And next the nine muses;
'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing,
And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't;
They Helicon call'd it, and the Thespian spring,
But this was the drink, though they knew not the
name on't.

Our cider and perry
May make a man mad, but not merry;
It makes people windmill-pated,
And with crackers sophisticated;
And your hops, yest, and malt,
When they're mingled together,

Makes our fancies to halt,
Or reel any whither ;
It stuffs up our brains with froth and with yest,
That if one would write but a verse for a bellman,
He must study till Christmas for an eight shilling jest,
These liquors won't raise, but drown, and o'erwhelm,
man.

Our drowsy metheglin
Was only ordain'd to inveigle in
The novice that knows not to drink yet,
But is fuddled before he can think it :
And your claret and white
Have a gunpowder fury,
They're of the French spright,
But they won't long endure you.
And your holiday Muscadine, Alicant and Tent,
Have only this property and virtue that's fit in't,
They'll make a man sleep till a preachment be spent,
But we neither can warm our blood nor wit in't.

The bagrag and Rhenish
You must with ingredients replenish ;
'Tis a wine to please ladies and toys with,
But not for a man to rejoice with.
But 'tis sack makes the sport,
And who gains but that flavour,
Though an abbess he court,
In his high-shoes he'll have her ;

'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer :

Though the father came to town in his hobnails
and leather,

He turns it to velvet, and brings up an heir,

In the town in his chain, in the field with his feather.

LXVIII.

WITH FULL DOUBLE CUPS.

(From Early Naval Ballads, Percy Society's edition, pp. 96-8,
also in D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, iii, 304-6.)

ALL hands up aloft,
Swab the coach fore and aft,
For the punch clubbers straight will be sitting ;
For fear the ship rowl
Sling off a full bowl,
For our honour let all things be fitting ;
In an ocean of punch
We to-night will all sail,
I'th' bowl we're in sea-room,
Enough, we ne'er fear :
Here's to thee, messmate.
Thanks, honest Tom,
'Tis a health to the king ;
Whilst the larboard man drinks,
Let the starboard-man sing.
With full double cups
We'll liquor our chops,

And then we'll turn out,
With a who up, who, who ;
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

The wind's veering aft,
Then loose ev'ry sail,
She'll bear all her topsails a-trip ;
Heave the logg from the poop,
It blows a fresh gale,
And a just account on the board keep ;
She runs the eight knots,
And eight cups, to my thinking,
That's a cup for each knot,
Must be fill'd for our drinking.
Here's to thee, skipper.
Thanks, honest John,
'Tis a health to the king,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.
With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops, &c.

The quartier must cun,
Whilst the fore-mast man steers,
Here's a health to each port where e'er bound ;
Who delays, 'tis a bumper,
Shall be drub'd at the geers,
The depth of each cup therefore sound :
To our noble commander,

To his honour and wealth ;
May he drown and be damn'd
That refuses the health.
Here's to thee, honest Harry.
Thanks, honest Will,
Old true penny still ;
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.
 With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops, &c.

What news on the deck, ho ?
It blows a meer storm ;
She lies a trie under her mizon,—
Why, what tho' she does ?
Will it do any harm ?
If a bumper more does us all reason :
The bowl must be fill'd, boys,
In spight of the weather ;
Yea, yea, huzza, let's howl altogether.
Here's to thee, Peter.
Thanks, honest Joe,
About let it go ;
In the bowl still a calm is,
Where e'er the winds blow.
 With full double cups,
 We'll liquor our chops, &c.

LXIX.

JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW.

(From Ancient Poems, Ballads, &c., by J. H. Dixon, Percy Society's edition, pp. 206-8. See also Chappell's Collection, and D'Urfey's Pills, &c. v, 62-4.)

THERE were six jovial tradesmen,
And they all set down to drinking,
For they were a jovial crew ;
They sat themselves down to be merry ;
And they called for a bottle of sherry,
You're welcome as the hills, says Nolly,
While Joan's ale is new, brave boys,
While Joan's ale is new.

The first that came in was a soldier,
With his firelock over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder,
And a long broad sword he drew :
He swore he would fight for England's ground,
Before the nation should be run down,
He boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a hatter,
Sure no one could be blacker,
And he began to chatter,
Among the jovial crew :

He threw his hat upon the ground,
And swore every man should spend his pound,
And boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a dyer,
And he sat himself down by the fire,
For it was his heart's desire

To drink with the jovial crew :
He told the landlord to his face,
'The chimney-corner should be his place,
And there he'd sit and dye his face,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no strong ale shrinker,

Among the jovial crew :
For his brass nails were made of metal,
And he swore he'd go and mend a kettle,
Good heart, how his hammer and nails did rattle,
When Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a taylor,
With his bodkin, shears, and thimble,
He swore he would be nimble

Among the jovial crew :
They sat and they called for ale so stout,
Till the poor taylor was almost broke,
And was forced to go and pawn his coat,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a ragman,
With his rag-bag over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder

Among the jovial crew.

They sat and called for pots and glasses,
Till they were all as drunk as asses,
And burnt the old ragman's bag to ashes,
While Joan's ale was new.

LXX.

IN PRAISE OF THE BOTTLE.

(From Tom Brown's Works, iv, 53-4.)

WHAT a plague d'ye tell me of the papists design?
Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink off your
wine.

Away with your glass, sir, and drown all debate;
Let's be loyally merry, ne'er think of the state.
The king (heav'ns bless him) knows best how to rule;
And who troubles his head I think is but a fool.

Come, sir, here's his health; your brimmer advance,
We'll ingross all the claret, and leave none for France;
'Tis by this we declare our loyal intent,
And by our carousing the customs augment.
Would all mind their drinking, and proper vocation,
We shou'd ha' none of this bustle and stir in the nation.

Let the hero of Poland, and monarch of France,
Strive, by methods of fighting, their crowns to advance;
Let chapels in Lime-street be built or destroy'd,
And the test, and the oath of supremacy void,
It shall ne'er trouble me; I'm none of those maggots,
That have whimsical fancies of Smithfield and faggots.

Then banish all groundless suspicions away,
The king knows to govern, let us learn to obey;
Let every man mind his business and drinking,
When the head's full of wine, there's no room left for
thinking.
'Tis nought but an empty and whimsical pate,
That makes fools run giddy with notions of state.

LXXI.

THE WHET.

(From the same, iv, 62.)

WINE in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like eagles we soar
In the pride of the day.
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light ;
We imitate him,
When by noon we are at height ;
They steal wine who take it,
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises,
The more he refines :
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

LXXII.

WASSAIL SONG.

(From Chappell's Collection, 161.)

WASSAIL ! wassail ! all over the town,
Our bread is white, and our ale it is brown :
Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree,
So here, my good fellow, I'll drink to thee.

The wassailing bowl, with a toast within,
Come fill it up unto the brim ;

Come fill it up, so that we may all see ;
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Come, butler, come bring us a bowl of your best,
And we hope your soul in Heaven will rest ;
But if you do bring us a bowl of your small,
Then down shall go butler, the bowl and all.

Oh, butler ! oh, butler ! now don't you be worst,
But pull out your knife and cut us a toast ;
And cut us a toast, one that we may all see ;—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Dobbin, and to his right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pye ;
A good Christmas pye, as e'er we did see ;—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Broad May and to his broad horn,
God send our master a good crop of corn ;
A good crop of corn, as we may all see,—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Colly, and to her long tail,
We hope our master and mistress's heart will ne'er fail,
But bring us a bowl of your good strong beer,
And then we shall taste of your happy new year.

Be there here any pretty maids ? we hope there be
some,
Don't let the jolly wassailers stand on the cold stone,
But open the door, and pull out the pin,
That we jolly wassailers may all sail in.

FINIS.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES

OF

Popular English Histories.

BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,

P.S.A., HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., ETC.

Tho' wild the fable, though rude the rhyme,
Oh ! dear is a tale of the olden time.

L O N D O N :

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PREFACE.

THE value of a popular history—by which we mean a narrative especially intended for the instruction or amusement of the unlearned—is not to be estimated by its apparent frivolity. And why is it not? Simply because such a composition is, in many cases, one of the few remaining records which arrested the destruction of numerous facts, trivial perhaps in themselves, but of the utmost importance to the correct understanding of some of our best writers.

A student who is anxious to attain that extensive knowledge of the habits, customs, and phraseology of our ancestors, without which the humour of Shakespeare and many of his contemporaries can only be imperfectly appreciated, will do well

to turn his attention to the ancient literature of the cottage, and make himself acquainted with the tales that were familiar “as household words” to the *groundlings* of the Globe or the Blackfriars. Those who despise this troublesome method of illustration do so without reflection, and invariably without a practical knowledge of its extreme utility. Let us ask, where would a reader turn for explanations of the jocular allusions in a modern farce or extravaganza? Certainly not to the works of Faraday or Mrs. Somerville, but oftener to the ballads of Seven Dials, or even to the songs of the nursery. The observation is true when applied to a more ancient period. If any proof were necessary, it would be found in the fact, that the tale of *Jack the Giant Killer* is quoted in the second greatest tragedy—*King Lear*.

We are insisting upon the usefulness of our fugitive popular literature, without the slightest reference to its undeniable value in the history of fiction and the transmission of romance. Merely regarding it as important in the illustration of works, which all the world admit are worthy of

illustration, it is contended that the most frivolous books that were read by our ancestors, are at the same time invaluable for the exposition of early English humour.

Under this impression, it is hoped that a short account of some of the most curious popular histories will not be unacceptable to the members of the Percy Society. It may, at all events, draw attention to a subject well worthy of attentive consideration, and attract the notice of those who may be enabled to make important additions to these imperfect memoranda.*

Most of the pieces described in the following pages were printed in the last century, chiefly between the years 1720 and 1780; but it is to be observed that, although reprints of much earlier

* We are so well aware of their defective quality, that we are most anxious to plead the apology usually accepted for the first essay in any branch of literature, no matter how humble, and to invite contributions. Any communications respecting popular histories, chap-books, garlands, or any of the numerous fugitive pieces of a like character, will be most thankfully and carefully acknowledged. They may be addressed to Mr. Halliwell, Avenue Lodge, Brixton Hill, Surrey.

productions, they have been found to agree minutely with the more ancient copies, wherever an opportunity of comparison has been afforded. In many cases, no copies of the seventeenth century are known to exist; but after our experience of the correctness with which they continued to be reprinted, we may accept the later editions without much hesitation.

The wood-cuts in this tract have been carefully taken from the originals by Mr. Fairholt. The two at pp. 9, 72, were kindly lent to the Society by J. M. Gutch, Esq., F.S.A. The others are presented by the Compiler.

November 1848.

NOTICES OF
POPULAR HISTORIES.

1. THE LIFE AND PRANKS OF LONG MEG OF WESTMINSTER. Imprinted at London for Abraham Veale, dwellinge in Pauls Church yeard, at the signe of the Lambe. 12mo, 1582.

THIS is in black-letter, and differs in many particulars from the subsequent impression of 1635. It has, however, a manuscript title-page, and some doubts may be entertained whether the date there assigned to it is correct; but there can be no hesitation in ascribing it to an earlier period than any edition hitherto described. Thomas Gubbin, in 1590, had a license to print "the life of Long Megg of Westminster"; and she is alluded to in Nash's *Strange Newes*, 1592. Long Meg is thus mentioned by Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse*, 4to, 1600:—"Phy, Long Megg of Westminster would have bene ashamed to disgrace her Sondag bonet with her Satterday witt. She knew some rules of decorum; and although she were a lustie bounsing rampe, somewhat like Gallemella or Maide Marian, yet was she not such a roinish rannell, or such a dissolute gillian flurtes, as this wainscot-faced Tom-

boy." In Holland's *Leaguer*, 1632, mention is made of a house kept by Long Meg in Southwark:—"It was out of the citie, yet in the view of the citie, only divided by a delicate river; there was many handsome buildings, and many hearty neighbours, yet at the first foundation it was renowned for nothing so much as for the memory of that famous Amazon, *Longa Margarita*, who had there for many yeeres kept a famous infamous house of open hospitality." According to Vaughan's *Golden Grove*, 1608, "Long Meg of Westminster kept alwaies twenty courtizans in her house, whom by their pictures she sold to all commers." She is also remembered by Middleton, in the *Roaring Girl*, act v, scene 1:—"Was it your Meg of Westminster's courage that rescued me from the Poultry puttocks indeed?" See also the *Scornful Lady*, act v, scene 2. Westminster Meg is mentioned by Ben Jonson. See his *Works*, ed. Gifford, viii, 78:—

Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a crane,
And feet like a plane.

Gifford says she performed many wonderful exploits about the time that Jack the Giant-killer flourished. She was buried, as all the world knows, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, where a huge stone is still pointed out to the Whitsuntide visitors as her grave-stone.

This work continued to be printed till the commencement of the present century, and I possess

several editions issued between 1740 and 1800, all of which are abridged copies of the original, but otherwise agreeing very accurately with it. A play called *Longe Mege of Westmester* is mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary*, as having been acted early in 1595, and it appears to have continued a favourite on the stage for some years. No copy of it has been preserved. Long Meg is mentioned in the list of authors prefixed by Taylor, the Water Poet, to his *Sir Gregory Nonsense, his Newes from no Place*, in the second part of his *Workes*, fol. Lond. 1630; and in the play of *Westward Hoe*, 1607. "You will find it worth Meg of Westminster, altho' it be but a bare jig," *Hog hath lost his Pearl*, 1614.

The following lines, entitled "Long Meg of Westminster to Dulcinea of Toboso," occur in Gayton's *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654, p. 289:—

I, Long Meg, once the wonder of the spinsters,
Was laid, as was my right, i' th' best of minsters,
Nor have the wardens ventur'd all this whiles
To lay, except myselfe, one in those iles.
Indeed, untill this time, ne'r any one
Was worthy to be Meg's companion.
But since Toboso hath so fruitfull been,
To bring forth one might be my sister twinne,
Alike in breadth of face; no Margeries
Had ever wider checks or larger eyes;
Alike in shoulders, belly, and in flanks,
Alike in legs too, for we had no shaucks,
And for our feet, alike from heel to toe,
The shoemakers the length did never know.
Lye thou by me, no more it shall be common,
One Ile of Man there is, this Ile of Woman.

The only impression of Long Meg noticed by Lowndes is that of 1635, which sold at the Nassau sale for £5. 7s. 6d.

2. THE MOST PLEASANT HISTORY OF TOM A LINCOLN, that ever renowned Souldier, the Red-rose Knight, who for his Valour and Chivalry was sirnamed the Boast of England. Shewing his Honourable Victories in Forrain Countries, with his strange Fortunes in the Fayrie-land, and how he married the faire Anglitora, daughter to Prester John, that renowned Monark of the World. Together with the lives and deaths of his two famous sons, the Black Knight and the Fairy Knight, with divers other memorable accidents, full of delight. London, Printed for Francis Coles at the Signe of the Half-bowle in the Old Bailey, 1655.

In black-letter. This is called on the title-page the ninth impression. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on December 24th, 1599, to W. White by assignment from W. Danter; and the second parte to the same on October 20th, 1607. The sixth edition appeared in 1631, the seventh in 1635, and the twelfth in 1682. It was written by Richard Johnson.

3. Another edition, Printed by Tho. Norris at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, n. d.
4. THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN WISE MASTERS OF ROME, now newly corrected, better explained in many places, and enlarged with many pretty pictures, lively expressing the full history, 12mo.

London, Printed by J. W. for G. Conyers at the Golden Ring in Little Britain, 1697.

In black-letter, with wood-cuts. The history of these very popular tales has been given by Mr. Wright, in the preface to his edition of the *Seven Sages*, 1845. A small abridged version, of twenty-four pages, was circulated during the last century as a penny-history. Kirkman said, in 1674, that this collection is “of so great esteem in Ireland, that next to the horn-book and knowledge of letters, children are in general put to read in it, and I know that only by that book severall have learned to read well, so great is the pleasure that young and old take in reading thereof.” In confirmation of this, may be adduced a passage in the Irish poem called the *Rivalry of O'Rourke*, written by Hugh MacGowran about the year 1712, which has been translated by Swift and Wilson :—

Then rose a big fryar
 To settle them straight,
 But the back of the fire
 Was quickly his fate ;
 From whence he cry'd out,
 Do ye thus treat your pastors ?
 Ye, who scarcely were bred
 To the *Seren Wise Masters*.

5. THE FAMOUS, PLEASANT, AND DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF PALLADINE OF ENGLAND : discoursing of honourable adventures, of knightly deeds of arms and chivalry : interlaced, likewise, with the love of sundry noble personages, as time and affection limited their Desires. Herein is no offence offered to the wise by wanton speeches,

or encouragement to the loose by lascivious matter. 12mo. London, c. 1690.

This is called on the title "the second edition", but it originally appeared in 1588, and another edition was published in 1664, 4to. In November, 1587, it was entered unto Edward Alde, "upon condytion that he get yt orderly authorysed and allowed to the print when yt is translated into Englyshe". The English translation was entered in 1595, to Valentine Symmes, and again, in August 1596, to John Danter. The present is a reprint of the 1664 edition, and contains a short preface by the printer, T. Johnson. The romance was translated by Anthony Munday from the French, "*Histoire Palladienne traitant des gestes et genereux faits d'armes et d'amours de plusieurs grands princes et seigneurs, specialement de Palladien; mise en François par Claude Colet*," 8vo. Paris, 1573. The 1588 edition is entitled, "The famous pleasant and variable Historie of Palladine of England, discoursing of honorable Adventures, of Knightly deedes of Armes and Chivalrie: enterlaced likewise with the love of sundrie noble personages, &c. Translated out of French by A. M., one of the Messengers of her Majesties Chamber. At London, Printed by Edward Allde for John Perin." It is censured by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, f. 268.

6. OF THE FAMOUS AND PLEASANT HISTORY OF PARISMUS, the valiant and renowned Prince of Bohemia, in two parts: containing his triumphant battels fought against the Persians, his love to the

beautiful Laurana, the great Dangers he passed in the Island of Rocks, and his strange Adventures in the Desolate Island: containing the Adventurous Travels and noble chivalry of Parismenos, the Knight of Fame, with his love to the fair Princess Angelica, the Lady of the Golden Tower, 12mo. *Black-letter*. Printed at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, n. d.

With a wood-cut frontispiece, containing portraits of Laurana and Parismus. This romance, which was exceedingly popular, was written by Emanuel Foord. Douce had two editions; one printed in 1696, 4to. and another, the seventh, dated 1724. Gifford, in his *Autobiography*, says that at the age of fifteen, "I had read nothing but a black-letter romance, called *Paris-mus and Parismenuus*, and a few loose magazines." This romance was abridged, and constantly printed as a penny history at Aldermay Church-yard, and other places. I have the fifth edition, with numerous cuts, dated 1713. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, by Creed, in November 1597, and published the following year under the title of "*Parismus, the renowned Prince of Bohemia, his most famous, delectable, and pleasant History, conteining his noble battailes fought against the Persians, his love to Laurana, the King's daughter of Thessaly, and his strange adventures in the Desolate Island.*" In 1599, appeared, "*Parismenos, the second part of the most famous delectable History,*" &c. This had been entered to Thomas Creed on October 25th, 1598: "*Paris-menos, the Triall of true Friendship, conteinge the*

second part of the History of Parismenos, otherwise called the second parte of the Castle of Fame."

7. THE HISTORY OF GEORGE A GREEN, Pindar of the Town of Wakefield, his Birth, Calling, Valour, and Reputation in the Country: with divers pleasant as well as serious Passages in the Course of his Life and Fortune. Illustrated with cuts. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed for Samuel Ballard at the Blue-Ball in Little Britain, 1706.

The wood-cuts in this book are greatly superior to most of the specimens met with in similar productions, as may be judged from the frontispiece here copied. There is a curious early MS. of this prose history in the library of Sion College, which may be the original whence the present edition is taken, for the preface says, "As for the history itself, it's very easie to observe, by its phraseology and manner of writing, that 'tis not very modern, but that the manuscript must at least have been as old as the days of Queen Elizabeth. It's lodged in a publick library in the city of London, from which a copy was taken, and is now made publick, with no other alteration than such as were necessary to make the sence tolerably congruous." George a Green is thus noticed by Drunken Barnaby:—

Straight at Wakefield I was seen a,
Where I sought for George a Green a,
But could not find such a creature ;
Yet on a sign I saw his feature,
Where strength of ale had so much stirr'd me,
That I grew stouter far than Jordie.



This volume contains 109 pages, exclusive of frontispiece, title, epistle dedicatory “to the Steward and other the Gentlemen and Inhabitants in the Town and Lordship of Wakefield in the West-Riding of the County of York,” signed by N. W., the preface, and one leaf containing a list of “books printed and sold by Samuel Ballard at the Blue-Ball in Little Britain.”

George a Green is mentioned in Gayton’s *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654, p. 21 : “Had you heard of Bevis of Southampton, the Counter-scuffle, Sir Eglamore, John Dory, *the Pindar of Wakefield*, Robin Hood, or Clem of the Cluff, these no doubt had been recommended to the Vatican without any *Index Expurgatorius* or censure at all.”

8. THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF THE FROLICKSOME

COURTIER AND THE JOVIAL TINKER. 12mo.
London, n. d.

A curious medley of tales, the first of which is on the same story as the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*.—1. How finding a drunken tinker asleep, he had him carried in that posture to his house; laid him on a bed in a stately room, with rich cloaths by him, feasted and entertained him with musick, and making him drunk, conveyed him back again.—2. How he bought all the butter of a woman going to market, and the frolicks he played with her for being over covetous, causing the saying, when a woman scratches her, butter will be cheap.—3. By what a comical method he relieved the poor widow of Mortlake against the Parson of the Parish, who had stopped up her water-gap.—4. How he served the tinker coming again to his house, because he complained he could get no drink.—5. A comical trick he made the tinker serve an old farmer, who used to ride sleeping, making him think that his horse was a devil.—6. How the tinker complained to him of a butcher's dog that often assaulted him: how he put on the tinker's habit, fought with and killed the dog, and the comical examination before a Justice.—On the title is a wood-cut of the old Covent Garden. The first tale, not having been re-printed in any Shakesperian collection, is here given:

Riding one day along with his retinue, he espied a tinker (who had been taking a very early draught, to quench the spark in his throat) lying fast asleep, and snoring under a sunny bank, having made his budget

into his pillow, to rest his drowsy head upon, and the courtier's country house not being far off, he immediately caused his servants to take him up very softly, and carry him thither; then to put him in a stately bed in the best chamber, pull off his foul shirt and put him on a clean one; then convey away his old cloaths and lay rich ones by him. This was punctually observed. The tinker being thus laid, slept soundly till evening, when rousing up between sleep and waking, and being dry, as usually drunkards are, he began to call for drink, but was extremely frightened to find himself got into such a place, furnished with lights, with attendants about him that bowed to him, and harmonious musick accompanied with most charming voices, but none of them to be seen. Whereupon, looking for his old cloaths and budget, he found a muff and rich attire glittering with gold by him, which made him fancy himself metamorphosed from a tinker to a prince. He asked many questions, but in vain, yet being willing to rise, the attendants arrayed him in the richest attire, so that he looked on all sides admiring the sudden change of fortune, as proud as a peacock when he spreads his tail against the glittering beams of the sun. And being arrayed, they carry him unto another room, where was a costly banquet prepared; and placed him in a chair, under a fine canopy fringed with gold, being attended with wine in gilded cups. At first he strained courtesy,* but being

* That is, stood upon ceremony. The phrase occurs in Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4.

entreated to sit down, the banquet being solely at his disposal, he fell too most heartily. Then after supper they ply'd him with so much wine as to make him dead drunk; then stripping him, and putting on his old cloaths, they carried him as they had brought him, and laid him in the same posture they found him, being all this time asleep; and when he waked in the morning staring about, he took all that happened before for a vision, telling it wherever he came, that he had verily dreamed he had been a prince, telling them, as well as he could, all that had happened, but plainly he now saw again, his fortune would raise him no higher than to mend old kettles. Yet he made this song for the fraternity to sing at leisure.

All you that jovial tinkers are,
Come listen unto me :
I dream'd a dream that was so rare,
That none to it can e'er compare,
No tinker such did see.

I thought I was a king indeed,
Attired gay and fine :
In a stately palace I did tread,
Was to a princely banquet led,
And had good cheer of wine.

But soon I found me in a ditch,
That did no comfort lend :
This shews a tinker, tho' he itch
To be a prince or to grow rich,
Must still old kettles mend.

9. JOAKS UPON JOAKS, OR NO JOAK LIKE A TRUE
JOAK, being the comical humours of Mr. John

Ogle, the life-guard man; the Merry Pranks of the Lord Moon, the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Pembroke; with the Lord Rochester's dream, his Maiden's disappointment, and his mountebank speech in Tower-hill. Together with the diverting Fancies and Frolics of King Charles and his three Concubines. 12mo. London, printed by and for T. Norris, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, n. d.

According to this history, John Ogle was "the younger son of a gentleman in Northamptonshire; his fortune being small, he quickly spent it, but his sister, being mistress to the Duke of York, got him into the first troop of guards, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth." Of the tales here related, the following may serve as a sample:—"There being a general muster of life-guards in Hyde Park, and Ogle having lost his cloak at play, therefore he borrowed his ladyship's scarlet petticoat; so, tying it up in a bundle, put it behind him, then mounted safe enough, as he thought. So away he went, but one of the rank perceiving the border, he gave the Duke of Monmouth some item of it, and fell into his rank again. The Duke, smiling to himself, said, 'Gentlemen, cloak all;' which they did, except Ogle, who, stammering and staring, saying, 'Cloak all, cloak all! what a — must we cloak for? It don't rain:' but not cloaking, the Duke said, 'Mr. Ogle, why don't you obey the word of command? Cloak, sir!' Said Ogle, 'Why, there then,' and peeping his head out of the top of the petticoat, saying, 'I can't cloak, but I can petticoat with the best of you'; which caus'd great laughter among

the whole company." Towards the end of the tract is a wood-cut of Lord Rochester on a stage, with bottles, in the character of a mountebank. Several stories of Nell Gwyn are also worth notice, as well as an anecdote of Lord Mohun, the Earl of Warwick, and the old woman with her codlings at Charing-cross.

10. Another edition, in verse, "to the merry tune of the Cambridgeshire Lass, or the Two Sharpers outwitted at the Royal Exchange, with a child in a basket, instead of a couple of Geese." 8vo. London, c. 1721.

This is a version of the last piece, entirely in verse, and illustrated with cuts, amongst which may be noticed a curious one of a hackney-coach of the time. It is very rare, and has not been reprinted. On this account, I give the following anecdote as a specimen of the style in which it is written:—

The Dutchess of Portsmouth one time supp'd with the King's
majesty ;
Two chickens was at table, when the Dutchess would make
'em three :
Nell Gwin being by, denied the same ; the Dutchess speedily
Reply'd, here's one, anothe two, and two and one makes three.
'Tis well said, lady, answer'd Nell : O King, here's one for
thee,
Another for myself, sweet Charles, 'cause you and I agree :
The third she may take to herself, because she found the same :
The King himself laughed heartily, whilst Portsmouth
blush'd for shame.

11. A CHOICE PENNYWORTH OF WIT, or clear Distinction between a virtuous Wife and a wanton

Harlot, in three parts: how a merchant was deluded from his lady by a harlot, to whom he carried gold, jewels, and other things of value, for many years, which she received with unspeakable flattery, till his wife gave him a penny to lay out in a pennyworth of wit. Sm. 8vo. Printed for S. Wates, in Fleet-street, 1707.

A very popular ballad-tale, which has been reprinted in the north-country chap-books up to a very recent period; and is also common as a sheet ballad. It commences:

Here is a pennyworth of wit
For those that ever went astray;
If warning they will take by it,
'Twill do them good another day.

The story has appeared in many forms, as in the ancient poem, *How a merchande dyd hys wyfe betray*, printed in Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, p. 69, which is probably the same as the *Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit*, mentioned by Laneham, 1575. The tale also occurs in *Penny-wise, pound-foolish, or a Bristow diamond, set in two rings, and both crack'd*, 4to. 1631. *A Pennyworth of Wytt* was licensed to John Sampson in 1561.

12. THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF TAFFY'S PROGRESS TO LONDON, with the Welshman's Catechesm:

Behold in wheel-barrow I come to town,
With wife and child to pull the Taffies down:
For sweet St. David shall not be abus'd,
And by the rabble yearly thus misus'd.

Sm. 8vo. London, printed for F. Thorn, near Fleet-street, 1707.

A curious wood-cut on the title, representing a Welchman, with leeks in his hat, in a barrow. The tract is a severe satire on the Welch. In answer to the question, why they wear leeks on St. David's day, Taffy says,—“Cuds flesh, her fery plood boils at hur now; hur cou'd eat hur now with corn of salt: what! find fault with that which hur countrymen wears to the honour of Saint Tavy? By te great Calwalladar, hur cou'd fain in hur heart to lay hur countryman's towel about hur for hur sarciness.”

13. THE NEW WIFE OF BEATH much better reformed, enlarged, and corrected, than it was formerly in the old uncorrect copy. With the addition of many other things. 12mo. Glasgow, 1700.

In black-letter. According to the address to the reader, this is the second edition of this very popular poem, of which so many copies were circulated. This impression is very rare, the present copy, and one in Mr. Bright's collection, 6041, which sold for £1. 12s., being the only ones that appear in the sale-catalogues. The original of this curious piece is a fable of the thirteenth century, *Du Vilain qui conquist Paradis par plait*, printed in *Barbazan*, iv, 114. It may be necessary to mention that this is altogether different from the ballad on the same subject printed by Evans, although one was probably formed from the other.

14. THE PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF DORASTUS, PRINCE OF SICILY, AND FAWNIA, ONLY DAUGHTER AND HEIR TO PANDOSTO, KING OF

BOHEMIA ; pleasant for age, to shun drowzy thoughts ; profitable for youth, to avoid other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. A pleasant winter-evening's entertainment. By R. Green, Master of Arts in Cambridge. 12mo. London, 1696.

This was first published in 1588, under the title of "Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, wherein is discovered, by a pleasant historie, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time, in spite of fortune, it is most manifestly revealed," &c. Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible, neere unto the North doore of Paules, 1588. This copy contains the *Love-passion*, mentioned by Mr. Dyce, Greene's *Works*, ii, 242, as not being in the early editions. It is almost unnecessary to observe that Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* was founded upon this romance.

15. THE LOVERS' QUARREL, OR CUPID'S TRIUMPH, being the Pleasant and Delightful History of Fair Rosamond, who was born in Scotland. She was the only daughter of the Lord Arundel, whose love was obtain'd by the valour of Tommy Potts, who wounded and conquered the Lord Phoenix in a Duel. Likewise his Marriage to the fair Lady. 12mo.

One of the early original editions, without date, but printed about 1740. It was reprinted by Ritson, in his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1799, p. 117. Later copies differ exceedingly, the text having been modernized. The wood-cuts to the present are most incongruous, the first being a representation of the fall

of Friar Bacon's brazen head, and the last of Noah's Ark ! It commences thus :

Of all the lords in Scotland town,
And ladies that be so bright of blee,
There is a noble lady among them all,
And report of her you shall hear by me.

I possess a curious edition, printed at Newcastle, about 1760, plentifully embellished with cuts, and containing the Second Part, which was unknown to Ritson. This is entitled, "The Lovers' Loyalty, or the Happy Pair, giving an account of the happy lives of Tommy Potts (now Lord Arundel) and the Fair Rosamond, his charming bride, who loved and lived in peace and unity all their days ; the Second Book." It commences :

How Tommy Potts did win his bride
By dint of sword, you needs must know ;
Giving great Lord Phoenix the foil,
As the first book doth plainly show.

Another edition, in my possession, printed about 1780, is entitled, "The History of Tommy Potts, or the Lovers' Quarrel" :

Thus Tommy Potts does here trepan
The lady's heart, tho' a serving man.

16. THE FORCE OF NATURE, OR THE LOVES OF HIPPOLITO AND DORINDA. Translated from the French original, and never before printed in English. 12mo. Northampton, 1720.

This is a chap-book history on the same tale as the *Tempest*, and has escaped the notice of all the editors

of Shakespeare. It is evidently made up from that play, and the assertion of its being a translation from the French is most probably erroneous, as some of the original drama is literally quoted.

17. THE WHOLE TRYAL AND INDICTMENT OF SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN, KNIGHT, a person of noble birth and extraction, and well known to be both rich and poor throughout the kingdom of Great Britain: being accused for several misdemeanours by him committed against her Majesty's liege people, by killing some, wounding others, and bringing thousands to beggary, to the ruin of many a good family. Here you have the substance of the evidence given in against him on his tryal, with the names of the judges, jury, and witnesses. Also, the comical Defence Sir John makes for himself, and the good character given him by some of his neighbours, namely Hewson the cobbler, an honest friend to Sir John, who is entomb'd as a memorandum at the Two Brewers in East Smithfield. Taken in short-hand by Timothy Toss-pot, Foreman of the Jury. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed for J. Dutton, 1709.

A very curious satirical tract, written by Thomas Robins, which continued to be reprinted for a century after this edition appeared. The following list of the jury is curious:

Timothy Toss-pot.	Richard Standfast.
Benjamin Bumper.	Small Stout.
Giles Lick-spigot.	John Never-sober.
Barnaby Full-pot.	Obadiah Thirsty.
Lancelot Toper.	Nicholas Spend-thrift.
John Six-go-downs.	Edmond Empty-purse.

Sir John Barleycorn is tried in regular form, the

jury returning a verdict of Not Guilty. The evidence is singularly curious. We may extract, for example, that of Sir John's uncle, Mr. Mault, who, of course, appears for the defence: "First, I pray consider with yourselves, all trades will live, and altho' I sometimes, with my cousin Sir John's help, make a cup of good liquor, and many men come to taste it, yet the fault is in neither of us, but in them that make the complaint, else let 'em stay till they are sent for. Who can deny but that Mr. Mault can make a cup of good liquor by the help of a good brewer, and when it is made it must be sold; I pray which of you all can live without it? Where else would you sop your toast and nutmeg, and what should asswage the thirst of gammons and red-herrings? Were I to suffer, lords, knights, and esquires would want their March beer and October to treat their tenants and their friends: bottle-ale and stout would be wanted at Islington and Highgate to treat your wives with: old women would want hot-pots of brandy and ale, and the good-wife that lies in could have no caudle." The tract concludes with a song "to the tune of Sir John Barley-corn". An old ballad, from which this tract may perhaps be taken, is printed in Evans, ed. 1810, iv, 214; and Burns was no doubt indebted to the former for his celebrated song on the same subject.

18. THE HISTORY OF THE TWO CHILDREN IN THE WOOD REVIV'D, OR MURDER REVENG'D, containing the sad and lamentable Story of the Death of two Children of a Gentleman, who, after the Decease

of their Parents, were delivered, by their uncle, to two ruffians, to be murdered for their estates, but in the end they were left in an unfrequented wood, and there starved to Death, and covered over by a Robin Redbreast: Together with the sad relation of the heavy judgements that befel their unnatural uncle, who died miserable in prison, and how it came to be discovered by one of the ruffians upon his being condemned for a notorious robbery. With many other passages and circumstances at large. 12mo. Licensed and entered according to order, n. d.

This tale is founded on the same story which is the subject of the second part of a tragedy by Robert Yarrington, 4to. 1601, entitled, “Two Lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murther of Maister Buch, a chandler in Thames-street, and his boy, done by Thomas Merry; the other of a young childe murdered in a wood by two Ruffins, with the consent of his uncle.” In the play, however, one child only is murdered. The chapters are thus entitled:—1. How Pisaurus, seeking a wife, accidentally fell in love with the fair Eugenia. 2. How Pisaurus found means to discover his passion to Eugenia, and how she consented; also the marriage-day appointed. 3. How the happy nuptials were celebrated, and of the ominous presage. 4. How Androgus, brother to Pisaurus, desirous of his estate, laid this unsuccessful project. 5. How Cassandar and Jane being born, Pisaurus and Eugenia fell sick, and by what means. 6. How Androgus returned, visited his brother and sister, and of his dissimulation. 7. How Pisaurus made his will, de-

livered his children to Androgus, and died as did his wife. 8. What thought Androgus had about putting to death his brother's children, but had not the heart to put it in practice himself. 9. How Androgus met with Rawbones and Woudkill, and agreed with them to murder his brother's children. 10. How the ruffians fell out about the disposal of the children, and how Rawbones killed his partner, and covered him up in a pit. 11. How Rawbones left the children in an unfrequented wood, where they died. 12. How the murder came to be discovered at the gallows. The ballad on the same story, so highly commended in the *Spectator*, No. 85, is printed by Percy, ed. 1840, p. 238. It is also alluded to again in the *Spectator*, No. 179.

19. MOTHER BUNCH'S CLOSET NEWLY BROKE OPEN, containing rare Secrets of Art and Nature, tried and experienced by learned Philosophers, and recommended to all ingenious young Men and Maids, Teaching them in a natural way how to get good wives and husbands. By our loving friend Poor Tom, for the King, a lover of mirth, but a hater of treason. 12mo. With wood-cuts, n. d. In two parts.

This very curious collection of vernacular customs, digested into the form of a narrative, seems to have escaped the notice of our writers on popular antiquities. The present edition was printed about 1770, but it was published very long before, being thus referred to in *Wit and Drollery*, 1682, p. 42 :—

Wit that shall make thy name to last,
 When Tarleton's jests are rotten,
 And George à Green, and *Mother Bunch*,
 Shall all be quite forgotten.

A Way to tell who must be your Husband.—"Take a St. Thomas's onion, pare it, and lay it on a clean handkerchief under your pillow; put on a clean smock, and as you lie down, lay your arms abroad, and say these words :—

Good St. Thomas, do me right,
 And bring my love to me this night,
 That I may view him in the face,
 And in my arms may him embrace.

Then, lying on thy back with thy arms abroad, go to sleep as soon as you can, and in your first sleep you shall dream of him who is to be your husband, and he will come and offer to kiss you; do not hinder him, but catch him in thy arms, and strive to hold him, for that is he. This I have tried, and it was proved true. Yet I have another pretty way for a maid to know her sweetheart, which is as follows :—Take a summer apple of the best fruit, stick pins close into the apple to the head, and as you stick them, take notice which of them is the middlemost, and give it what name you fancy; put it into thy left hand glove, and lay it under thy pillow on Saturday night after thou gettest into bed; then clap thy hands together, and say these words :—

If thou be he that must have me,
 To be thy wedded bride,
 Make no delay, but come away
 This night to my bedside."—(pp. 10-11.)

20. THE HISTORY OF THOMAS OF READING, AND OTHER WORTHY CLOTHIERS OF ENGLAND, setting forth their mirth, great riches, and hospitality to the poor, and the great favour they gained with their Prince. Concluding with the woeful death of Thomas of Reading, who was murdered by his host. 12mo. London, Aldermay Church-yard, n. d.

An abridgement from the larger history by Deloney, 4to. 1632, which has been reprinted by Mr. Thoms. On the title is the annexed cut of a barber's shop:—



It is a curious illustration of the old custom of the person who was waiting for his turn playing on the ghittern. There are innumerable allusions to this practice in our old dramatists:—"A barber's cittern for every serving-man to play upon", Dekker's *Honest Whore*, Second Part, 1630. Stubbes, 1583, mentioning barbers and shaving, says:—"You shall have also your orient perfumes for your nose, your fragrant

waters for your face, wherewith you shall bee all to besprinkled: your *musicke* againe and pleasant harmonic shall sound in your eares, and all to tickle the same with vaine delight."

21. THE HISTORY OF LAWRENCE LAZY, containing his Birth and slothful breeding; how he served the Schoolmaster, his Wife, the Squire's Cook, and the Farmer, which, by the laws of Lubberland, was accounted High Treason; his Arraignment and Trial, and happy deliverance from the many treasons laid to his charge. 12mo. London, Aldermay Church-yard, n. d.

The following are the titles of the chapters:—1. Of his birth and heavy breeding, and of his being carried to school. 2. Of Lawrence's falling asleep in a grove, and so losing his walking mates; of his meeting with an old man, who gave him a charm with which he wrought many wonders. 3. How Lawrence served his master, and then made his escape. 4. Of his causing a gentleman's cook to lose his place. 5. The trick he served a country farmer, who would not give him the least morsel of meat. 6. Lawrence is taken and sent to Lubberland Castle. 7. Lawrence's Trial in the Town-hall of Never-work, and of his coming off at last with flying colours. This edition was printed about 1780, but it was a much earlier production, and is thus alluded to in a curious MS., called *Great Britain's Honycombe*, 1712:—"There was a gentleman that had two sons: the one was gifted to rise very early in the morning, and goe out about his lawfull

occasions; and his other son, having too much blood of the *Lawrences* in him, which occasioned a very lazy habit in him that he could not finde in his heart to rise in a morning before ten or eleven of the clock, notwithstanding his father's often calling him, which availed nothing, for *Lawrence* had made too deep an impression into his constitution."

22. DOCTOR MERRYMAN, OR NOTHING BUT MIRTH, being a Poesy of Pleasant Poems and Witty Jestes. 12mo. London, Bow-Church Yard, n. d.

This piece is copied from an old work, called "Democritus, or Doctor Merryman his medecines against melancholy humors, written by S. R.: Printed for John Deane, and are to be sold at his shop at Temple-barre under the gate", n. d., but entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, Oct. 24th, 1607. There was also an edition in 1681, 4to. This is by Samuel Rowlands, the author of various other pieces. There are some omissions in this tract, and the two pieces at the end, the *Savage* and the *Beggars*, are not in the original edition. I extract the following, chiefly because it contains the remarkable phrase "naked gull," affording a better example of it than the commentators have produced. See *Timon of Athens*, act ii, scene 1.

A country fellow had a dream
 which did his mind amaze;
 And starting up he wakes his wife,
 and thus to her he says:

O, woman, rise and help your goose,
for even the best we have
Is presently at point to die,
unless her life you save.
On either side of her I see
an hungry fox doth sit ;
But staying upon courtesy,
who shall begin first bit.
Husband, quoth she, if this be all,
I can your dream expound ;
The perfect meaning of the same
I instantly have found.
The goose betwixt two foxes plac'd,
which in your dream you saw,
Is you yourself that proves a goose,
in going still to law.
On either side a lawyer sits,
and they do feathers pull ;
That in the end you will be found
a bare and *naked gull* !
Wife, in good truth, said he, I think
thou art just in the right ;
My purse can witness to my grief
how they begin to bite.

23. A PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL DIALOGUE BETWEEN HONEST JOHN AND LOVING KATE, with the contrivance of their marriage, and way to get a livelihood.

Readers, here's a loving pair
Shortly to be married are ;
Honest John and loving Kate
To each other prove a mate ;
I wish them both in joy to live,
Since heart to each other give.

12mo. Leicester, c. 1760.

24. AN EXCELLENT DIALOGUE BETWEEN HONEST JOHN AND LOVING KATE, containing not only their wooing, but also their wedding, to the satisfaction and good liking of their friends.

Some wooing was in the first part,
But now their join'd both hand and heart
In wedlock's bands, to the great joy
Of all their friends ; tho' Kate was coy
At first, at length she granted love,
And does a constant woman prove.

12mo. Leicester, c. 1760.

It is clear, from the allusions to manners and customs, that these two pieces were composed at least as early as the time of Charles II. In one part, Kate says, "Good lack, they will keep such ado when they come to eat the sack-posset, and taking their leaves of us, and throwing the stocking, and one thing or other, that I shall wish them all far enough."

25. THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS, OR THE HISTORY OF ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA. In four books, adorn'd with cuts. The fifth edition. 12mo. London, n. d.

This tale is taken from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and was exceedingly popular. It is frequently mentioned in Scott's novel of *Peveril of the Peak*.

26. THE HISTORY OF ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA, being a choice Flower gathered out of Sir Philip Sidney's rare Garden. 12mo. Printed in the year 1788.

Abridged in pp. 24, with wood-cuts.

27. THE HONOUR OF CHIVALRY, OR THE FAMOUS AND DELECTABLE HISTORY OF DON BELLIANIS OF GREECE, containing the valient Exploits of that magnanimous and heroick Prince, son unto the Emperor Don Bellaneo of Greece; wherein are described the strange and dangerous adventures that befel him, with his Love towards the Princess Florisbella, daughter to the Soldan of Babylon. 12mo. London, c. 1710.

Contains 168 pages, including title and preface, and sixteen ents. Larger editions, in quarto, were published in 1650, 1673, and 1703. This romance is mentioned by Meres, 1598, as then popular.

28. THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF VALENTINE AND ORSON, THE TWO SONS OF THE EMPEROR OF GREECE, newly corrected and amended. Adorn'd with Cuts. 12mo. London, 1724.

This romance was published at Lyon in 1495, under the title of "Le Roman des deux nobles et vaillans Chevaliers, Valentin et Orson, fils de l'Empereur de Grece, et nepveux du très vaillant et redoubté roy Pepin, jadis Roi de France," fol. ; and again at a very early period at Paris by N. Bonfons, 4to. An edition in Italian appeared at Venice in 1558. The incident of the wooden horse of Pacolet, in this romance, is taken from *L'Histoire de Clamadés et Clarmonde*, which was printed at Lyon by Jean de la Fontaine in 1488, and is a much earlier production. Dr. Farmer possessed a fragment of a very old edition, probably printed by Wynken de Worde, and an edition by Copland is in existence. In 1586, Thomas

Purfoot had a license to print "the old booke of Valentine and Orson." The printer of the edition of 1649, in his preface, says, "The history here written was translated out of French into English, above 100 years ago, by one Henry Watson, and since that time it hath by him been corrected, and put into a more plyant stile, and so followed on to the presse till this present edition."

29. Another edition. 8vo. London, 1736.

This is called on the title the sixteenth edition. It is illustrated with cuts and a frontispiece.

30. THE MAD PRANKS OF TOM TRAM, SON-IN-LAW TO MOTHER WINTER; whereunto is added his Merry Jests, Odd Conceits, and pleasant Tales, very delightful to read. In three parts. 12mo. London, n. d.

A perfect copy of an original edition of the three parts of this history is very difficult to meet with. The present was formed from no less than four imperfect copies. At the end of the second part is the following notice:—"Reader, the last time that I saw Tom, he was at the Half Moon, where we drank each of us a pint of sack to rub up his attention, and he promised the next mad pranks he played, he would send them up to Tom Long the Carrier; which promise, being now fulfilled, it is now published." The following are the contents of the chapters of the first part:—1. Tom's pedigree, and the cause of his whipping the pots to death. 2. Of Tom's displeasing the

mayor, though he did what he bid him. 3. Shewing how Tom served his hostess and a tobacco-seller. 4. Shewing how he paid the man for his horse-hire. 5. How Tom served some gentlemen. 6. Tom rides a-gossiping. 7. Tom's trick on some gypsies. 8. Of Tom's selling his master's trivot, and cheating an old man. 9. The usage of Tom to a singing-man in the West. 10. Of Tom's courtship and marriage with Cicely Summer, the neat maid of the West.—Then follow some tales unconnected with the history. The chapters of the second part are entitled : 1. Tom binds himself apprentice, and of what means he used to get from his master. 2. Of old Mother Winter's marriage, and what pranks Tom played. 3. Tom takes the rag-man that stole the goose. 4. Tom goes a hedging. 5. Of Tom's going to fetch the plough-irons from the smiths. 6. Tom's father sends him for a dog, and of what happened. 7. Tom's mother sends him to market for a leg of mutton. 8. Tom's father sends him to thrash corn, and what happened. 9. Tom is sent to invite the guests to eat the swine and geese he had killed. 10. Tom makes his father break his shins. 11. Tom and his father go to the fair to buy horses. 12. Of his taking leave of his parents, and going to seek his fortune. 13. He gets five pounds for preventing a man from being made a cuckold. 14. How Tom saved a gentleman five hundred pounds.—The contents of the third part are entitled : 1. Of Tom's getting forty-five wenches with child, and his escape from the constable. 2. Tom hires himself to a mounte-

bank, and cures a country squire of a consumption. 3. Of Tom and his master's progress, with what happened on their journey. 4. Of Tom's further proceedings on the journey with his master. 5. Tom's revenge on his master for making him lose his dinner. 6. The method Tom took with his master to get his wages. 7. Tom hires himself to a justice, and what pranks he played while he was his servant. 8. Tom gains the love of his master and all the family. 9. Tom's revenge on the usurer for complaining to his master. 10. Tom marries the lady's waiting-woman, and has by her an only daughter. The following specimen of this very singular work may suffice to give an idea of the nature of the whole:—

Of Tom and his Master's progress, with what happened on their journey.—Now the doctor and his man Tom being on the road together, Tom said, Methinks it is melancholy riding; if you are willing, we will make verses to divert the time. With all my heart, says the mountebank; and accordingly, being near Abindon, he began thus:

God-a-mercy Abingdon,
God-a-mercy O !
Thou hast a spire
Like the sheath of a dagger.

Rarely well done, quoth Tom. The master replied, Now it is your turn. At which Tom began thus:

God-a-mercy master,
God-a-mercy O !
You have a head
Like unto a brass kettle.

Why, you impudent rascal, said his master, do you compare my head unto a brass kettle? After this they rode silent for the remaining part of the day; the doctor, being in the dumps, would not speak or explain himself; nor would he permit Tom to remain in his presence at night. Tom passed away the time as well as he could till morning, when the chamberlain* came to Tom to know if his master chose to have a fire in his room? Yes, says Tom, but he will have no one to make it but myself. Then taking a brush under his arm, and a faggot on his shoulder, he went up, saying, as he entered the room,

Good-morrow, master,
 Good-morrow, ho !
 I have brought a faggot
 Into your chamber, O !

Well, look you there, said his master, this is something like. Could not you have made this verse yesterday? But on the contrary, you must compare my understanding head to a brass kettle. Well, for this verse I will pardon you, but be sure take care how you commit the like again.

* The steward or head-waiter at an inn. The antiquity of Tom Tram is shown by its phraseology. Thus we have the word *mome*, a foolish fellow, which occurs in the *Comedy of Errors*, iii, 1:—

My mother is to be married, they say,
 Old foolish doating *moam* !
 While I fantastick tricks do play ;
 She'd better have staid at home.

Mad Pranks of Tom Tram, part ii, ch. 2.

At the end of the history are the following verses :

He liv'd till he was eighty years of age,
 When death at last with darts did him engage,
 So that he fainted ; pangs came thick and stronger,
 And then he dy'd, 'cause he could live no longer.
 The last words he said,—Let this be sent
 To London, that it may be put in print.

There can be no doubt but that *Tom Tram* was written in the seventeenth century, although no copy has been noticed of so early a date. It was very popular in the following century. An edition in my possession, printed at Newcastle about 1770, has a cut on the title of the second part, with the boy saying, “O, Parson, have I caught you.” It continued to be republished within the last thirty or forty years, for I have an abridged edition printed at Falkirk by T. Johnston, 1817.

31. THE FAMOUS AND MEMORABLE HISTORY OF THE TWO UNFORTUNATE THO' NOBLE LOVERS, HERO AND LEANDER, giving an account of all that happened from the beginning of their loves, till both of them ended their lives in the sea for each other. Together with their various adventures, and the renowned achievements of Leander, in his many glorious Victories and Successes, till he was forbid access to fair Hero by her cruel Father, upon his killing his rival in a combat. Also how (she being imprisoned in a Tower) he swam over the Sea to visit her, and in a monstrous storm was drowned ; for sorrow of which she leaped into the waves and drowned herself. Sm. 4to. Newcastle, n. d.

Ten leaves, with wood-cuts on title. This is the

earliest popular history that I recollect as having been printed at Newcastle, one of the great emporiums of such pieces in the eighteenth century. On the back of the title is an epistle to the reader by J. S.

32. THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM, showing their valiant Exploits both by sea and land, their combating with Giants, Monsters, Lions, and Dragons; their Tilts and Tournaments in honour of their Mistresses; their overcoming Magicians and Necromancers, putting an end to their direful enchantments; their knighthoods, chivalry, and magnificent prowess against the Enemies of Christ, and in honour of Christendom, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. To which is added the true manner of their Deaths, and how they came to be entituled the Seven Saints of Christendom. Illustrated with a variety of pictures. Sm. 4to. London, printed by Tho. Norris, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, n. d.

Twelve leaves, with a large wood-cut of St. George and the Dragon on the title-page. On the reverse of the title are three stanzas, entitled *the Author's muse upon the History*. The first part was published in 1596, and the second shortly afterwards. It was censured by Meres in 1598. It is chiefly a compilation from Bevis, Guy, and other old English romances; and, according to the quaint language of Ritson, contains "all the lyes of Christendom in one lye."

33. THE HISTORY OF THE BLIND BEGGER OF BEDNAL GREEN. Licensed and enter'd according to order. Printed for T. Norris at the Looking-Glass on London-bridge, n. d.

This is one of the rarest of the histories published by Norris at the commencement of the last century. The present copy formerly belonged to Sir Francis Freeling. On the title is a large wood-cut, entitled, "Young Monford riding to the wars, where he unhappily lost his eye-sight." It consists of twelve leaves, and has seventeen wood-cuts, one of which is a rude view of London. It is in prose, with the Blind Beggar's song at the end. Pepys, in his *Diary*, June 26th, 1663, says the house at Bethnal Green, then occupied by Sir W. Rider, "was built by the blind beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads, but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it."

34. THE MOST FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LEARNED FRYER BACON, shewing his Parentage and Birth, how he came to be a scholar and to study art-magick, with the many wonderful things he did in his life-time, to the amazement of the whole world, in making a brazen head to have walled all England with Brass : With his penitent death. Also, the merry Waggeries of his man Miles, and the Exploits of Vandermaster, a German, and Fryer Bungy, an English Conjuror ; with the manner of their woful deaths, as a warning to others. Being all very profitable and pleasant to the Reader. London, Printed for Tho. Norris at the sign of the Looking-glass on London-bridge, n. d.

Twelve leaves, with a wood-cut of the brazen head and Friar Bacon on the title-page.

35. THE HISTORY OF THE EVER-RENOWNED KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, containing his

many wonderful and admirable achievements and adventures, with the pleasant humours of his trusty Squire, Sancha Pancha : Being very comical and diverting. London, Printed by and for W. O., and sold by H. Green at the Sun and Bible on London-bridge, n. d.

Twelve leaves, with wood-cuts. This is, perhaps, the earliest chap-book edition of *Don Quixote*.

36. THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF THAT RE-
 NOWNED CAPTAIN, SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, INTO THE
 WEST INDIES, AND ROUND ABOUT THE WORLD :
 giving a perfect relation of his strange adventures,
 and many wonderful discoveries, his fight
 with the Spaniard, and many barbarous nations ;
 his description of monsters, and monstrous people,
 with many other remarkable passages not before
 extent, contained in the history of his Life and
 Death ; both pleasant and profitable to the Reader.
 Printed by C. B. and J. F., and sold by E. Tracy
 at the Three Bibles on London-bridge, n. d.

Twelve leaves, with a wood-cut of a ship on the title. This was a very popular chap-book, and frequently republished.

37. THE HISTORY OF FAIR ROSAMOND, MISTRESS TO
 HENRY II, AND JANE SHORE, CONCUBINE TO
 EDWARD IV, KINGS OF ENGLAND, shewing how
 they came to be so, with their lives, remarkable
 actions, and unhappy ends. Extracted from eminent
 records, and the whole illustrated with cutts
 suitable to each subject. 12mo. London, Printed
 by and for T. Norris at the Looking-glass on
 London-bridge, 1717.

Contains pp. 156, exclusive of title and preface, four leaves :—History of Fair Rosamond, p. 1 ; a Song on

the death of Fair Rosamond, p. 79; History of Jane Shore, p. 83; a Song of the supposed Ghost of Shore's wife, to the tune of *Live with me*. It is illustrated with cuts, and a frontispiece containing two, with copies of verses. The song on Rosamond is quite different from Deloney's ballad printed by Percy. It commences—

In Woodstock bower once grew a flower
Beloved of England's king ;
The like for scent and sweet content
Did never in England spring.

The song of *Jane Shore's Ghost* thus commences:—

Dame Nature's darling let me be,
The map of sad calamity ;
For never none, like Shore's fair wife,
Had badder end, nor better life.

“The gentler breasts of the virginities of London,” says Gayton, 1654, “are compassionately mov'd, if a ballad of Jane Shore be reviv'd, or any figment new raised.”

38. THE MOST PLEASING AND DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF REYNARD THE FOX, AND REYNARDINE HIS SON, in two parts; to which is added the History of Cawood the Rook, or the Assembly of Birds, with the several speeches they made to the Eagle in hopes to have the government in his absence. 12mo. London, 1735.

With frontispiece and cuts, pp. 154. It is common as a penny history, abridged into twenty-four pages.

39. THE NEW HISTORY OF THE TROJAN WARS, AND TROY'S DESTRUCTION, in four books: containing

an account of the Birth, Life, Death, and glorious Actions of the mighty Hercules of Greece; the renowned and valiant Deeds of the most famous Hector of Troy; the Rape of fair Helen of Greece, together with the last destruction of Troy by the stratagem of the Wooden Horse; the Arrival of Brute in Britain, and how he conquered Albion and his giants, and built Troynovant, now London. 12mo. London, Printed for C. Bates at the Sun and Bible in Pyc-Corner, 1728.

At the end is a tragi-comedy called the *Siege of Troy*, a drama by Settle, which was acted in Mrs. Mynn's booth in Bartholomew Fair. The frontispiece is a picture of Hercules, under which are the following verses:—

Behold the mighty Hercules, whose name
And glorious actions fill the trump of Fame :
He hydras, tyrants, lions does destroy,
And saves the daughter of the king of Troy.

The original of this, many times removed, will be found in the works of Dares Phrygius, Dictys Creten-sis, and Guido de Colonna's *Historia de Bello Trojano*, the last of which was written about 1260. The two first are well known to be early forgeries.

40. THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED Q. ELIZABETH AND THE E. OF ESSEX. By a person of quality. 12mo. Cologne, Printed for Will with the Wisp at the Sign of the Moon in the Ecliptick, n. d.

It is unnecessary to say that this imprint is merely farcieal, and we find from the reverse of the frontispiece that it was "printed for James Hodges at the Looking-glass on London-bridge."

41. THE RIGHT PLEASANT, AND VARIABLE TRACHICAL HISTORY OF FORTUNATUS, whereby a young man may learn how to behave himself in all worldly affairs and casual chances. First penned in the Dutch tongue, there-hence abstracted, and now first of all published in English by T. C. 12mo. London, printed by T. B. for Hanna Sawbridge, at the sign of the Bible on Ludgate-hill, near Fleet-bridge, 1682.

In black letter, with wood-cuts. Verses at the back of title, entitled, "the moral documents and considerations which are to be noted in this book." Then follows a preface, and next, "the sum and argument of this book," in verse. At the end is the following memorandum :—"This book, having found very good acceptance for many impressions, some ill-minded persons, and particularly one Thomas Haley, has printed a counterfeit impression in quarto, therein falsifying the original, and endeavouring to deprive the true proprietor of the copy; therefore let the buyer take heed of cheating himself, and encouraging such base practices, the true copy being in octavo, and so sold by H. Sawbridge at the Bible on Ludgate-hill." T. C. is for Thomas Churchyard. The fourth edition appeared in 1702. A German edition was published at Vienna in 1509, 4to.

No English edition earlier than the present, is, I believe, known to exist, but it was certainly printed before 1600, and most of the cuts in the present copy are old, some of them exhibiting the worm-holes of the original blocks. The tale is mentioned by Henry Croke in *Vertues Commonwealth, or the Highway to*

Honour, 4to. 1602; and many years before, Meredith Hanmer, in the epistle dedicatory to his translation of Eusebius, 1577, speaks of "the stories of King Arthur, the monstrous fables of Garagantua, the Hundred Merry Tales, Skoggan, *Fortunatus*, with many other infortunate treatises." *The History of Fortunatus* was entered on June 22nd, 1615, with other copies, to Mr. Field. Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Workes*, 1630, iii, 99, says of a traveller in Germany, "he must have *Fortunatus* or a princee his purse, that must be, like a drunkard's dagger, ever drawne, to pay bountifully for such wash and graines as his valiant stomacke hath overcome, conquered, and devoured."



The above cut is taken from p. 155, and represents Andoloeia in prison, seated in a pair of stocks, and the Earl Theodorus strangling him. Mr. Fairholt has kindly furnished me with the following remarks on

the cuts in this volume :—“ The cuts in the *History of Fortunatus*, 1682, are certainly not the work of English artists, and are very much older than that date. It was not at all unusual for English publishers of popular stories to obtain their illustrations abroad ; and as this work is stated in the title-page to be ‘ first penned in the Dutch tongue,’ it is by no means improbable that the cuts were obtained in Holland or Germany, where the art of book illustration principally flourished. The cuts, however, are not uniformly good, nor are they all by the same hand. I should be inclined to think that the publisher obtained as many as he could, and then had the others copied by an inferior hand at home. Wood-engravers from the Low Countries resided in England and pursued their avocations here in the time of James to Charles I; and Evelyn in his *Sculptura*, 1662, says: ‘ we have likewise Switzer for cutting in wood, the son of a father who sufficiently discovered his dexterity in the herbals set forth by Mr. Parkinson, Lobel, and others.’ He also engraved the cuts in Speed’s *History of Britaine*, fol., 1611. He was a very tame and poor engraver ; but wood engraving at the close of the sixteenth century had greatly declined. The better cuts in *Fortunatus* are certainly executed earlier: the costume of the women in particular is peculiarly German. From the peculiarities of their style and drawing they appear to be the work of Jost Amman, who was born at Zurich in 1539, removed to Nuremberg in 1560, and died there in 1591. During the thirty years in which he resided in that city, he

appears to have been busily employed in making designs on wood for the booksellers of Nuremberg and Frankfort ; but though he excelled as a painter on glass, and furnished designs for goldsmiths, book illustration appears to have been his chief employment, and which he practised so industriously, that his works amount to a far greater number than have yet been recorded."

42. THE HISTORY OF FORTUNATUS, setting forth his birth, life, travels, and adventures in most parts of the world ; how the Lady Fortune appeared to him, and gave him a rich purse that never wanted money ; and also, in his travels, how he got from the Soldan a wishing-hat, that by putting it on his head, he could convey himself immediately into whatever place he desired. With an account how Fortunatus, on his death-bed, declared to his two sons, Ampedo and Andolocia, the virtue of his purse and hat. 12mo. Glasgow, 1790.

An abridgement of the last article, in the form of a penny merriment.

43. THE HISTORY OF JACK AND THE GIANTS. 12mo. n. d. The Second Part of Jack and the Giants, giving a full account of his victorious Conquests over the North Country Giants, destroying the enchanted castle kept by Galligantus, dispers'd the fiery griffins, put the conjuror to flight, and released not only many knights and ladies, but likewise a Duke's daughter, to whom he was honourably married. 12mo. Newcastle, 1711.

With rude cuts illustrating the principal events related in the history. I am not acquainted with any edition of *Jack the Giant-killer* earlier than the pre-

sent one, but it was certainly composed at least a century before, and there can be but little doubt of its being alluded to in *King Lear*, act iii, scene 4. In the present edition, the lines quoted by Edgar are given as follows, and it will be perceived they are nearer the words in Shakespeare than those in later copies quoted by the commentators:—

Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an English Man :
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.

And in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, mention is made of "a preeious apothegmaticall pedant, who will finde matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of

Fy, fa, fum,
I smell the bloud of an Englishman !"

See remarks on the similarity of this history to legends of other countries, in Keightley's *Tales and Popular Fictions*, 1834.

44. THE BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF JOHN FRANKS, WITH THE PRANKS AND JESTS HE PLAY'D, THOUGH A MEER FOOL. 12mo. London, Bow-Church Yard, n. d.

These pretty jests you here will read,
Were from an innocent indeed :
Such pretty pranks were never known,
As oftentimes John Franks has shewn :
Some men are fools only in show,
But this a fool all men did know ;
Belov'd he was of ev'ry one,
And when he dy'd there was great moan.

We are here informed that “John Franks, the reputed son of John Ward, was born at Much Easton in Essex, within three miles of Dunmow: he had no friends to take care of him, but his being such a fool was the cause of his well-being, for every one was in love with the sport he made. When he was grown to be of man’s stature, there was a worthy knight, who took him to keep, where he did very many and strange pranks. He was a comely person, and had a good complexion; his hair was of a dark flaxen: he was of a middle stature, and good countenance. If his tongue had not betrayed his folly, no one but would think he had been a wise man.” At the end it is stated, “He lived about fourscore years, and died in a knight’s house in Enfield parish, where he was handsomely buried; all that knew him being sorry for his death, poor soul, who had never done evil, but through evil example.” We cannot say much for the wittiness of the jests, but give as an example one chapter, which is illustrated with a wood-cut of a farmer playing at the game of blind-man’s-buff.

Chap. v.—*How Jack deceived Mr. Sorrel, a rich Yeoman, of puddings and links that hung up in his chimney.*—Jack was often upon the ramble, and one day he went up to this yeoman’s house, who loved much to make sport with him. The servants being all busy, some in the barn, and some abroad amongst the cattle, and only him and the fool together; ‘Mr. Sorrel,’ says Jack, ‘shall we play at blind-man’s-buff?’ ‘Ay

faith,' saith he, 'with all my heart, Jack.' 'You shall be blinded,' says Jack. 'That I will, Jack,' said he. So, pinning a napkin about his eye and head, 'Now, turn about,' says Jack; 'but you see, Mr. Sorrel, you see.' 'No, good faith, Jack,' saith he, 'I do not see.' Jack shuffled up and down the kitchen in order to catch him, and still cried, 'You see, Mr. Sorrel, you see.' But when the fool perceived that he did not see, he went to the chimney, and whipt down some of the puddings into his pockets, and thus he continued to do whenever he came to the end of the room, till he had filled both his pockets and breeches with them, which was soon done, for they were large and he was very quick. The doors being open, Jack runs away as fast as he could, leaving the good man blinded, who, wondering he did not hear the fool, cried, 'Jack, Jack!' but finding no answer, he pulled off the napkin, and seeing the fool was gone, and that he had also taken many of the links and puddings with him, he was so enraged that he sent his bloodhounds after him, which when Jack perceived, he takes a pudding and flings it at them; the dogs smelling to the pudding, Jack gained ground the time, and still as the dogs pursued him, he threw a pudding at them; and thus he did till he came to an house.

This was spread abroad, to the shame and vexation of the farmer.

It happen'd, some time after, that Mr. Sorrel, among other tenants, went to pay their respects to the lord where Jack then lived. Jack espying him, went

and told his lady that Mr. Sorrel was come. The lady being afraid that the fool might offend him by speaking of the puddings, threaten'd him, saying, 'Sirrah, if you speak of the puddings you shall be whipt.' 'No,' says Jack, 'I will not.'

But when the lord and lady were at dinner, and Mr. Sorrel and the rest with them, Jack went to Mr. Sorrel and shak'd him by the hand, saying, 'How is it, Mr. Sorrel?' Then, whispering to him as it were, but hollowed so loud that all the company heard him, 'Mr. Sorrel,' says Jack, 'not a word of the puddings, Mr. Sorrel,' at which they all burst into a laughter; but the honest man was so much ashamed, that the company were sorry to see, and he never came there any more. Ever since it is a byword to say, 'Not a word of the puddings'.

45. THE NOBLE AND RENOWNED HISTORY OF GUY EARL OF WARWICK, containing a full and true Account of his many famous and valiant Actions, remarkable and brave Exploits, and noble and renowned Victories: Also his courtship to fair Phœlice, Earl Roband's daughter and heiress, and the many difficulties and hazards he went thorow to obtain her love. Extracted from authentick Records, and the whole illustrated with cuts suitable to the History. 12mo. London, Printed by W. O. for E. B., and sold by A. Bettesworth at the sign of the Red Lion on London-bridge. 1706.

Dedicated by G. L. "to his honour'd and worthy friend, Mr. Zachariah Hayward, citizen of London." Then follows a "Poem in praise of the following

History." At the end is, "An old Song of the valiant Deeds of Chivalry atchiev'd by the noble Knight Sir Guy of Warwick, &c. Tune, *Was ever man*":—

Was ever knight for lady's sake
 So tost in love as I, Sir Guy ?
 For Philis fair, that lady bright,
 As ever man beheld with eye.
 She gave me leave myself to try
 The valiant knight with shield and spear,
 Ere that her love she would grant me,
 Which made me venture far and near.

This tale was dramatized early in the seventeenth century, and Taylor mentions having seen it acted at the Maidenhead in Islington:—"After supper we had a play of the life and death of Guy of Warwicke, played by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie his men".—*Pennilesse Pilgrimage*, ed. 1630, p. 140.

46. THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE KING AND COBLER, shewing how Henry VIII used to visit the watches in the city, his acquaintance with a merry cobbler, how he was entertain'd in the Cobbler's cellar, and what had like to have befallen him there. 12mo. Newcastle, Printed by John White, n. d.

The King and the Cobbler: the Second Part. 12mo.

This is one of the numerous popular tales in which the sovereign is represented as visiting the humble subject in disguise. Ch. 1. How K. Henry VIII used to visit the watches in the city, and how he became acquainted with a merry jovial cobbler. 2. How the cobbler entertain'd the King in his cellar, and of the disturbance they had like to have had by his wife

Joan. 3. How the cobbler prepar'd himself to go to court, and how he was set out after the best manner by his wife Joan. 4. The cobbler's reception at court, with the manner of his behaviour before the King. 5. The cobbler's entertainment in the King's cellar, how he met with his new friend Harry Tudor, and how he came to know him to be the King. 5. How the cobbler became a courtier.—Second Part, Chap. 1. Of the cobbler's return from court to his wife Joan, and of the comical discourse that past between them. 2. How the Queen, upon hearing much mirth at court, came with her maids of honour to know the cause thereof, and how Cardinal Wolsey, that proud prelate, curbed the King for being, as he said, too free with a poor cobbler. 3. How the cobbler the next morning was thunderstruck by his wife, and how upon singing a new song which he had made, she at once took him to *coram nobis*; with many other things very remarkable. 4. How the King took to himself the title of a tanner, and came to the cobbler to sell him a piece of leather, and how the Queen, in the disguise of a country maid, passed for his kinswoman who wanted service, with other passages of very much mirth. 5. How the King invited the cobbler and his wife to dinner, and the discourse that passed thereupon. 6. How the cobbler was put in fear of his life, and how he came off with flying colours.

The king died first, the cobbler followed after,
But not till he had often fill'd the court with laughter.

The King pensions the cobbler by a grant of land worth £50 per annum :—

Thou shalt have fifty-pounds a year in land,
Which lies upon the south side of the Strand ;
I am the royal giver, thou the taker,
And I will have it call'd the Cobbler's Acre.

47. COCK ROBIN, a pretty gilded Toy for either Girl or Boy, suited to children of all ages. 12mo. Aldermary Church-yard, n. d.

48. THE TRAGICAL DEATH OF A, APPLE PYE, who was cut in pieces and eat by twenty-five gentlemen, with whom all little people ought to be very well acquainted. 12mo. Aldermary Church-yard, n. d.

The earliest notice of this popular tract I have met with occurs in Eachard's *Observations upon the answer to an Enquiry into the grounds and occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy*, 8vo. 1671, p. 160 :—" Why not A apple-pasty, B bak'd it, C cut it, D divided it, E eat it, F fought for it, G got it," etc.

49. THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, a diverting story for Children of all ages ; and the history of Gog and Magog. 12mo. Aldermary Church-yard, n. d.

These three tracts are of a very small size, with cuts. It may be worth while to observe, that all the Aldermary Church-yard books of this kind are now very rarely met with. The present was printed about 1780, and I have another edition printed in Long-lane, in the year 1809.

50. THE FAMOUS HISTORY of the VALIANT LONDON PRENTICE, shewing his noble Exploits at home and abroad, together with his Love and great Success, very pleasant and delightful. Written for the encouragement of youth by J. S. 12mo. Licensed and entered according to order, n. d.

The story will easily be collected from the titles of the chapters.—1. An account of his birth, education, and early valour, etc. 2. An account of his first adventures and enterprizes, and how he won the virgin hearts, etc. 3. How the fair Lucinda fell in love with him, and how those she despised for his sake conspired against him. 4. How they attempted to destroy Aurelius, but were overcome, and left naked in the wood. 5. How his father put him an apprentice to a merchant, and the leave he took of Lucinda. 6. How he gained the love of his master, and became enamoured of Dorinda, his fair daughter. 7. How he got leave to go for Turkey, and what ensued. 8. How he arrived in Turkey, and of his reception; how he overthrew the Turk, and killed a Turkish prince. 8. How he destroyed two lions prepared to devour him, and had the king's only daughter in marriage.—The ballad of the *London Prentice*, printed by Evans, iii, 178, is on the same story. See also Mackay's *Songs*, p. 22.

51. THE FRYAR AND BOY, or the Young Piper's Pleasant Pastime, containing the witty adventures betwixt the Fryar and Boy in relation to his step-mother, whom he fairly fitted for her unmerciful cruelty. 12mo. Newcastle, c. 1760.

In two parts, with cuts, one of which, at p. 15, appears

to be a very early one. The second part is entitled, "The Merry Piper, or the second part of the Fryar and Boy, containing a further progress of Jack's frolicksome intrigues; full of Mirth and Reception." The first part is founded on the old tale of the *Frere and the Boy*, printed in Ritson's *Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, p. 35; and by Mr. Wright, 12mo. 1836. The second part is not in the older tale. It relates the manner of Jack obtaining three formidable gifts, which he employs unmercifully against everybody he meets with. The popularity of this history has continued to the present day, having been reprinted in the North of England within the last five years.

52. THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF JACK HORNER, containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks which he play'd from his youth to his riper years, right pleasant and delightful for winter and summer's recreation. 12mo. Newcastle, c. 1760.

A curious history, the sixth chapter of which, "Jack's kindness to his old friend the inn-keeper, whom he put in the way to pay his debts," is founded on the *Tale of a Basin*, printed by Mr. Wright from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, 12mo. 1836. The commencement appears to furnish the origin of a popular nursery rhyme:—

"Jack Horner was a pretty lad,
Near London he did dwell;
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother lov'd him well.
A pretty boy of curious wit,
All people spoke his praise,

And in the corner would he sit
In Christmas holy-days :
When friends they did together meet,
To pass away the time,
Why, little Jack, he sure would eat
His Christmas-pye in rhyme,
And said, Jack Horner, in the corner,
Eats good Christmas pye,
And with his thumb pulls out the plumb,
And said, Good boy am I !”

With regard to his stature, we are told,—

“Thus few was like him far and nigh,
When he to age was come,
As being thirteen inches high,
A giant to Tom Thumb !”

53. THE WHOLE LIFE AND MERRY EXPLOITS OF BOLD ROBIN HOOD, EARL OF HUNTINGDON, shewing how he became an outlaw, and fled to the forest of Sherwood, where he and his gang shelter'd themselves for many years, committing many notorious Villanies and Robberies, insomuch that all passengers were forc'd to pay them tribute; and at last he betook himself to a monastery in Yorkshire, where he was bled to death by a Monk. To which are added several songs not in the former impressions. With the whole History of Johnny Armstrong of Westmoreland. With cuts adapted to each story. 12mo. London, printed for S. Crowder, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, 1759.

Prose histories, with a frontispiece of Robin Hood, and numerous cuts. At the end is a “Collection of Songs concerning Robin Hood,” and a “Song shewing how Johnny Armstrong, and his eight score men, fought a bloody battle with the Scotch king at Edin-

burgh." The prose history of Robin Hood occupies ninety pages.

54. THE HISTORY OF ROBIN HOOD, and of all the notable Exploits performed by him and his Merry Men. 12mo. Manchester, n. d.

In prose and verse, sixteen pages.

55. A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD, setting forth the Life and Death of that renowned outlaw Robert Earl of Huntington, carefully collected out of the truest writers of our English chronicles, and published for the satisfaction of all who desire to have Truth from Falsehood. By Martin Parker, gent. 12mo. Newcastle, n. d.

This is a later copy, with a few verbal variations, of the poem under the same title printed in Mr. Gutch's *Robin Hood*, vol. ii, p. 88.

56. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ST. GEORGE, THE NOBLE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND. 12mo. London, Aldermay Church-yard, n. d.

Ch. 1. Of the birth of St. George, and how he was brought up. 2. Of St. George's arrival in Egypt, of his killing a dragon, and many other wonderful achievements. 3. Of St. George getting out of prison, and releasing St. David. 4. St. George regains Sabra. 5. Sabra and St. George's death, with the occasions thereof. "'Twas very proper for these saints to alight at the sign of Saint George, who slew the dragon which was to prey upon the virgin; the truth of which story hath been abus'd by his own countrymen, who almost

deny all the particulars of it, as I have read in a scurrilous epigram very much impairing the credit and legend of St. George, as followeth :—

They say there is no dragon,
Nor no St. George, 'tis said :
St. George and dragon lost,
Pray Heaven there be a maid !

But it was smartly return'd to, in this manner :—

Saint George indeed is dead,
And the fell dragon slaine :
The maid liv'd so and dyed ;
Shee'll ne'er doe so againe."

GAYTON'S *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot*, 1654, p. 231.

57. BATEMAN'S TRAGEDY, OR THE PERJUR'D BRIDE JUSTLY REWARDED, being the history of the Unfortunate Love of German's Wife and young Bateman. London, Printed by Tho. Norris at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, n. d.

In prose and verse, with wood-cuts. The latter part is entitled, "A Godly Warning to all Maidens by the Example of God's judgment shewed on German's wife, of Clifton, in the County of Nottingham, who, lying in child-bed, was borne away, and never heard of after : To the tune of the Lady's Fall." This is on the same subject as a play by William Sampson, "The Vow-breaker, or the Fair Maid of Clifton in Nottinghamshire", 4to. 1636.

58. Another edition. 12mo. Newcastle, 1783.

A wood-cut on the title, in three partitions, representing events in the history.

59. JACK AND JILL, AND OLD DAME GILL : read it who will, they'll laugh their fill. 18mo. London, n. d.

In verse, with numerous wood-cuts. The nursery rhymes of *Jack and Jill* are founded upon this tale.

60. THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR KINGS OF CANTERBURY, COLCHESTER, CORNWALL, AND CUMBERLAND, THEIR QUEENS AND DAUGHTERS, being the merry Tales of Tom Hodge and his Schoolfellows. 12mo. Falkirk, 1823.

Although this tract is of so late a date, yet it seems worth insertion in this series, as most probably a reprint of an older performance. It contains seven tales, the first of which relates to the period of the Lancashire witches, and a country fellow who "was possessed with a fear that he was a witch, because he had a wart grew on his neck, which he imagined to be a dug."

61. THE MOST SURPRISING ADVENTURES AND WONDERFUL INTRIGUES OF DAVID HUNTLY, the famous English fortune-hunter, who first made love to his master's daughter, and from having gained an interest in her favour, he began to think himself intitled to a much better match, and how he made his addresses to several ladies of fortune. 12mo. Glasgow, 1787.

62. THE HISTORY AND LIVES OF ALL THE MOST NOTORIOUS PIRATES, AND THEIR CREWS, from Captain Avery, who first settled at Madagascar, to Captain John Gow, and James Williams, his Lieutenant, &c., who were hauged at Execution

Dock, June 11, 1735, &c. Adorned with nineteen beautiful cuts. , 12mo. Glasgow, 1788.

This became, in an abridged form, a very popular penny history.

63. THE STORY OF KING EDWARD III AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY. 12mo. Whitehaven, n. d.

This is a small prose history, and there is one, if not more, early play on the same subject. A ballad "Of King Edward the Third and the fair Countess of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and endless glory", is printed in Evans' *Old Ballads*, ed. 1810, ii, 301.

64. THE HISTORY OF JOHNNY ARMSTRONG OF WEST-MORELAND. 12mo. London, Aldermay Church-yard, n. d.

In six chapters, with cuts. This is an abridgment of the larger history. See No. 53.

65. Another edition. 12mo. Newcastle, 1772.

66. THE PLEASANT AND PRINCELY HISTORY OF THE GENTLE CRAFT, a Discourse containing many matters of Delight, very pleasant to read : shewing what famous men have been shooc-makers in time past in this land, with their worthy deeds and great Hospitality. Set forth with pictures, and variety of Wit and Mirth. London, Printed for H. Rhodes at the Star, the corner of Bride-lane, Fleet-street, n. d.

A gentle craft, that hath the art
To steal soon into a ladies heart ;
Here you may see what youth and love can do :
The crown doth stoop to the maker of a shooe.

Following the title are copies of verses “to all the good Yeomen of the Gentle Craft”, and “the old Shooe-maker’s advice to his Son, being the Downfall of Ale-wives.” On the last page is a song, “How a Shoemaker’s Widow fell in love with her Man”. This edition contains twenty-nine leaves, and sixteen cuts.

67. THE PRINCELY HISTORY OF CRISPIN AND CRISPANIUS, OR THE GENTLE CRAFT, shewing what renowned princes, heroes, and worthies, have been of the Shoemakers’ trade, both in this and other kingdoms ; likewise why it’s call’d the Gentle Craft, and that they say a Shoemaker’s son is a Prince born. 12mo. London, Printed by L. How in Petticoat-Lane, n. d.

An abridgment of the last, with several wood-cuts. It commences with the tale of Hugh and Winifred, daughter of Donvallo, King of Flintshire: and then follows the story of Crispin and Crispianus. Deloney’s *Gentle Craft* was published in 1598, and Harrington has an epigram upon it. I have an edition of this chap-book printed at Newcastle about 1760, having a curious cut on the title evidently much older than the tract, and concluding with “A brief Account of the strange prodigies and other wonderful things that happened during the Mayoralty of Sir Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London, who was a Shoemaker.”

68. THE SHOEMAKER'S GLORY, OR THE PRINCELY HISTORY OF THE GENTLE CRAFT, shewing, &c. 12mo. London, Aldermay Church-yard, n. d.

69. NO JEST LIKE A TRUE JEST, being a compendious record of the merry Life and mad Exploits of Capt. James Hind, the great robber of England; together with the close of all at Worcester, where he was drawn, hanged, and quartered, for High Treason against the Commonwealth, Sept. 24, 1652. 12mo. Stratford-upon-Avon, n. d.

This very popular history has been reprinted up to the present time in the north of England. The fourth chapter relates "how Hind was enchanted by an old hag for the term of three years," who gave him "a little box almost like a sun-dial," saying, "when you are in distress, open this, and that way you see the star turn out, go and you shall escape."

70. THE HISTORY OF THOMAS HICKATHRIFT: Part the First.—The History of Thomas Hickathrift: Part the Second. 12mo. London, n. d.

With numerous cuts. *Thomas Hickathrift* belongs to the same series as *Jack the Giant-killer*, one of the popular corruptions of old Northern romances. It seems to allude to some of the insurrections in the Isle of Ely, such as that of Hereward, described in Wright's *Essays*, 1846, ii, 91. The first part contains five chapters:—1. Tom's birth and parentage. 2. How Tom Hickathrift's great strength came to be known. 3. How Tom became a brewer's servant; how he killed a giant, and came to be called Mr. Hickathrift. 4.

How Tom kept a pack of hounds, and of his being attacked by some highwaymen. 5. Tom meets with the tinker, and of the battle they fought.—The contents of the second part are as follows:—1. Tom Hickathrift and the Tinker conquer ten thousand rebels. 2. Tom Hickathrift and the Tinker are sent for to court, and of their kind entertainment. 3. Tom, after the death of his mother, goes a wooing, and of a trick he served a gallant who had affronted him. 4. How Tom served two troopers, whom his spark had hired to beset him. 5. Tom, going to be married, is set upon by one-and-twenty ruffians, and of the havock he made. 6. Tom makes a feast for all the poor widows in the adjacent towns, and how he served an old woman, who stole a silver cup. 7. Sir Thomas and his Lady are sent for up to court, and of what happened at that time. 8. Tom is made governor of East Angles, now called the Isle of Thanet, and of the wonderful atchievements he there performed. 9. The tinker, hearing of Tom's fame, he goes to his partner; and of his being unfortunately slain by a lion. The reader will observe the error respecting the East Angles, *now called the Isle of Thanet*, a mistake not unlikely to be made by a compiler from an older tale, who was not very minutely acquainted with geography.

71. THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF TOM THUMB, wherein is declared his marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of wonderful Merriment. Part the First.

The Famous History of Tom Thumb, wherein is declared his marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of

wonderful Merriment: performed after his first return from Fairy Land. Part the Second.

The History of Tom Thumb, wherein is declared his marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of wonder and merriment: performed after his second return from Fairy Land. Part the Third.

12mo. Printed and sold in London, n. d.

The first part of this history is a copy, with a few variations and eight additional stanzas, of an edition in the Bodleian Library, dated 1630, reprinted in Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, p. 99. The two other parts are probably more modern, not being found in the early editions. It was no doubt published at a very early period, being alluded to by Ben Jonson, and thus mentioned in some verses prefixed to Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611:—

Tom Thumbe is dumbe, untill the pudding creepe
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peepe.

And again, in a very old ballad, entitled, "The Devil and the Scold":—

Tom Thumb is not my subject,
Whom fairies oft did aide:
Nor that mad spirit Robin,
That plagues both wife and maid.

It was turned into prose in 1621, the editor saying, "The ancient tales of Tom Thumbe in the olde time have beene the only revivers of drouzy age at midnight: old and young have with his tales chim'd mat-tens till the cocks crow in the morning; batchelors and maides with his tales have compassed the Christmas fire-blocke till the curfew bell rings candle out; the

old shepheard and the young plow-boy, after their dayes labour, have carold out a Tale of Tom Thumbe to make them merry with: and who but little Tom hath made long nights seem short, and heavy toyles easie? Therefore, gentle reader, considering that old modest mirth is turn'd naked out of doors, while nimble wit in the great hall sits upon a soft cushion giving dry bobbes; for which cause I will, if I can, new cloath him in his former livery, and bring him againe into the chimney corner, where now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellows, over a well spic'd wassel-bowle of Christmas ale, telling of these merry tales which hereafter follow." *Tom Thumb* is thus alluded to in John Taylor's *Motto*, 12mo. 1622 :—

And many more good good bookes I have with care
 Lookt on their goods, and never stole their ware,
 For no booke to my hands could ever come,
 If it were but the treatise of *Tom Thumb*,
 Or Scoggins Jests, or any simple play,
 Or monstrous newes came trundling in my way,
 All these, and ten times more, some good, some bad,
 I have from them much observation had :
 And so with care and study I have writ
 These bookes, the issue of a barren wit.

Tom Thumbe is also included in the list of authors prefixed to *Sir Gregory Nonsense, his Newes from No Place*, in Taylor's *Workes*, 1630. So also in the second part of the *Friar and the Boy* :—

The merry tales of Robin Hood,
Tom Thumb, and Little John,
 Cannot compare with this little book,
 Which I present to you.

It may be a question whether the tale of *Tom Thumb* has come down to us in its original form. Scott, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, puts him in a list of fairies and hobgoblins. His size, however, might account for this; and a fairy page, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, is called *Tom Thumb*. Taylor, in his *Certaine Sonnets in Praise of Mr. Thomas the Deceased*, in his *Workes*, 1630, ii, 63, says:—

Tom Thumb did through th' Arabian deserts wade,
Where Castor and his brother Pollux shine.

And, again, in *Laugh and be Fat*, p. 77:—

This author 'mongst the rest in kindnesse comes
To grace thy travels with a world of Toms ;
Tom Thumbe, Tom Foole, Tom Piper, and Tom-asse,
Thou Tom of Toms dost all these Toms surpasse.

Harry White, in his *Humour*, 1660, “is of this opinion, that if the histories of Garrangantua and *Tom Thumbe* be true, by consequence Bevis of Hampton and Scoggin's *Jests* must needes bee authentically.”

It seems hardly necessary to allude to the monstrous assertion made by Thomas Hearne, that *Tom Thumb*, “however looked upon as altogether fictitious, yet was certainly founded upon some authentic history, as being nothing else originally but a description of King Edgar's dwarf.”

72. THE COMICAL AND MERRY TRICKS OF TOM THUMB THE WONDERFUL. 12mo. Paisley, n. d.

This is a prose history, formed from the foregoing metrical account of *Tom Thumb*.

73. THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THAT NOBLE KNIGHT SIR BEVIS OF SOUTHAMPTON. 12mo. Newcastle, n. d.

A prose history, abridged from the romance. It has a cut on the title, evidently copied from that in the old black-letter edition, of Sir Bevis on horseback, attended by his squire. Allusions to Sir Bevis are of very frequent occurrence. Hooper says:—"Men knoweth not what the Gospel is: they read it as they read Bevis of Hampton, or the Gestes of Robin Hood," *Early Writings*, p. 77. Taylor, the water-poet, mentions him several times in his *Workes*, 1630, i, 65; ii, 1, 16; iii, 80; and in his *Crop-eare Curried*, 1644; and Gayton, in his *Pleasant Notes*, 1654, p. 275, says: "Men may, if they be dispos'd to be merry, seem to discredit the stories of Bevis of Southampton, John-a-Green, and Robin Hood, but that the cities wherein these men sometimes were famous in their hals and publike meeting-places in painted cloth or frames, present the lively histories still unto posterity." The statue of Bevis, mentioned by Pepys, i, 347, is still remaining on the gates of Southampton.

74. THE HISTORY OF THE NOBLE MARQUIS OF SALUS AND PATIENT GRISSEL. 12mo. London, Aldermary Church-yard, n. d.

Abridged and altered from the "Ancient, True, and Admirable History of Patient Grisell, a poore Man's daughter in France", 1619, which was reprinted by Mr. Collier for the Percy Society, 1842. It appears to have been published in this form, and under this

title, at least as early as 1703. In Harry White's *Humour*, printed about 1660, we read that—"Having lately read the rare history of Patient Grizell, out of it he hath drawne this phylosophicall position, that if all women were of that woman's condition, we should have no imployment for cuckin-stooles."

75. THE HISTORY OF JACK OF NEWBURY, CALLED THE CLOTHIER OF ENGLAND. 12mo. London, n. d.

An abridged edition, with wood-cuts. This tale appears to have been first printed in 1596, and the eighth edition was published in 1619. The eleventh edition appeared in 1630, entitled, "The Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, in his younger yeares called Jack of Newbery, the famous and worthy Clothier of England, declaring his life and love, together with his charitable deedes and great hospitality, and how he set continually five hundred poore people at worke, to the great benefite of the Commonwealth." In a MS. Diary by one Stoneley, written in 1597, is the following entry:—"To Johns the prynter for the booke of Jack of Newberye at Wynchon, iiij d." Jack of Newbury is thus alluded to in John Taylor's "Jack a Lent, his Beginning and Entertainment, with the mad Prankes of his gentleman-usher Shrove-Tuesday, that goes before him, and his footman Hunger attending," 1630:—

Of Jack-an-Apes I list not to endite,
Nor of Jack Daw my gooses quill shall write,
Of *Jacke of Newbery* I will not repeate,
Nor Jacke of both sides, nor of Skip-Jacke neate.

76. THE PLEASANT ART OF MONEY-CATCHING, treating of the original and invention of Money; of the misery of wanting it; how persons in straits for money may supply themselves with it; how a man may always keep money in his pocket; how a man may pay debts without money; the true and only way to thrive.

Whilst arts and study's a hatching,
My study is the art of money-catching ;
And I, poor I, by sad experience know
That want of money brings a deal of woe.

12mo. Glasgow, 1740.

This was a very popular chap-book, and frequently reprinted.

77. DEAD ALIVE: a True and Particular Account of a Man who came to Life again in the closet of a Surgeon, after he had been publicly executed; how he affrighted the Surgeon, who afterwards assisted him in his escape to Holland, where he became an opulent Merchant. 8vo. London, n. d.

Theodore Hook probably founded his novel of *Maxwell* on this narrative. The scene is laid at Bury in Suffolk, and at Amsterdam.

78. THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON, THRICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, shewing how he came up a poor boy to London, and was received as a scullion by a merchant; his sufferings and afflictions under a cruel cook-maid. How he bought a cat for a penny, and sent her a venture beyond sea, for which he got great riches in exchange. And lastly, how he married his Master's daughter, and was made thrice Lord Mayor of London. 12mo. Newcastle, n. d.

79. Another edition. 12mo. Printed by L. How in Petticoat-lane, n. d.

On the title is a wood-cut of Whittington on horseback as Lord Mayor, attended by his mace-bearers. There are several other cuts in the Newcastle edition, very rude and curious. These are the original versions, differing very much from the recent editions. The first edition of this history is probably not in existence. It was certainly published in some shape early in the seventeenth century, the "famous fable of Whittington and his puss" being mentioned in *Eastward Hoe*, 1605. Stephens thus alludes to it in his *Essayes and Characters*, 12mo. Lond. 1615:—

As if a new-found Whittington's rare cat,
Come to extoll their birth-rights above that
Which nature once intended.

There is, indeed, in existenece a black-letter copy in quarto, but it is of a considerably later date. A character in the *Parson's Wedding*, 1664, says, "I have heard of Whittington and his cat, and others, that have made fortunes by strange means." The *Spectator*, No. 5, remarks, "I am credibly informed that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that, consequently, the princees of the stage might be as much infested with mice as the prince of the island was before the cat's

arrival upon it ; for which reason, he would not permit it to be acted in his house." An opera on the subject was, however, produced at the theatre in Smock Alley, Dublin, in 1739. A correspondent of the *Tatler*, Oct. 8th, 1709, is anxious that Sir Richard should be admitted into the list of famous men, as one "who began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, which he left to an only daughter three years after his mayoralty."

Sir Richard Whittington, whose name has been taken for the hero of this romance, was Lord Mayor of London early in the fifteenth century. See Stowe's *Survey of London*, ed. 1605, p. 521. According to Stowe's *Annales*, p. 567, "he builded the library of the Grey Friars, and the East end of the Guild Hall in London, with divers small conduites called *bosses*, and the Weast Gate of London called Newgate."

This story is stated by Sir William Ouseley to be founded on an oriental narrative, and it is related in a Persian MS. that in the tenth century one Keis, the son of a poor widow of Siraf, embarked for India with his sole property, a cat : there he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats, that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. This cat was useful in the same manner as Whittington's, and its owner was similarly rewarded. See further in Keightley's *Tales and Popular Fictions*, pp. 241-266.

In the *Description of Guinea*, 1665, it is recorded “how Alphonso, a Portuguese, being wrecked on the coast of Guinney, and being presented by the king thereof with his weight in gold for a cat to kill their mice, and an oyntment to kill their flies, which he improved, within five years, to £6000 on the place, and returning to Portugal, after fifteen years traffick, became the third man in the kingdom.”

The tale of Whittington was dramatized early in the seventeenth century. According to the *Biographia Dramatica*, iii, 402, there was entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company by Thomas Pavier, Feb. 8th, 1604, “The History of Richard Whittington, of his lowe byrthe, his great fortune, as yt was played by the Prynces servants.” This play is alluded to in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613. Pepys mentions a puppet-show on the story, Sept. 21st, 1668 :—“To Southwarke fair, very dirty, and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington, which was pretty to see; and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too!”

At the end of this chap-book is the ballad beginning “Here must I sing the praise of worthy Whittington,” which is printed in the *Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, and has been reprinted in Evans, ed. 1810, ii, 325, and elsewhere.

80. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SHEFFERY MORGAN, THE SON OF SHON AP MORGAN. 12mo. Newcastle, c. 1760.

On the title is a cut of a Welshman, with a leek in his hat. It describes the adventures of a Taffy from his birth to his death, how he travelled towards London, took a journey to the North, was robbed, turned doctor, and at last died of a surfeit. It appears, from allusions in it, to have been composed in the seventeenth century. Shon ap Morgan is mentioned in Taylor's *Workes*, 1630, i, 117.

81. THE WELCH TRAVELLER, OR THE UNFORTUNATE WELCHMAN.

If any gentleman does want a man,
As I doubt not but some will want, and then,
I have a Welchman, though but meanly clad,
Will make him merry, be he ne'er so sad :
If that you'll read it, read it thro', I pray,
And you'll not think your penny thrown away.

12mo. London, n. d.

A curious metrical account of the misfortunes of a poor Welchman, said to have been written by Humphry Crouch. A Newcastle edition, in my possession, printed about 1760, says, "by Humphrey Cornish." It was published as early as 1671. It is illustrated with cuts. At p. 10 is one of Taffy and an old woman seated in stocks. Taffy's Indictment, which concludes the tract, is as follows :—"Imprimis, for troubling the shepherd to help him out of the pit : Item, for selling the jerkin for a groat which was borrowed : Item, for casting dust into the hostess's son's face : Item, for casting the fish and rotten eggs into the hostess's face : Item, for throwing apples at the country-man, having the worst

of it himself : Item, for taking the gold ring : Item, for calling the justice booby : Item, for sitting in the stocks with an old woman : Item, for creeping into the smoak-loft, and then falling down into the fire : Item, for acting the part of the devil, and putting all the house in bodily fear : Item, for scaring all the children in the town : Item, for scaring the sexton in the church : for which loose behaviour he was obliged to stand in the pillory, where we shall leave him till the next pranks he plays."

82. THE MERRY TALES OF THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM. 12mo. Printed and sold in London, n. d.

This has a cut on the title of a Gothamite hedging in a cuckoo, with the inscription, "Coocou. Gotam." It is the same cut that is fac-similed in Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 126. The first known edition is entitled, "Merie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotam, gathered together by A. B. of Phisike Doctour" : the colophon is, "Imprinted at London in Flet-stret, beneath the Conduit, at the signe of S. John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell," bl. l., n. d., but probably between 1556 and 1566. Allusions to these tales are very numerous, and exhibit their great popularity. Wither, in his *Abuses*, p. 80, says :—

And he that tryes to doe it, might have bin
One of the crew that hedg'd the cuckow in.

They had attained public favour much earlier. In *Philotimus*, 1583, the "men of Goatam" are remembered as having tied "their rentes in a purse about an

hare's necke, and bad her to carrie it to their landlord;" and they are decried as "witlesse devices" in Dering's *Workes*, 1614.

83. THE HISTORY OF ADAM BELL, CLIM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEIE.

Who were three archers good enough,
The best in the north country.

12mo. Newcastle, n. d.

This is a somewhat modernized version of the well known poem reprinted by Ritson and Percy, but the variations between them are well worth the notice of a future editor. It has the following cut on the title, which originally appeared in *Robin Hood's Garland*, 1670; representing Robin Hood, Little John, Queen Catharine, the Bishop, the Curtal Friar, and the Beggar. See Mr. Gutch's edition of the *Robin Hood Ballads*, i, 364.



84. THE MERRY CONCEITS OF TOM LONG THE CARRIER, being many pleasant Passages and mad Pranks which he observed in his travels. Full of honest mirth and delight. The nineteenth edition.

A sackful of news here is for your money ;
Come buy it then, 'twill cost you but a penny.

12mo. London, n. d.

On a fly-leaf is a wood-cut of a woman, in a costume of the time of Charles I. The following notices of the different histories, in which the heroes are persons of the name of Tom, are curious.

Of all the Toms that ever yet was nam'd,
There's none like our Tom, that is so fam'd :
Tom Long, his rare conceits by far exceeds
Tom Hickathrift, and all his mighty deeds :
Tom Tram's mad tricks to every one are known,
But greater wonders in this book are shown ;
Tom Thumb's strange wonders too, they seem as nought
Compar'd with those which Tom the Carrier's brought :
Tom's Ass may pass, but only for his ears,
For no such jewels as our Tom he wears :
Tom Tell-truth is the froth, but truth to tell,
From all these Toms, Tom Long doth bear the bell.

The chapters of this tract are thus entitled:—1. How Tom Long first set up the trade of being a carrier, and where he took up his lodging. 2. How Tom Long the Carrier met a young man upon the way, with what happened to them, and how they were entertained by an hostess. 3. How Tom and his young man discoursed of their dinner, and how they resolved to mend the matter at night, but met with as bad entertainment. 4. Tom relates how a certain counterfeit merchant cozen'd divers gentlemen of very great sums of money.

5. Of the great surprize that Tom Long was in, and how the wise mayor of Huntington siezed on Tom's ragged colt for Sturgeon. 6. A story of the seven sleepers, who slept above three hundred years, and never waked. 7. How Tom Long the Carrier sold his horse for the skin, supposing him to be dead, and how a crafty fellow coming by knew what the horse ailed, and so bought him. 8. How Tom Long the Carrier converted all his carriage to his own use, and thereby recruited himself with another horse, and of the sad mischance that befel his horse. 9. How Tom Long was assaulted by a dog, and how valiantly he defended himself, and killed him. 10. Of the hard lodging Tom Long found on the ground, having under him but one poor feather. 11. Of the king and his jester. 12. How Tom Long cozened two shoemakers of a pair of shoes. 13. Witty conceits of Tom Long. 14. The conclusion of the merry conceits of Tom Long.—Although this history offers curious illustrations of phraseology, I have looked in vain for a prose quotation. The last chapter, however, which is in verse, may be worth giving :

Tom Long the carrier coming to an inn,
Ask'd the maid what meat there was within ?
Cow-heels, said she, and a fine breast of mutton.
Then, said Tom, since that I am no glutton,
Either shall serve ; to-night I'll have the breast :
The heels in the morning, then light meat is the best.
At night he took the breast, and did not pay ;
In the morning took his heels, and ran away.
When the worst is past, all things begin to mend,
And here the story of Tom Long doth end.

Taylor, in his *Armado, or Navy of Ships and other Vessels*, ed. 1630, p. 80, thus alludes to Tom Long:—
 “The master’s name was Petrus Vaineglorious, his mate Hugo Hypocrisie, men that have steered the course in the lord-ship many hundred yeeres; the boat-swaine and his mate were Scoffe and Derision, with Gripe the steward, Avarice the purser, and Lawrence Delay the paymaster, *kinsman to Tom Long the Carrier*, which three last are thought to be very arrant knaves, who have spoyled the government of the whole ship.” A ballad, “intituled Tom Longe the Caryer,” was entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company, 1562. Brome mentions this personage in his *Songs and other Poems*, ed. 1668, p. 226:—

Their fat have scabs doubled for every nail,
 That thou mayst, like Tom Long, for ever go,
 And ne’er come where thou art assign’d unto.

85. THE FOREIGN TRAVELS AND DANGEROUS VOYAGES OF THAT RENOWNED ENGLISH KNIGHT SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, wherein he gives an account of remote kingdoms, countries, rivers, castles, and giants of a prodigious height and strength; together with the people called Pigmies, very small and of a low stature. To which is added an account of people of odd Deformities, some without heads: also dark enchanted wildernesses, where are fiery dragons, griffins, and many wonderful beasts of prey in the country of Prester John. All very delightful to the Reader. 12mo. Bow-Church Yard, n. d.

A popular abridgment, in twenty-four chapters, of the well known travels of Maundevile.

86. THE MERRY EXPLOITS OF POOR ROBIN, THE MERRY SADDLER OF WALDEN, containing many merry passages of his life, of harmless mirth, to lengthen out pleasure, and drive away melancholy. 12mo. n.d.

A very curious tract, which appears, from several allusions, to have been written during the time of the civil wars. The following chapter will serve as an example of its contents :—

Poor Robin's perambulation about the City.—No sooner did Apollo begin to appear in the eastern horizon, but Poor Robin, shaking off melancholy sleep, roused his companion to prepare himself for their intended perambulation; and having armed themselves with a pot of nappy ale, they took their first walk to see the Royal Exchange, a most magnificent structure, built by Sir Thomas Gresham. From thence they then went to take a view of Leadenhall, but the exceeding bravery of the Exchange had so dimmed the beauty of the place, that it was nothing pleasing to Poor Robin's eye; he made no tarrying there, but went presently down to the Tower, where having seen the lions, and from the Wharf taken a superficial view of the bridge, as also the ships upon the river Thames, grew weary of beholding such trivial matters as these. He had, however, far more content in this than in any thing he had seen before, so admirably pleasing to his fancy it was to see how these little pretty things hopt about. But lest he should take a surfeit with such ravishing delights, his friends persuaded him to go to see the ancient Cathedral of St. Paul's, it being at that

time made a horse guard by the soldiers ; which Poor Robin beholding, ‘What a blessed reformation,’ quoth he, ‘have we here ! for in our country we can scarce persuade men to go to church, but here come men and horses too.’ But having quickly satisfied himself with the sight of St. Paul’s, they would in the next place go to visit Westminster, the rather because it was at term time, where beholding such a number of Lawyers in their gowns, he roared out, ‘Good God ! send me safe out of this place, for if two or three make so great quarrelling in our town, what a noise will all these make !’

87. THE FAMOUS AND MEMORABLE HISTORY OF CHEVY CHACE BY THE RIVER TWEED IN SCOTLAND, together with the fatal battle between Lord Piercy of Northumberland, and his fifteen hundred archers, and the Earl of Douglas with twenty hundred Scots : in which both these earls and most of their men were slain. 12mo. London, Aldermay Church-yard, n. d.

A prose history, with the ballad at p. 16, commencing, “God prosper long our noble king.” The chapters of the first part are entitled:—1. How the Piercies came by their name, and to be Earls of Northumberland, and of the vow which the Earl, in the reign of Henry II, made of hunting three days in Chevy Chace. 2. Of their killing many deer, and receiving at supper-time a threatening message from Douglas commanding them to depart. 3. Of Earl Piercy’s second day’s sport, and his conduct on hearing of Earl Dou-

glas's approach. 4. Of the meeting of the two Earls, their proposal to decide the quarrel in single combat, with Witherington's objection. 5. The battle begun, and of its obstinate and bloody countenance : and the death of the two Earls.

88. THE MERRY AND ENTERTAINING JOKES OF GEORGE BUCHANAN, who was servant and teacher to King James VI, as his private Counsellor, but publicly acted as his fool. The whole compiled in three numbers, for the entertainment of youth. 12mo. Newcastle, n. d.

In two parts, with miscellaneous jests at the end. This chap-book was exceedingly popular, if we may judge from the numerous editions that have been published in the north of England and in Scotland. The following extract is taken from another Newcastle edition, which somewhat differs from the above:—

14. George being now far advanced in years, and being weary of the great fatigue and folly of the court fashions, a short time before his death had a great desire to visit his native country, and the place of his nativity; therefore he petitioned the King for permission to do so, which was granted. So he set out for Scotland, and went to the parish of Buchanan, in Dumbartonshire, where he visited all his relations and friends. But George staying longer from court than the time allowed, the King sent him several messages to return, to which he returned no answer. At last the King sent him a letter, threatening, that if he did not appear before him in the space of twenty days, he

would send his Lyon Heralds for him; to which George returned the following answer:—

My honour'd liege, and sovereign king,
Of your boasting great I dread no thing;
On your feud or favour I'll fairly venture;
Ere that day I'll be where few kings enter.

And also gave him many good admonitions and directions concerning the government of his kingdom, and the well-being of his soul, which drew tears from the King's eyes when he read it.

89. THE WITTY AND ENTERTAINING EXPLOITS OF GEORGE BUCHANAN, who was commonly called the King's Fool, in six parts complete: to which are added several witty and entertaining Jests. 12mo. Stirling, 1799.

90. THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FAIR ROSAMOND, KING HENRY II'S CONCUBINE, shewing how Queen Eleanor plotted to destroy Fair Rosamond, to prevent which she was removed to a stately Bower at Woodstock, near Oxford, and while the King was in France, Fair Rosamond was poisoned by Queen Eleanor. 12mo. Whitehaven, n. d.

In seven chapters, pp. 24. Drayton has the following notice of Rosamond's Bower in his *Poems*, ed. 1637:—"Rosamond's Labyrinth, whose ruines, together with her Well, being paved with square stone in the bottome, and also her Tower from which the Labyrinth did run (are yet remaining) was altogether underground, being vaults arched and walled with brick and stone, almost inextricably wound one within an-

other, by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queen, shee might easily avoid perill eminent, and if need be, by secret issues take the aire abroad many furlongs round about Woodstocke in Oxfordshire, wherein it was situated. Thus much for Rosamond's Labyrinth."

91. THE UNFORTUNATE SON, OR A KIND WIFE IS WORTH GOLD, being full of Mirth and Pastime :

Good reader let thy patience brook
But to read over this small book,
Which will thee satisfy awhile,
And surely force from thee a smile:
A story of such fortune bad,
Had never, sure, poor harmless lad.

12mo. London, n. d.

A comical description of the disasters of a foolish fellow, who blunders in every thing, and succeeds in nothing that he undertakes. It commences thus:—

There was a man but one son had,
And he was all his joy ;
But still his fortune was but bad,
Tho' he was a pretty boy.
His father sent him forth one day
To feed a flock of sheep,
And half of them were stole away,
While he lay down to sleep.
Next day he went with one Tom Goff,
To reap as he was seen,
When he did cut his fingers off,
The sickle was so keen !

92. THE PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF

THE UNFORTUNATE DAUGHTER, set forth in two parts.

The Unfortunate Son you have had before ;
Accept the Daughter, and then no more.

12mo. Licensed and entered according to Order,
n. d.

A similar poem to the last, detailing like misfortunes. The second part commences as follows :—

Be silent, all ye girls and boys,
Assist me, all you Nine,
And while I speak make ye no noise,
That fame with art may shine.
I spoke of Gellian, that fine girl,
The glory of the West,
Daughter unto William Pearl,
A wench of great request.

There are several indications of early composition in this tract. At p. 13 is an allusion to Bevis of Hampton, “who kill’d the wild boar, and bang’d the giant’s hide.” It concludes with “An Epitaph which a friend of her’s wrote, being some of her rare qualifications which she perform’d in her life-time, who hanged a mourning shoe-clout over her grave instead of a banner.” On the title is a large rude wood-cut, representing the events related in the history.

93. THE FIVE STRANGE WONDERS OF THE WORLD,
OR A NEW MERRY BOOK OF ALL FIVES, which
was written on purpose to make all the People of
England merry, who have no occasion to be sad.
8vo. London, n. d.

This is clearly an ancient composition. It describes

five different species of each motto. Thus “the five sorts of people beholden to the horn” are, “the ink-horn-maker for a livelihood, the shoe-maker to draw on his customers’ shoes, the farrier to drench sick horses with, the huntsman to call his dogs together, and Tom of Bedlam to call his boys together.” The following “five things in great request” may ascertain the date of the tract:—“Hoops in women’s petticoats almost as big as a well’s curble, women who carry their cloaths half up their legs, young men in perukes down to their breeches, wenches who wear high top-knots on their heads and never a smock on, painted wh: in coaches, and honest gentlemen who are walking on foot.” Another edition, printed by Wolverhampton, has the following verses on the title-page:—

Here are such conceits and merriment,
Which well may give the reader good content ;
And serve it will to lengthen some men’s lives,
If they observe the several sorts of *Fives* :
Let those that buy read it at their leisure,
’Twill serve as well for profit as for pleasure.

94. YOUTH’S WARNING-PIECE, OR THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF GEORGE BARNWELL, who was undone by a Strumpet, that caused him to rob his Master, and murder his Uncle. 12mo. Stockton, n. d.

A prose history, with cuts, followed by “George Barnwell, an excellent old ballad, setting forth the weakness and folly of Youth in following the steps of lewd women, which always lead to destruction,” which has been printed by Percy.

95. SIMPLE SIMON'S MISFORTUNES, OR HIS WIFE MARGERY'S OUTRAGIOUS CRUELTY. 12mo. London, Printed and sold by Mary D. at the Horse-shoe in Giltspur Street, n. d.

At the end is "a pleasant Song, giving an account of many more miserable Misfortunes of poor Simon, shewing how he drank a bottle of sack to poison himself, as being weary of his life." This edition, which was printed early in the last century, is unfortunately imperfect; but the deficiency is supplied from a Newcastle edition, printed about 1760. The chapters are thus entitled:—1. An account of Simon's wedding, and how his wife Margery scolded him for putting on his roast-meat cloaths the very next morning after he was married. 2. How she dragg'd him up the chimney in a basket a smoak-drying, wherein they used to dry bacon, which made him look like a red-herring. 3. How Simon lost a sack of corn as he was going to the mill to have it ground. 4. How Simon went to market with a basket of eggs, but broke them by the way: also how he was put into the stocks. 5. How Simon's wife cudgell'd him for not bringing home money for his eggs. 6. How Simon lost his wife's pail, and burnt the bottom of her kettle. 7. How Simon's wife sent him to buy two pounds of soap, but going over a bridge, let his money fall into the river: also how a rag-man run away with his cloaths. The *roast-meat* clothes, mentioned in the first chapter, mean the holiday or Sunday clothes.

96. THE COMICAL HISTORY OF SIMPLE JOHN AND

HIS TWELVE MISFORTUNES, which happened all in twelve days after the unhappy day of his Marriage, giving a particular account of his courtship and marriage to a scolding wife, which has been a mortifying misery to many a poor man. 12mo. Glasgow, 1805.

A Scotch tract, more modern than the above, and apparently imitated from it. To this may be added the following :—

97. THE MISERIES OF POOR SIMPLE INNOCENT SILLY TAM. 12mo. n. d.

98. WANTON TOM, OR THE MERRY HISTORY OF TOM STITCH THE TAYLOR.

Deck'd with such pleasing pastimes of delight,
That it would invite a lady, lord, or knight,
To read : it is a gem, a mint of treasure,
'Tis sport and mirth beyond all measure.

12mo. Newcastle, n. d.

A collection of anecdotes respecting a young tailor, who was a favourite with the ladies. On the frontispiece is a cut of two tailors seated on their table. This tract was composed in the seventeenth century, and has some curious allusions.

99. THE HISTORY OF THAT CELEBRATED LADY ALLY CROAKER, in which is contained more fun than ever was sold at so small an expense, consisting of funny joaks and blunders, and intended to instruct and delight. 12mo. London, n. d.

All you that merriment do love,
To ease a troubled mind,
Peruse this book, and you therein
Great store of mirth will find ;

Here's funny blunders fresh and new,
Till now where (*sic*) ne'er in print :
You'll say, if well this book you view,
There's mirth and pastime in't.

With numerous cuts, printed about 1760. This was a very popular chap-book in the last century, and frequently published at Aldermay Church-yard. It is a collection of Irish bulls in the form of a narrative, impertinently connected with the name of Alicia Croker, who was the second sister of Edward Croker of Rawleighstown, county Limerick, and high sheriff of that county in 1735. She was a great beauty, and the subject of many verses and some music. Mr. Grogan, a gentleman of the county of Wexford, is said to have composed the popular air of *Ally Croker* in commendation of her charms. This must have been previous to 1735, as it was replied to in a sporting song on the convivialities of her brother, by Pierce Creagh, printed by Mr. Crofton Croker. Ally married Charles Langley, Esq. of Lisnarnock, county Kilkenny, and died at an advanced age, without children to inherit their mother's charms.

100. THE MERRY FROLICKS, OR THE COMICAL CHEATS OF SWALPO, a notorious Pickpocket, and the Merry Pranks of Roger the Clown. 12mo. London, n. d.

An account of the cheats practised by a pickpocket. It is illustrated by cuts. In another edition, printed by T. Saint, Newcastle, about 1770, his companion is called on the title "Jack the Clown. The first chapter, which illustrates the practices formerly in vogue at

Bartholomew Fair, is an average specimen of the ingenuity of the whole.

How Swalpo outwitted a countryman of a broad piece of gold, which he had hid in his mouth.—Swalpo dressed himself like a countryman, with a pair of dirty boots, and a whip in his hand, and going into Bartholomew Fair, met with no prize worth speaking of, he walked out of the fair. At the entrance into the fair he met a countryman, and said to him, “Honest friend, have a care of your pockets; you are going into a cursed place, where there are none but rogues and pickpockets; I am almost ruined by them, and am glad they have not picked the teeth out of my head: let one take never so much care of their pockets, they’ll be sure of the money: I am sure the devil helps them.” “I defy all the devils in hell,” says the countryman, “to rob me of anything of value. I’ve a broad piece, and that I’ll secure.” So clapping it into his mouth, he went confidently into the fair. Swalpo desired no more than to know if he had money, and where it lay: he gives a sign to a hopeful boy of his, and giving him out some sixpences and groats, told him what he should do. The boy immediately runs, and falls down just before the countryman, and scattering the money, starts up and roars like a bedlamite, crying, he was undone, he must run away from his apprenticeship; his master was such a furious fellow, he would certainly kill him. The countryman with other people gathered about, helping the boy to take the money. One of them says, “Have you recovered all?” “Yes, all the silver,” says

the boy, "but what does that signify? There is a broad piece of gold that I was carrying to my master for a token sent him from the country, and I like a fool must come through this unlucky place to lose it: I shall be kill'd. What shall become of me?" Swalpo coming up, tells some of the by-standers, who were pitying of the boy, that he observed that country fellow there to stoop, and put something into his mouth. Whereupon they flew upon him, and one of them wresting open his mouth, made him spit out the gold, and some blood along with it. When the countryman endeavoured to speak for himself, they kicked him, punched him, and tossed him about, and some calling to the and pump, he was glad to call for mercy, and thought himself richer than the great Turk when he got out of their clutches. The boy, in the mean time, slips from the crowd, and goes to Swalpo with the gold, where he used to find him."

101. THE HISTORY AND COMICAL TRANSACTIONS OF
LOTHIAN TOM, in six Parts; wherein is contained
a collection of roguish Exploits done by him both
in Scotland and England. 12mo. Edinburgh, n. d.

An account of tricks, some not of the most honourable description. At the end is, "The Ploughman's Glory, or Tom's Song."

102. THE CONQUEST OF FRANCE, with the Life and
Glorious Actions of Edward the Black Prince, his
victory, with about twelve thousand archers and
men at arms, over Philip of France and an hun-

dred thousand Frenchmen, &c. 12mo. London, Bow-Church Yard, n. d.

This gives us an account of the amours of Edward and his son the Black Prince. On the title is a cut of English archers besieging a French city.

103. THE WITCH OF THE WOODLANDS, OR THE COBLER'S NEW TRANSLATION.

Here Robin the Cobler, for his former evils,
Is punish'd bad as Faustus with his devils.

12mo. London, n. d.

A very curious tract, of which I have several editions, differing only in the wood-cuts. It commences: "In the weilds of Kent, not far from Romney Marsh, there dwelt an old merry-conceited cobbler, commonly called Robin the Devil, who afterwards was called the Witch of the Woodlands." He gets into the power of some witches, who transform him into a fox, a horse, and a swan; but, in the end, meets with a beggar-man, who leaves him a fortune. The annexed cut of the witches is taken from p. 12.

Chap. 1. Robin's place of abode: he is married to a wench; with his pitiful lamentation. 2. Robin runs away, and the entertainment he found on the road. 3. Robin wakes in the morning, and missed his bed-fellow, who soon returns with some witches; the manner of his punishment, and other particulars. 4. Robin goes to London; with his bitter lamentation on the road. 5. Robin meets an old blind beggar. 6. Robin lives with a beggar, who dies and leaves him all

his money; Robin goes home, and what use he makes of his good fortune. Some of the wood-cuts are incongruous with the narrative. At p. 16, is one of a knight and a lady at a well; at p. 18, a cut of two countrymen, the same which was a favourite embellishment in ballads of the seventeenth century; and at p. 21 is a representation of the devil bringing a goblet to a person in bed.



104. THE FAMOUS AND MEMORABLE HISTORY OF WAT TYLER AND JACK STRAW. 12mo. London, Bow-Church Yard, n. d.

In five chapters, with wood-cuts.

105. THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL MARTYR, KING CHARLES THE FIRST, with the Effigies of those worthy Persons that suffered, and the Time and Places where they lost their lives in his Majesty's

cause, during the Usurpation of Oliver Cromwell. 12mo. London, Bow-Church Yard, n. d.

In two parts, with twenty-four cuts. It appears to be a popular compilation from Lord Clarendon.

106. THE HISTORY OF THE WICKED LIFE AND HORRID DEATH OF DOCTOR JOHN FAUSTUS, shewing how he sold himself to the Devil to have power for twenty-four years to do as he pleased. Also the strange things done by him and Mephistophilus. With an account how the devil came for him at the end of twenty-four years, and tore him to pieces. 12mo. Glasgow, 1777.

An abridgment, in twenty-four pages, of the popular tale of Dr. Faustus, reprinted by Mr. Thoms.

107. THE FAMOUS AND RENOWNED HISTORY OF HECTOR, PRINCE OF TROY, OR THE THREE DESTRUCTIONS OF TROY. 12mo. 1787.

Chap. 1. How Troy was the first time destroyed by Harcules, for Leomedon's refusing to give him the horses he promised upon slaying a sea-monster, delivering Exione, his daughter, from destruction, and freeing the land from plague. 2. How Troy was a second time destroyed by Hercules, &c., and of the Greek's departure. 3. How King Priamus rebuilt Troy; how Paris was sent with a navy, and stole away fair Helen. 4. How the Greeks declared war against the Trojans, and came with a huge fleet, and burnt Tenedos. 5. Divers battles between the Trojans and the Greeks. 6. How the Greeks conspired the death of Hector, and how he was slain by Achilles.

108. JOHN THOMPSON'S MAN: or a short Survey of the Difficulties and Disturbances that may attend a married life: to which are added some very extensive and most salutary Observations thereon; with certain and approved Rules for the choice of a Wife. 12mo. Licensed and entered according to order, n. d.

A curious tract of twenty-four pages, with a wood-cut on the title. The author is a very plainly spoken person, as may be gathered from the following extract, which contains an array of epithets not very easily rivalled:—

16thly. If you wed an old mapsie, murlie, mupit, crouch-backed, milk-mow'd, wirлие-faced, nipped, deformed creature to be thy wife, it is surely more out of love to her gear than herself; but as the proverb says, need makes naked men run, and sorrow makes websters spin, for it is her money renders her as nimble as an eel, and clouts all her broken claspers; but consider, it is often observed that you leave behind you the product of the soil, which is crook-backed, heckle-headed, midge-winged, miffly-kited, lap-lugged, ill-haired, bee-stanged, flat-nosed, bow-legged, squint-eyed, chandler-chafted, sheavel-gabbed, left-handed, craik-toiled, yellow-wamed, button-footed, beetle, boided, wap-nobbed, tanny-cheeked, rep-shanked, fiddle-flanked, tout-mon'd, antick, apish, ugly, saucy, infirmed, diseased, donard, doited, decriped, disjointed, distracted, distorted, weazel-faced, quarter-witted, punch-lipped, horn-hiped, ham-houghed, hair-brained, nonsensical, fantastical, goose-capical, coxcomical, and idiotical world's wonder,

bursen-body, not only to possess your estate, but to build up your family—a pretty man indeed! And if these be help-meets let the world judge. So I think it is better for a man to live alone (if he lives a pious, chaste, virtuous, and honest life) than to be joined to one who will put him out of himself; for marriage, as it was said before, was designed for love, peace, and concord, and to be help-meets to each other; but as the proverb says, maidens are so meek till they be married, that men never so much as dream of a toolzie till the tocher come a-paying.

109. THE HISTORY AND TRAVELS OF HECTOR MAC-LEAN, late Sailor. Printed for Hector Maclean, and sold for his own benefit. 12mo. 1765.

Twenty-four pages, with two cuts. It was several times reprinted as a penny history.

110. A WONDERFUL PROPHECY BY ONE CALLED NIXON, who lived in Cheshire in the reign of King James VI of Scotland and I of England; foretelling several remarkable Events relating to the United Kingdoms of Great Britain, some of which are already accomplish'd, and others to be accomplished (as alleg'd) in the reign of our sovereign King George II. With a short description of that Prophet. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1730.

Nixon is here described as “a short squab fellow, had a great head and goggle eyes, and us'd to slobber and drivle when he spoke, which was but seldom. He was very surly, and would run after and beat the children that made sport at him. He would do nothing

without beating. He had a large stomach, and would eat up a great shoulder of mutton at a meal, and a luncheon of bread and cheese after it. The manner how Nixon was discovered to be a prophet was in this wise: His master being one day at plow, and Nixon following him, the boy stopt on a sudden, and dropt his bottle and budget, and stood as in a trance: they beat him, but to no purpose, for he stood still in the same manner above an hour. At last he told them, in a very rational manner, of divers things that were done some time before, and of others that would come to pass." This edition differs very considerably from the later copies.

111. THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL HISTORY AND PROPHECIES OF MOTHER SHIPTON, plainly setting forth her birth, life, death, and burial. 12mo. Newcastle, n. d.

Chap. 1. Of her birth and parentage. 2. How Mother Shipton's mother proved with child; how she fitted the severe justice, and what happened at her delivery. 3. By what name Mother Shipton was christen'd, and how her mother went into a monastery. 4. Several other merry pranks play'd by Mother Shipton in revenge of such as abused her. 5. How Ursula married a young man named Tobias Shipton, and how strangely she discovered a thief. 6. Her prophesy against Cardinal Wolsey. 7. Some other prophesies of Mother Shipton relating to those times. 8. Her prophesies in verse to the Abbot of Beverly. 9. Mother Shipton's life, death, and burial.

112. THE WHOLE PROPHECIES OF SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, IRELAND, AND DENMARK; prophesied by Thomas Rymer, Mervellous Merling, Beid, Berlington, Waldhave, Eltraine, Banester, and Sybilla; containing many strange and marvellous matters not of before read or heard. 12mo. Aberdeen, 1779.

These prophecies are in verse, and that of Thomas the Rymer is a different version of the ballad of Thomas and the Fairy Queen, printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ed. 1810, iii, 181, and Laing's *Early Popular Poetry*, 1822. At p. 38 is the "Prophesie of Gildas"; and at p. 40, "the Prophesie of Sybilla and Eltraine."

113. THE WORTHY SAYINGS OF OLD MR. DOD, fit to be treasured up in the Memory of every Christian. In two Parts. 8vo. London, n. d.

This was the celebrated puritan divine of Jesus College, Cambridge. Granger says in his *Biographical History*, ed. 1779, i, 370, "his Sayings have been printed in various forms; many of them, on two sheets of paper, are still to be seen pasted on the walls of cottages." The present edition is in prose, in the form of a chap-book, with a large woodcut of our Saviour on the Cross at the end. In the British Museum is a metrical version, entitled "Old Mr. Dod's Sayings, composed in verse for the better help of memory, and the delightfulness of children's reading and learning them; whereby they may the better be ingrafted in their memories and understanding; composed by

T. S., a well-willer to the precious and immortal souls of all persons whatsoever." 12mo, 1678.

114. THE CHRISTIAN TURNED JEW; being the most remarkable Life and Adventures of Lord G. G., with the Letter sent to him by a certain great lady since his Confinement. 8vo. London, 1780.

A contemporary street tract on the proceedings of Lord George Gordon, with woodcuts, and a ballad on his committal to Newgate.

115. CANTERBURY TALES, composed for the entertainment of all ingenious young men and maids at their merry meetings; intermixed with pleasant stories, witty jests, etc., very proper for town or country. 12mo. London, n. d.

A collection of jests, illustrated with cuts. The scenes of the anecdotes are chiefly laid at Canterbury. The following may be selected as an example:—

A woman having a new high-crowned hat, resolved for the first time of wearing it to go to church in it. When she entered, they were reading these words (which form part of the Church service), "Lord have mercy upon us!" The woman, being little accustomed to go to church, thought they was (*sic*) taking her hat off; so in a rage hollowed,—“Lord have mercy upon us! did you never see a woman’s high-crowned hat before?”

116. THE HISTORY OF HENRY, SON TO RICHARD EARL OF MORELAND: and the Life of Bob Easy, gent. 12mo. Darlington, Printed by Marshall Vesey, n. d.

On the title is a cut of a gentleman in the costume of the early part of the last century. The first tale relates to the time of Charles II.

117. THE PROTESTANT MARTYRS, OR THE BLOODY ASSIZES; giving an account of the lives, tryals, and dying speeches of all those eminent Protestants that suffered in the West of England by the sentence of that bloody and cruel Judge Jefferies; being in all 251 persons, besides what were hang'd and destroyed in cold blood. Containing also the Life and Death of James Duke of Monmouth, his birth and education; his actions both at home and abroad; his unfortunate adventure in the West; his letter to King James; his sentence, execution, and dying words upon the scaffold; with a true copy of the paper he left behind him. And many other curious remarks worth the reader's observation. 8vo. London, Printed by J. Bradford, at the Bible in Fetter-lane, n. d.

A chap-book of twelve leaves, with eleven woodcut portraits on the title-page.

118. THE BLASPHEMER'S PUNISHMENT, or the Cries of the Son of God to the whole World, being a true and faithful account of one Elizabeth Dover, a knight and baronet's daughter, twenty-one years of age, who never would believe that there was either God or Devil, heaven or hell, or any future state after this life was ended; till last Sunday was three weeks, as she was walking in the fields with some of her wicked companions swearing, If there is a devil, let me see him, that I may know him another time. 8vo. Aldermay Church-yard, 1785. (Five wood-cuts.)
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